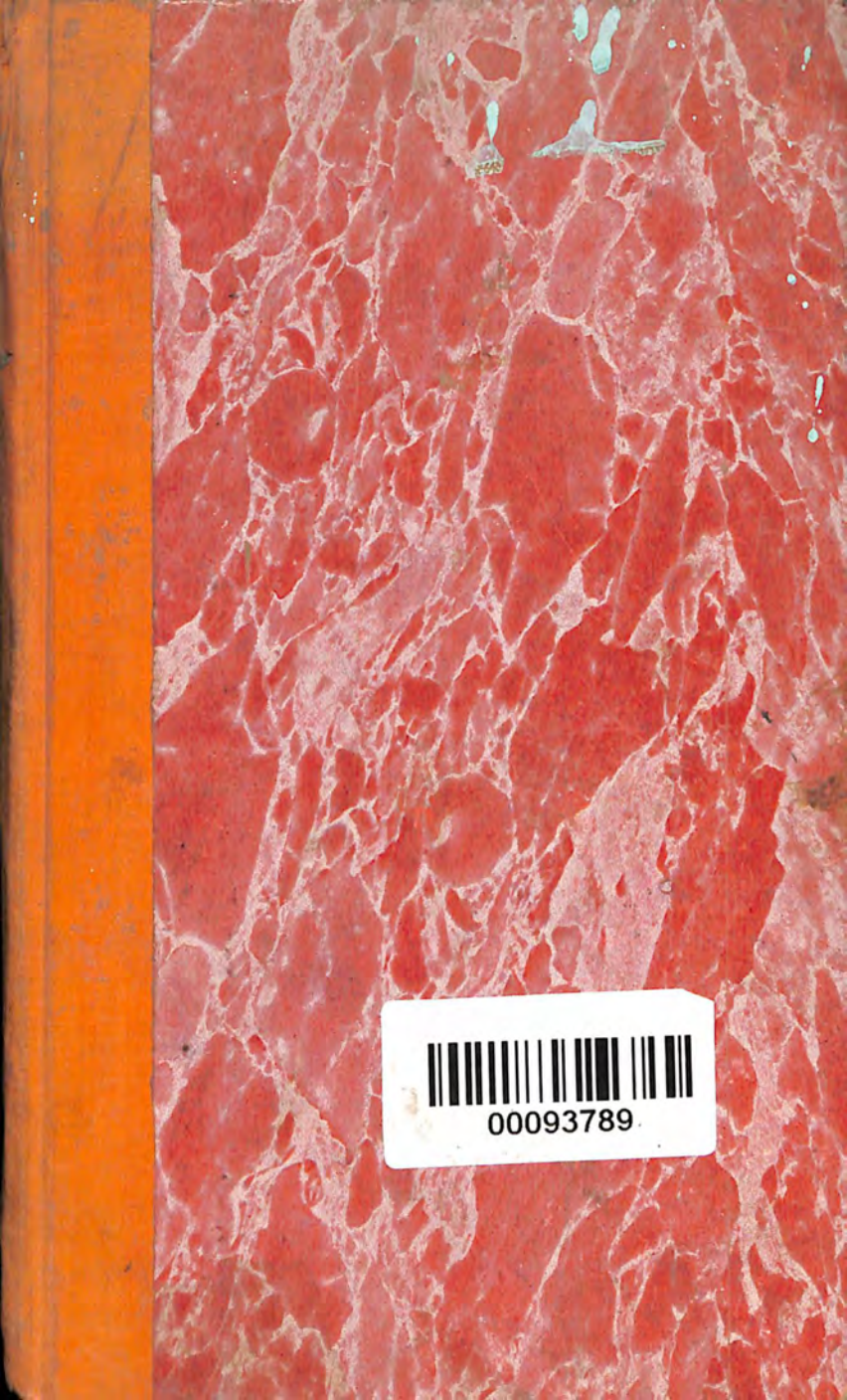
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A

YEAR OF CONSOLATION.

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BY

MRS. BUTLER,

LATE FANNY KEMBLE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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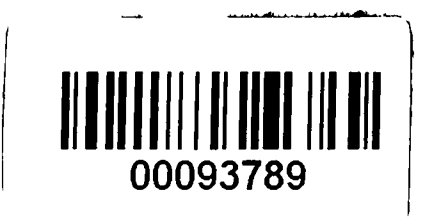

TO

EDWARD SARTORIS, Esq.,

This Book

IS AFFECTIONATELY AND GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED.

Dear Edward,

A year's experience and observation of your fine taste and critical judgment would hardly have encouraged me to place your name on the title-page of my book; but a sojourn of that length under the shelter of your roof has enabled me to appeal, with perfect confidence, to your kindness and indulgence. To them, and the affectionate and generous interest you have ever shown me, I venture to offer, as a most inadequate token of gratitude, this record of the happy year I spent in Italy.

FANNY.

London, *April*, 1847.

A YEAR OF CONSOLATION.

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Saturday, 20th December.—Left Southampton per steamboat, for Havre, at 10 o'clock at night —the weather clear over head, but blowing very hard—horrible little boat—where, objecting to lie close to two old women, the only empty berths were, one into which the water forced itself, or one in close proximity to the boiler—in the latter I slept. The gale increased to a perfect hurricane: luckily it was in the stern of the ship; but what with it and the thumping of the water, pursuing and overtaking the little steamboat, I thought its poop would be driven in. I have crossed the Atlantic six times, and have never spent a more terrible

night at sea. Came to the bar by eight o'clock in the morning, but the tide was out—the inner harbour without sufficient water to admit us; we therefore lay till twelve o'clock, beaten by a furious wind and frothing angry sea, as sick as possible, and a great deal crosser. The landing, custom-house, &c., all went smoothly enough, to the great delight of my inexperience, which had imagined to itself all manner of horrors.

Put up at the Hotel de l'Amirauté—like an old French noble house—the great quaint room, with its grey *boiserie*—innumerable doors of communication, and bed-rooms and dressing-rooms running into each other in most ingenious intricacy. With a roaring wood fire, and, pulling the chilly furniture all round it, it got to look quite comfortable, but the doors, and cupboards, and exits, and entrances confound me—the place looks made for playing at hide and seek all one's life. The charges high, the people civil, and the house comfortable enough. Horrible day,—

rainy and cold,—the sea, over which our window looks, yellow, bilious-looking, and full of foaming ridges as far as eye can reach, the wind howling over it, and shaking up the loose carpets on the brick floors under our feet, from the great gaps below the shrunken doors. To-morrow towards Rome.

Monday, 22*nd*.—It is a very great blessing to have a comfortable maid, and the next blessing to that is to have an entertaining one—to expect both would be unreasonable, for the creature, maid, cannot by possibility be both useful and amusing. This morning, as I looked at the pale golden bars of light in the east, flecked with dark copper-coloured clouds that gradually grew dusky red as the great fire of the day kindled behind them, and exclaimed, "How beautiful!" ———, with her innocent mouth wide open, and her grey lack-lustre eyes steadily fixed upon the glowing splendour said, in a tone of philosophic suggestion, "I suppose the sun is going to come up somewhere about there." I suggested the

moon, or a great fire, but with a smile infinitely more stupid than her seriousness even, she said, "No, she knew better than that!" What a delicious thing pure *niaiserie* is! Shakspeare has done it like everything else—better than any one else—the clown in Anthony and Cleopatra, Audrey, Sir Andrew Aguecheek—jewels of the first water all of them.

In spite of my agonised entreaties to be allowed to get off in time, having still my passport to obtain, the cool and easy people of the house kept me waiting for a coach any length of time, assuring me with all their hideous shrugs and hateful grimaces that I had plenty of time. To the Police-office I went for this indispensable pass; it was past the office hours, but the functionary had not arrived, and when he did, he leisurely first took off his hat and drew on a warm fur cap, then stripped off his coat, edifying us with his shirt-sleeves the while, and transferred himself to some more easy working jacket; and finally having, I

sincerely hope, made himself quite comfortable, turned his attention to our business. He merely returned my own passport, bidding me walk into another room and get the *passe provisoire*. The other room, though long after office hours, was not yet open and nobody had arrived to attend to *Messieurs les voyageurs*. I stood perplexed; the Diligence in which our places were taken started at half-past nine. I was afraid I should lose them; the little *gamin du Havre* who had thought fit to stick to me as my Cicerone through this intricate passage of my life, assured me I could go perfectly well without further ceremonies; but remembering my father's injunctions about always having my passport *en règle*, with the fear of the *gensdarmes*, the *Commissaire de Police*, a march under military escort through the streets, and the eventual prison Mr. Murray so obligingly hints at, I rushed back into the den of the comfortable gentleman, and asked him if I really could proceed without having the necessary

alteration made in my passport, to which he very cheerfully replied,—

"Mais puisque ces messieurs ne sont pas là, je crois que vous n'en mourrez pas,"—whereupon, with a blessing on their loose business habits, I departed.

We got into our *coupé*, and so off to Rouen. Before we were well out of Havre, a heavy snow-storm came on, and the horses of our grotesque equipage were the only part of the prospect which the blinding storm left visible. As, however, I had never travelled by Diligence before, they furnished me with abundant amusement—the variety of their equipment, size, and gait—the obstinate little trot of some, the unprevailing frantic canter of others; especially did I admire the ingenious twisting up of their tails, which, with an eye to my own back hair, as Dickens calls it, I should like mightily to have the recipe for, because they all held up without any combs. At one pretty steep hill we had an addition of another horse, and thus

went with seven,—four, and three abreast. At the hill of La Valette, which is both long and steep, we took an addition of three horses, and thus, with three file of three proceeded to climb the ascent, a postilion having mounted the near horse of the first file. It so happened, however, that the middle horse of this rank had an invincible repugnance to move, the consequence of which was, that the second and third rank came close upon the haunches of the first, and a scene of most ludicrous confusion ensued; the insane postilion exhausting himself in blows, oaths, and kicks, ineffectually. The *conducteur* having come down (from heaven, as it appeared), applied an equal amount of oaths on the opposite side, and as many cuts with a whip as could be brought to bear upon the obdurate middle-man under the bellies or over the backs of his companions, whose liveliness increasing wonderfully by this process, while his stedfastness remained unmoved, I expected to see them and the Diligence finally go bodily over the

consistent quadruped. Suddenly the postilion pulled up his blue blouse, snatched a knife out of his pocket, and opening it very emphatically, stabbed his horse twice. Whether this process was medicinal or moral I know not—our exceedingly efficient first file was then marched off, and by dint of their departure, we achieved the ascent.

The railroad crosses a deep valley just here by a very lofty viaduct of many arches, through which the landscape, even at this season, and veiled in the cheerless covering of the new-fallen snow, looked picturesque and pretty enough to make one wish one had seen it in spring under the rosy mantle of its apple-blossoms. Nothing can be flatter or duller than our route—through vast uninclosed fields, at this season bare and dreary in the extreme, and varied only by the little inclosures, like mock fortifications, consisting of an embankment three or four feet high, planted with stiff trees, which curtain and conceal the dwellings of such of the inhabitants as are

not congregated in the villages we passed through. Descending a steep hill into the suburbs of Rouen, one of our wheel-horses fell; no notice, however, was taken of the accident, and—the carriage coming rapidly upon the poor brute—he regained his legs, as a measure of personal safety, and no one but himself was the wiser. I think, generally, the French are more brutal in the treatment of their animals than we are; perhaps, however, the noisy demonstrations with which they accompany everything they do, make them seem more ferocious than our quieter people.

At Rouen we got a mouthful of dinner, and having resumed our seats in the Diligence, proceeded to the railroad, where we stopped under a species of square gateway, the top of which was occupied by some machinery, whence depended four powerful iron bars, with hooks at their extremities; these having been fastened to the Diligence, the machinery at the top was set in motion, and gradually the huge machine—baggage, passengers, and all—was lifted bodily

off its own wheels, and transferred to a set of railroad wheels, upon which it was lowered, and took its place immediately in the train—the common road wheels being dragged off, I should think with much self-gratulation, by the team that brought the monstrous load upon them to the railroad. The rest of our route was made in the dark, in rain, sleet, and bitter cold wind, in spite of which a second-class carriage immediately before ours—without any roof or shelter to it whatever,—was filled with poor people; many of them women, without any protection for their heads but the cap which the lower order of women habitually go out in. We reached Paris at 10 o'clock, and were again craned up from the railroad cars, and let down to a set of common wheels, wherewith we made our way to the *messageries*. It is twenty years since I was last in Paris, a school-girl.

If I had travelled more on the Continent before I went to America, I should have been infinitely less surprised and amazed than I was at

the various unpleasant peculiarities of its inhabitants. Since residing in the United States, I have returned to Europe, and travelled in Germany, and have had some opportunity of comparing smoking and spitting on the Rhine to the same articles on the Hudson, and really hardly know to which to award the preference; and after raving at every inn I put up at in America for insufficient ablutionary privileges, find myself now in one of the best hotels in Paris, with a thing like a small cream-jug for a water vessel in my bedroom, and a basin as big as a little pudding-bowl: moreover, when I asked for warm water this morning for my toilet, they produced a little copper pot, with an allowance such as the youngest gentleman, shaving the faintest hopes of a beard, might have found insufficient for his purposes—in short, I believe England is the only place in the world where people are not disgustingly dirty; and I believe, as a dear friend of mine once assured me, that exceedingly few people are clean there. I sent a note to ——,

and he called upon me to-day. His account of Lord John Russell and Peel's alternate rushings down to Windsor are very funny. ———'s book interests me very much indeed: it is exceedingly well written.

What a root that hatred between the Catholic and Protestant Irish has struck into the very being of them, that even in America,—the wide common where every religious persuasion has its right of way—the bitter burning feud lighted cities from one end to another with the blaze of Catholic churches, and cannon were planted in the streets of Philadelphia round the cathedral to protect it from destruction. I remember for two whole days and nights the streets were alight with these hell fires of hate and bigotry, and the air vibrated incessantly with the alarm-bell sounding from one district to another of the city of *brotherly love.* A cab-driver taking me home at night could hardly be persuaded to drive me to the part of the town where I lived, for fear of outrage, because he was a

Catholic; and I was myself accosted in the street as a Papist, because of the little iron crucifix, that badge of the universal religion of sorrow, which I wear round my neck. The Americans made use of this in their party politics, as they would of facts in chemistry I verily believe, if they could; but the only *feeling* in the whole business was that of Irish against Irishman—of Orangeman against Papist,—and the proof of it is, that the ranks of the native American party, as it calls itself, are full of Irish Protestants, while the Catholics are the only "imported foreigners," rejected as such by the framers of that singular party. By-the-bye, ——— writes me word that there has been an attempt to get up a Native American Party in Massachusetts, which has signally failed. Those New England States, I do believe, will be the noblest country in the world in a little while. They will be the salvation of that very great body with a very little soul, the rest of the United States; they are the

pith and marrow, heart and core, head and spirit of that country.

Friday, 26th December.—Having been assured by the host at the Hotel de France, at Nevers, that we could get places in the Diligence to Chalons, and finding the suite of the Persian Ambassador extremely anxious to possess our rooms, we took our way to the Bureau, and there, upon inquiry for the coach, became aware that these cross-road conveyances were altogether above special hours, which occasioned me some slight misgiving. But, however, the matter could not be helped; we sat, therefore, three-quarters of an hour, entertaining ourselves with impatience, and finally a little cross-country coach, a Diligence of an inferior grade, and with its head and its tail cut off, inasmuch as it had only three horses, and no *rotonde*, made its appearance. Into this exceedingly wretched vehicle we put ourselves, and it was some comfort to me to see the Chef de Bureau put a heavy sack of money into the hands of the *conducteur*, inas-

much as it proved that he was to be trusted to the extent of a thousand francs (the sum he named), giving him certain directions about the disposal of it.

Our road lay for a little while through a country reminding me very much of England,—rolling slopes of ploughed fields, and green meadows divided by hedges, and diversified by clumps of trees, and scattered farm-houses,—an infinitely more agreeable style of landscape than the flat uninclosed fields of Normandy, or the wearisome withered vineyards, with their sheaves of sticks, through which we travelled from Orleans to Nevers. By degrees, however, the country lost its amenity, and assumed a wilder and less cultivated aspect. The Pays Bas, as they call it, of the Nivernois, was lying behind and beneath us as we gradually ascended through withered stunted woodland to the Morvan, the most picturesque, but wildest part of the Department, across which I was venturing upon the faith of friends who had traversed it in summer,—a very different under-

taking, as I presently discovered, from my present December trip. The road was now one continuous ascent, and the unbroken dreary woodland that stretched on either hand, chiefly composed of dwarf oak and elms, with rubbishing underbrush, reminded me of parts of the woods of New Jersey, in the United States; with this difference, that, whereas the scrub forests cover low swamp lands there—here, the sides of the hills, gradually growing into mountains, were bristling all over with this shabby dwarf forest.

As the short winter day died out, the wind became piercing cold, and when we arrived at the wretched inn, where we were let out to eat something, at Chatillon le Baxoir, it was as dark as pitch, and a perfect hurricane howled over the dismal hill-tops. At this filthy inn, crowded with men in blue blouses and black muzzles, we received the most discouraging accounts of the road further on, which we were assured was blocked up with snow; still, having received the assurance that the carriage I was in would take

me on to Chalons, I determined to proceed with it: accordingly we sallied forth again, and I soon perceived by the muffled sound of the horses' feet, and the increased slowness with which we toiled up our still ascending way, that the report of the snow was true. By the rapid glare thrown by the single lamp of our wretched vehicle upon the fields as we passed them, I saw that they were sheeted with white; and at Moulins en Gilbert, a forlorn congregation of ricketty old houses, where the *conducteur* took out his horses, and left us for half-an-hour in the middle of the street, the peasants congregated round the carriage, talked together of the impossibility of our getting on, and how the Diligences had none of them been able to come up into that district for several days on account of the snow. Still, I remembered the emphatical reply of the Chef de Bureau to my emphatical question :—

"Mr. cette voiture me conduit jusqu'à Châlons?"

"Oui Madame, cette voiture vous conduit jusqu'à Châlons,"—and sat resigned to my fate.

Nothing could exceed the discomfort of the carriage itself in which we were; poor ———, worn out with fatigue, had stretched herself at the bottom of the *coupé*, in the straw; I did the same upon the seat, upon which besides it was not possible to sit without sliding off every five minutes. By and by, through the dreary street, we heard the jingle of our horses, and presently, with sundry foreboding warnings bawled after us by the population of Moulins, we set off again, wearied out with cold and long journeying. We were both at length fast asleep, when suddenly the carriage stopped, and the *conducteur* opening the door against which ——— leaned, she very nearly fell out; we now received a summons to get out, and the agreeable intelligence, that here we were to change coach, and that the coach not having arrived, we must alight, and wait for it at the inn of Chateau Chinon, where we had arrived.

My dismay and indignation were intense; the rain was pouring, the wind roaring, and it was twelve o'clock at night. The inn into which we

were shown was the most horrible cut-throat-looking hole I ever beheld; all the members of the household were gone to bed, except a dirty, sleepy, stupid serving girl, who ushered us into a kitchen as black as darkness itself and a single tallow-candle could make it, and then informed us that here we must pass the night, for that the coaches which generally came up to meet our conveyance, had not been able to come over the mountains on account of the heavy snow for several days. I was excessively frightened; the look of the place was horrible, that of the people not at all encouraging; when the *conducteur* demanded the price of the places, which I then recollected the Chef de Bureau had most cautiously refused to receive, because then I should have found out that I was not going to Chalons in his coach, but to be shot out on the highest peak of the Morvan, midway between Chalons and Nevers. I refused to pay until, according to agreement, I was taken to Chalons; he then refused to deliver up my baggage, and I

saw that all resistance was vain, whereupon I paid the money and retreated again to the black filthy kitchen, where I had left poor ———, bidding her not stir from the side of the dressing-case and writing-box I had left in her charge, with my precious letters of credit and money-bag.

The fire of the kitchen was now invaded by a tall brawny-looking man, in a sort of rough sporting costume; his gun and game-bags lay on the dresser; two abominable dogs he had with him went running in and out between our feet, pursuing each other, and all but knocking us down. I was so terrified, disgusted, and annoyed, that I literally shook from head to foot, and could have found it in my heart to have cried for very cowardice. I asked this person what was to be done; he answered me that he was in the same predicament with myself, and that I could do, if I liked, as he should,—walk over the mountain to Autun the next day.

"What was the distance?"

"Ten leagues." (Thirty miles.)

I smiled a sort of verjuice smile, and replied, —"Even if we two women could walk thirty miles through the snow, what was to become of my baggage?"

"Oh, he did not know; perhaps if the snow was not higher than the horses' bellies, or if the labourers of the district had been out clearing the roads at all, the master of the house might contrive some means of sending us on."

In the midst of the agony of perplexity and anxiety, which all these *perhapses* occasioned me, I heard that the devilish conductor and conveyance which had brought me to this horrid hole, would return to Nevers the next day at five o'clock, and making up my mind, if the worst came to the worst, to return by it thither, and having blown the perfidious Chef du Bureau of the country Diligence higher than he had sent me in his coach, take the Paris Diligence on its way through Nevers, for Lyons straight,—this of course at the cost of so much money and time wasted,

With this alternative, I had my luggage carried up to my room, and followed it with my faithful and most invaluable ————, who was neither discouraged, nor frightened, nor foolish,—nor anything that I was,—but comported herself to admiration. The room we were shown into was fearful looking; the wind blew down the huge black gaping chimney, and sent the poor fire, we were endeavouring in vain to kindle, in eye-smarting clouds into our faces. The fender and fire-irons were rusty and broken, the ceiling cracked all over, the floor sunken, and an inch-thick with filth and dirt. I threw open the shutters of the window, and saw opposite against the black sky, the yet thicker outline of the wretched hovels opposite, and, satisfied that at any rate we were in the vicinity of human beings of some description, we piled our trunks up against a door that opened into some other room, locked the one that gave entrance from the passage, and with one

lighted tallow candle, and one relay, and a box of matches by my bed-side, I threw myself all dressed upon the bed. ——— did the same upon a sofa, and thus we resigned ourselves to pass the night.

I did not close my eyes, however ; the nervous anxiety I was suffering, the howling of the storm, beating the heavy wooden shutters against the windows, the pattering of the rain which fell through the roof of the house and the broken ceiling of the room, on the floor by the bed-side; all was so wretched and forlorn, that I lay awake and exceedingly uncomfortable till daylight, when I fell asleep. It was an extreme comfort to me to have found that, besides the above mentioned Nimrod, a decent peaceable looking soldier and a young peasant lad were among the detenus, as well as ourselves, at this miserable hostelry. I had some thoughts of hiring the soldier at double his daily pay, to act as my body-guard to Chalons. I wonder how it is that I am considered a brave woman, which I very generally am ; I certainly

am one of the most cowardly ones I ever knew. The daylight having a little quieted my nerves, I fell asleep, from which state of beatitude ——— awoke me, by informing me that some one was at the door. I bade her open it, and a most ill-looking man, with only one eye, extremely marked with the small-pox, and with his white-brown face set in a thick frame of bushy black hair, and clad in the everlasting coarse blue blouse, made his appearance. He said he was the master of the house, and post-master likewise, and that hearing that I wanted to go on to Autun, he was come to tell me that he would take me on in some conveyance of his own, but that he would not engage to do it under sixty francs, because he must have four horses, and perhaps a yoke of oxen to get us over the mountain. This appeared to me perfectly outrageous, and I declined the offer, whereupon this ill-visaged host of ours withdrew. I found that even the very steady nerves of ——— were not proof against the forbidding appearance of this man,

and she advised me, by no means to trust myself with him, especially as he had said that, on account of the depth of the drifts, it might be necessary to turn off the road into the woods and across the fields.

I now determined to send for the chasseur of the night before. I had ascertained from the people of the inn that he was a man of some property in the district, and I thought I had better inquire of him what my best course would be; he came into my room with his coat all tucked up to his waist, ready for his expedition. He said the price the man asked was exorbitant, but that he thought I could trust myself with him in perfect safety, and that he would guarantee our arriving in all security at Autun. He described the country we were going through as extremely picturesque and well worth seeing in summer, but highly undesirable for travelling in in winter; said the roads were often impassable for weeks together, and that during the winter the villages scattered among the mountains were snowed up

so as to be utterly inaccessible. He still expressed his determination to walk, which he said the soldier and the peasant boy were prepared to do also. I entreated him to give me the protection of his company in the carriage we were going in; he laughed and said that the sort of carriage we were going in would very barely hold two persons, but that he and the soldier would fasten their small luggage on with ours and keep our conveyance in view the whole time. Much comforted by this, we proceeded to dress, and sent word to the Polypheme, our host, that we agreed to his terms.

The violent rain of the night had washed away the snow very much, and word was brought that the cantonniers were out along the road clearing the places where it had been blown into deep drifts. To my unspeakable satisfaction I saw it streaming from the filthy and tattered thatch of the mud-coloured houses, and the blessed sun beckoned us on with an encouraging gleam. It was in vain,

however, that I urged our departure. I little knew the preparations making for our comfort. Meantime the gentleman campagnard, to whom I perceived my anxiety and alarm occasioned some amusement, entertained me with some account of the country and of his own hunting exploits and adventures therein. This district lies remote from any direct line of travel, and the climate being severe, and the soil, in such patches as are not clothed with forest, poor—the people are extremely miserable and uncivilised. Some of the largest estates of some of the oldest families of France lie however in the vicinity of the Montagne du Mowan, but are visited only rarely for short intervals of time by the proprietors, whose brief and infrequent sojourn made chiefly, too, solely for the purpose of hunting excursions, does not in any way much benefit the inhabitants of these mountains. The forest with which they are covered, and which extends for many leagues, is the great wood reservoir of Paris, the woods being partially

reaped every few years, to supply Paris with fuel. Foxes, wild goats, wild boars, and wolves, my informant assured me, were abundant all through the district; and he wound up his catalogue of its rather savage recommendations by saying, that last year a band of robbers infested the road through the mountains, sixty of whom had been secured, which had broken up the speculation. I thought my sporting friend was trying the extent of my anxiety, but defeated his own purpose, for that story made me laugh, which was more than his account of crossing the mountain once on horseback, and being compelled to dismount and fray a passage for himself and his horse, breast high in the drifted snow did. This was rather more the complexion of danger that I apprehended, and I conjured him, together with the soldier and peasant-lad, who now made their appearance, to keep us in sight in case of any accident befalling our conveyance. This they promised to do; and from the time of our leaving the

inn-door we saw no more of any one of them. By the bye, I think it not amiss to add, for the benefit of future ladies-errant, who may chance to be left at Chateau Chinon, and to the tender mercies of its post-master and country gentlemen, that when I appealed to the latter on the subject of the monstrous charge of the former, he coolly replied, that it was rather exorbitant, but that such an *occasion* did not often fall in mine host's way, and he naturally wished to profit by it.

Remonstrance was vain. We were at length summoned to proceed, and found a crazy, dirty, rickety sort of gig, or cabriolet, at the door, to which were harnessed, with chains, ropes, and packthread, in equal proportions, and tandem fashion, a crazy, dirty, rickety pair of miserable horses. The team of four horses and oxen were no where apparent, for which I was going to pay sixty francs; but as I wanted to go in any way and at any cost, I said nothing, but climbed into the seat, which, partly from its shape, and

partly from the hay with which, for our protection from the cold, it had been stuffed, seemed to me very like trying to sit in a manger. Our trunks were chained, corded, and packthreaded (*ficellé*) on behind, all but one large one, which lay across our feet before, and served our one-eyed Jehu for a seat. Thus we set forth, I confess, with most fearful misgivings on my side, that such an equipage was likely to give out in more than one of its parts on such a road.

Moving from the yellow, squalid-looking village, we immediately descended a deep valley, where patches of the vivid green that is seen on the mountain sides of Switzerland appeared here and there, where the rain had washed the snow thin, and the sun had laid them bare; between them ran gushing brooks of living water, and far below, in alternate basins and cones, rose and sank the deep gullies and steep ridges of the dreary fuel district. The road itself across the mountain is admirable, broad, and well made, and in summer I have no doubt that it would be

worth while to pass this way, for the mere wild beauty of the scenery, which now reminded me forcibly of America, and some of the wood and mountain wildernesses round Grey Loch. The driver informed me that all the springs, of which these mountains were full, and which rolled in sparkling abundance through the snow on all sides of us, were tepid in winter, and so cold in summer as to make it dangerous to drink of them. In the emerald strip of valley between two snowy hills, he showed me the head waters of the river Yonne, a rapid, turbulent, narrow mountain stream, which, further down in its course, is tamed to the subjection of carrying the timber felled in the forests to the Seine in rafts. We now began to ascend, and continued to strain up the snowy, dismal mountain-side for upwards of an hour and a-half; the ascent was, according to the driver, three leagues—nine miles, and seemed to follow one half the ridge of a huge bowl in the earth, the sides of which, bristling with wintry woods, and skirted

with snow, sank deeply and darkly down into a circular valley, where at distant intervals we descried, made visible by their black thatched roofs, huddled together like clusters of dark fungi, the miserable villages of the district. Far across this gulf, and right against the sky, on a line level with the heights which we were slowly climbing to, he pointed out the roof of a house, and saying, "the road passes by that, and afterwards ascends for another mile, then keeps the ridge of the mountains in the woods, for three leagues, and then descends," gave us some faint idea of the expedition that lay before us. The cold was bitter, and became momentarily more intense. The mountain-tops, over which the skirts of the clouds were trailing heavily, gradually drew them down in ominous grey tatters across the sky, and the first flakes of a snow-storm really made me feel extremely uncomfortable as to the possible termination of our journey: this anxiety passed off, however, as we reached the point so long before indicated to us, and found

that we had accomplished within a mile the ascent of the mountain. The blue sky smiled through the grey cobwebs of snow-clouds floating about us, and sun-light suddenly struck the grim mountain tops all round, and then darted midway into the wintry valleys between them. At this point of the route we came upon a church and a large scattered village of wretchedly poor houses, the most considerable, as our driver informed us, of all the district. Arleaff was the name of this pinnacle of savage poverty; and the church suggesting ideas of a priest and some secure shelter, I comforted myself with thinking that, in case of accident, Arleaff would be a refuge nine miles nearer than our horrid resting-place of last night. Still we went up, up, up,—and ridge upon ridge of hills heaved like a brown sea in sight—mournful, monotonous, and yet not without a wild grandeur; through one of the gaps in the mountain view, the driver pointed out Autun, our destination, still upwards of twenty miles distant.

Thus far the road, though savage enough in its surrounding scenery, was by no means either as difficult or as dangerous as he had reported it. In some places where the snow had drifted deep, the peasants had already cleared a passage through it, and though long and tedious for the miserable beasts dragging us, there was nothing whatever to justify the threat of four horses and oxen with which my promise of sixty francs had been extorted. We now began to descend, and the woods closing around us, hid the mountain tops and the valleys, and all but their own bare and dismal depth; suddenly across the road, from a bank of ten feet high, a sparkling little waterfall sprang down, and ran laughing into the dark wood below. My passion for live water is irresistible: with all sorts of irrational apprehensions and terrors, and some ground for rational anxiety as to the possibility of our getting out of these snowy solitudes while the daylight still favoured us, I could have found in my heart to have

jumped out of the carriage, and accepting the challenge of the little saucy Undine, raced down with it into the black forest depths, where it had hid itself. We now came to a narrow green gorge, where a whole web of glittering brooklets ran twining like a company of silver snakes through the glen. Here stood the stone boundary marking the line between the two departments of the Loire and Haute Saone. And now, with the capriciousness of a mountain climate, the rain began to distil gently upon us. It seemed to be the head-quarters of the water-nymphs of the region. I thought lamentably of my trunks covered only with a layer of straw and some coarse sacking. Another anxiety presently, however, superseded this — rising from this valley of fountains, we gradually approached a more dismal mountain wall than any we had yet traversed; and here where a narrow wood path struck off from the road into the forest, our driver descended from his seat, and walking forward said, that he should turn into this bye-

path, because most likely the road beyond was impassable. I confess to an unspeakably distressing pang of universal dismay at this proposition. There we were to be murdered. How? whether with the stout wood-knife our guide carried in his pocket, or the whip-cord of which he drew interminable supplies from beneath his blouse, and of which I began to think he had an interior manufactory; whether he would finish us outright, or leave us disabled and wounded, to starve in the woods; what snow-drift he would bury us in, or what rushing stream commit us to; whether he had gone on to ascertain that help for him or none for us was at hand; what my father would think of it; and how it would seem to my children, were all agreeable hypotheses that rushed simultaneously into my bewildered brain. My faithful and imperturbable ——— here turned upon me a countenance stupider than ever with dismay, and it was very evident that our panic was simultaneous.

"What is he going to do now?" gasped she.

"Hold your tongue and don't utter a word," was my encouraging reply, being always remarkably cross when I am frightened. The one-eyed hideous man returned, reseated himself, drove a few yards further, and suddenly a company of at least a dozen countrymen, their ruddy coarse faces shining with labour, were revealed, lustily shovelling the snow from the road —where passing at the foot of the bleak mountain wall I have mentioned, it suddenly turned the broad shoulder of a lower eminence, and went winding down into a most picturesque and beautiful glen, upon whose side, and the little brown hovels dotting it all over, the ruddy December afternoon sun was glowing. Cherubina herself can never have been more exquisitely terrified or relieved than I was by these very simple events; and having traversed safely the few rods where the wind had swept the snow to a depth of three or four feet by the space cut by the cantonniers, we now wound rapidly down a steep, broad, beautiful road, overhanging

a most picturesque glen, at the bottom of which, over a strip of fairy green sward, rushed a crystal clear trout stream, full of limpid shallows and foaming sparkling reaches. The steep precipitous bank on the opposite side rose covered with skeleton woods to a vast height, and from their leafless trunks bold masses of grey green rock jutted forth like wardens and donjon keeps overlooking the glen. Our guide pointed out to me a gorge running sharply up, as though a wedge had been driven into the mountains, at the extremity of which he said there was a cascade of upwards of a hundred feet. The scenery of this region must certainly be exceedingly charming in summer. The gentleman sportsman at the inn had spoken to me of the fine trout in the streams here, and said that several gentlemen of that neighbourhood belonged to trouting clubs, and had actually gone to Norway and to Canada for the sole and simple pleasure of trout fishing. I had no idea that Frenchmen were ever such keen sportsmen. Reverting to

this in my conversation with our driver as we drove along the margin of this lovely brook (a tributary of the Arroux), he informed me that the inhabitants who did not profess to be sporting gentlemen often threw quick-lime into these brooks, and by that means caught and destroyed a quantity of fish. This was a method of poaching I never heard of before.

As we neared the bottom of the glen where the road defiled as through a rocky portal into the smiling friendly plain beyond (how well I did now understand that word freundlich as perpetually applied by the Germans in their wild legends to the plains contrasted with the mountains), I gathered courage enough to mention to my one-eyed charioteer Mr. Rochette's account of the robbers in the mountain; he laughed, and yet said it was by no means absolutely false, for that there were at that time, a year ago, two men escaped from justice, who had taken refuge in the woods of the mountains, and who inspired the whole community with terror; not

that they attempted any outrages, for their object was merely, he said, to hide themselves. But the whole country, and the courageous gentlefolks of Autun especially, were terrified beyond measure at them. One was retaken, the other never heard of.

I talked with him of the condition of the labouring population about here, and he described it as exceedingly wretched; the poverty of the soil and severity of the climate combining to make the means of existence both insufficient and precarious among them. He said the oldest families in France owned property in that region, and named some of the haute noblesse as among the seigneurs of the environs. I. was very willing to talk to the man, and yet his revolting appearance, and something particularly low and brutal in his manner, disgusted me extremely. He was a political malcontent, and though a placeman (postmaster) abused the government in a coarse slang that was at once odious and curious. I found he knew Paris very well, and

when he began discoursing of the changes taking place round Notre Dame, and the old nests of squalid iniquity that were being removed about there, I began to think of Eugene Sue and his Mystères de Paris, and what with the man's savage and grotesque addresses to his horses, whom he alternately execrated and coaxed in the lowest jargon, his brawny figure, horrible face, and wall eye, thought he might have sat very well for the original of le Maître d'Ecole, or some of his choice associates.

About a league from Autun, which we now discovered scattered about on a mountain side, surrounded with an amphitheatre of hills, and glowing like a copper city in the setting sunlight, we passed a curious moated old country house, round whose very dead-looking walls and closed *persiennes* the gambolling little trout-stream we had followed ran with all its might, and then with all its might away, which, considering the lugubrious aspect of the place, did not surprise me.

Opposite to the Chateau rose a forlorn-looking mountain, with three crosses on its summit.

"That," said our driver, "was a calvary, to which Madame de ———, proprietress of the Chateau, had herself taken occasionally in her carriage when she visited the estate, and from whence with a telescope she enjoyed a most extensive and beautiful view."

By the bye, those dismal woods and dreary mountain tops we traversed to-day, were all studded with black wooden crosses, which, accordingly as I thought my driver meant to rob and murder me, or only cheat me of sixty francs, assumed a most melancholy or cheering aspect. They were all black, and as like as sisters. Between four and five o'clock, we crossed the bridge of the Arroux, and passed the ancient Roman ruin called the Temple of Janus, opposite to which the driver pointed out the race-course, where, he said, one of their first and wealthiest proprietaires, a Mr. Mac Mahon, had broken his neck by a fall from his horse, and died on the

spot. "It was very lucky," he added, "it happened on the last day of the races. It would have spoilt all the fun else." He drove to the Hotel de la Poste, and there my worthy conducteur, in spite of the perfect ease with which he had brought us in that light carriage, with only two horses, persisted in demanding his sixty francs, which I gave him, and he departed.

I had fasted all day, not caring to eat anything in that hole at Chateau Chinon; and, therefore, the clean good dinner and comfortable rooms at the Poste were a great satisfaction to me. There is, however, no rest for the wicked. The Diligence to Châlons was expected at any hour from ten till five in the morning: going to bed was, therefore, out of the question, and alternate naps on the sofa were all ——— and myself could indulge in. At past one the huge nuisance arrived, and all the places that we were able to obtain in it were two seats in the interior, which was already possessed with four lumbering men. The atmosphere of a snuffy German, a French-

man reeking of stale cigar smoke, one or two India-rubber cloaks, and all our respirations, was really atrocious. I kept the window by my face open, and so came alive, and not dead, into Châlons, the dim dawn and struggling starlight having revealed nothing of the country we travelled through but the hazy outline of the hills against the sky. At one time a loud-voiced, disputatious brook ran arguing with us in the dark, close by the carriage side, and, finally disgusted, jumped, with a white gleam, into the wood; but more of the *accidens du paysage*, as the French people call them, I know not. Now, when we arrived at Châlons, at nine o'clock in the morning, the river was too high, and the steamboats could not pass under the bridges. The traveller will perceive, therefore, as the guide-books say, that unless he wishes especially to visit the black mountains and forests of the Mowan for their own sake, and crosses the Channel and half France for that purpose, it is hardly worth his while to leave the main road

from Paris to Lyons for the facilities and pleasures of a night at Chateau Chinon, a drive in the fuel forests of the Nievre at six francs a league, and the eventual satisfaction of finding the Saone too dry in summer and too wet in winter, and be compelled (as we must now) to take the Diligence, after all, for Lyons, if that be his ultimate object.

This inn is comfortable, and I must especially celebrate in it an admirable perch from the Saone I had for dinner, which must have weighed nearly two pounds; it was delicious to eat, nothing could be better, but catching it. I shall sleep in a bed for the first time to-night, since last Wednesday, 24th; this is Monday, the 29th. What a pity we make our luxuries things of every day and night. I positively look forward to my bed. Who that goes to bed every night ever does?

We were hurriedly called up at five o'clock in the morning, the Diligence from Paris having arrived, which, failing the boat, was our only

hope for Lyons. We hurried on our clothes and ran down into the dark dirty street, where the huge caravan was waiting. The Coupé was, alas! already invaded by a fat elderly gentleman who, singularly enough, maintained his station by the door, at which we were obliged to climb in over his legs and knees, he all the time exclaiming, " c'ést cela marcher moi sur les pieds—allez, n'ayez pas peur vous n'etes pas lourde—vous ne me ferez pas mal "—the wretch, as I afterwards discovered, had had a threatening of gout, and was trembling under the terror of a return of it; he was a Frenchman, but muffled in dreadnoughts, leggings, and with air cushions under him, and round his neck after the fashion of one of our own self-preserving comfortable gentry; for a long time it puzzled me excessively to conceive what his motive could have been for allowing us to climb across him to our places, to his and our own intense inconvenience, rather than remove himself to the seat at the other side of the carriage. Upon my letting down the glass next

me, however, he exclaimed, with sudden sensibility, "Ah! mon Dieu, Madame, vous allez vous enrhumer; le vent vient précisement de ce côté là;" which explained his pertinacious avoidance of it.

It was dark long after we set forth from Châlons, but the day began to break brightly and beautifully as we reached the small town of Sennecy, among the hills, and as we attained, after a continuous ascent of some miles the height above Tournus, we had a beautiful view into the valley below, where lay sparkling, like a vast lake, the overflowing waters of the Saone, stretching over meadows and roads far beyond its native bed, overlooked by the picturesque brown outline of the irregular little town, and surrounded towards the horizon, on each hand, by mountain-tops glowing in the red morning light. We have been most particularly unlucky in our route, the overflowing of the Saone has prevented our going down the river, giving us a wearisome journey of sixteen hours in a coach instead of eight in the

steamboat. Moreover the waters were out all over the shortest coach road, so that we were compelled to take the longest—and, as it was expected that the river would be navigable and, of course, resorted to in preference to the road, no relays of horses were to be had, and, on our arrival at Tournus the conducteur most obligingly informed us that the time of our stay there would be uncertain, inasmuch as there were no horses to be had, and we must wait until the Diligence from Lyons arrived, when we should take their tired horses, and they ours, with this difference, to our disadvantage, that their teem would be taken immediately from their coach, and transferred to ours, while ours would, at least, have rested a short space of time before they were again put into harness. Resignation is the virtue I recommend to travellers in all parts of the world, but England, where they have comparatively no need of it.

Our companion of the coupé was a well-informed and intelligent man, who had travelled a

great deal all over Europe, and was now engaged in some mission of observation concerning the muslin manufactories in various parts of France, which are undersold by the Swiss, who produce in great quantities an inferior article, which is brought into France, and sold cheaper than the native manufacture. My friend was chief inspector of the Customs at Lyons, and had been sent on this muslin mission by the Minister of the Home Department. He was a very agreeable companion, and a great antiquarian and amateur in matters of art and vertù, and having fortified his indisposition by an early and abundant meal, proposed to me to employ our leisure (which was likely to prolong itself indefinitely) by visiting the curious old Romanesque church of Tournus, dedicated to St. Philibert; it once belonged to a very large and important Abbey of Benedictine monks, some remains of whose dwellings are to be detected incorporated in the irregular buildings which surround the church; it is itself extremely picturesque and

curious. In observing attentively the square towers with their elegant round open arches, we were much puzzled to remark at the angle of one of them a single figure standing caryatid fashion, of extremely old workmanship, crowned, and representing probably some queen or royal saint whose legend must in some way connect itself with the building: the figure, which is extremely coarsely executed, is clad in a short garment reaching only half-way down the leg; and the feet not resting on the cornice, which is at some distance below them, it has the appearance of being hung, at the corner of the tower, rather than supporting it. On entering the church my antiquarian companion explained to me that in all probability the narthex or vestibule had its original pavement much below the one which we now stood upon; this he deduced from the evidently truncated appearance of the thick round pillars which supported it, and which he said he felt satisfied must be some ten or twelve inches below the

surface of the present pavement; as the latter gradually sank by a most perceptible inclination to that of the nave of the church, there seemed some probability in his suggestion, and the pillars themselves had a singular appearance of disproportionate thickness, which gave it further force. He told me that all the churches built at a very early period, of which this was evidently one, descended by a step or two from the ground without; the action of thus stepping down into the sanctuary being considered typical of the descent of Jesus into the water of the Jordan.

It is extremely painful to me to come from a mere motive of curiosity into a temple dedicated to God; my conscience rebukes and troubles me the whole time, and all other considerations are lost in the recollection that I am in the house of prayer, consecrated by the worship of thousands of souls for hundreds of years. To gaze about, too, with idle, prying eyes, where sit and kneel my fellow-Christians with theirs turned to the earth in solemn

contemplation or devotion, makes me feel sacrilegiously; and I do not know what will become of me in Italy, where every church is a galantee show. I prayed as I stood before the altar in this dear little old church, and presently we encountered M. le Curé, with whom my companion (an exceedingly companionable soul) began a lively discussion about the repairs being carried on in the church, which is a building belonging to the Government, and is being restored with considerable care. Some of the old capitals of the pillars had grotesque figures of animals on them, others elegant floral adornments, but they were all of them various. The Curé, to whom my antiquary explained the fact of the ancient floor of the narthex being in all probability below the present one, seemed incredulous, but said there was a crypt below, with a painting in fresco of the ninth century, whereof the antiquary, in his turn, seemed incredulous. He pointed out to the Curé, with extreme warmth, the remains demonstrating the existence of a jubé, or rood

loft, above the high altar, and besought him pathetically to exert himself to have it restored. The conversation, owing to the antiquary's general enthusiasm for old churches, and the Curé's special enthusiasm for his own old church, was extremely amusing and interesting to me. The former objected vehemently to some wretched engravings surrounding the walls, representing the seven stations, as the Catholics call them, of Jesus bearing his cross. For me, after one glance cast at these abominations—I had forborne to look again—all representations of Christ being revolting to me, all representations of his agony absolutely intolerable;—what will become of me in Italy! In spite of the positive pain and disquiet which these desecrations cause me, I could not help smiling at the artistical point of view in which my travelling companion regarded the matter.

"Le peuple ignorant," said M. le Curé, "a besoin d'objets visibles qui lui frappent les sens"—

"Eh bien, eh bien," said the antiquary; "don-

nez-lui en, de par le diable mettez une croix à chacune de ces stations, et ôtez-moi ces affreuses gravures, car je vous demande un peu, si le bon dieu que voilà ne fait pas une bien vilaine grimace ? Et le peuple ignorant, il faut lui donner le bon goût, l'amour du beau dans les arts, et la religion en même temps."

He objected too, and with some allowance from M. le Curé, to the engraving representing St. Veronica wiping the sweat from our Saviour's brow, while he is dragging his cross on his hands and knees, as a legend unauthorised by Scripture.

Supposing that the horses must have come, we took leave of the curious old church and its modest *Curé*, and wended our way through the crooked filthy streets, back to la Poste: on the way I met an old peasant woman, with the singular black beaver hat with lace lappets that the peasants of a district not far from Tournus wear—it is a mere ornament, for it covers no part of the head, being set down upon the fore-

head and up behind, and fastened round the head, which is covered with a cap, by a broad black silk riband. Arrived at the Poste, we found the horses were not yet come, and walked on to the suspension-bridge, over the Saone, whose swollen rapid current had invaded its banks on both sides far beyond its proper bed. Presently, the welcome intelligence arrived of the approach of the Lyons Diligence—the wretched horses from which being transferred to our vehicle, we immediately set off to take them over the same ground. A little beyond Tournus, as the Diligence was slowly ascending a steep hill, a very pretty-looking countrywoman hailed it, and asked for a seat; there was none inside, and the conductor, and even our companion in the *coupé* in vain endeavoured to persuade her that there was neither danger nor difficulty in climbing to the top, outside the huge mountain of a carriage; this, however, she declined. I think the selfishness of Frenchmen far more revolting than that of my own countrymen, because it is

accompanied by an everlasting grimace of politeness and courtesy which means nothing whatever.

As we continued our road, it became alive with groups of men and women, the latter all with the curious little black beaver hat, and in a gay and singular costume not unlike that of some of the Swiss cantons. They were all carrying baskets and leading or driving cattle, and from groups of two and three at a time, presently increased almost to a continuous stream, till we reached a little village, whose name, as far as I could distinguish what they said to me, was Ste. Pivie. Here there was a fair, which had already lasted two days, and was to end this evening by a dance; the streets were thronged, and we absolutely drove between two dense walls of human beings—the men all in the coarse blue blouse, which seems universal to French mankind: the women in a curious costume—dark petticoats, bright scarlet handkerchiefs over their bosoms, caps on their heads, and the peculiar beaver hat I have mentioned stooping forward

almost to their noses—many of these were covered with an immense profusion of black lace, and ornamented with gold cord and tassels, the whole effect being striking and picturesque, though from the narrow form of their dress across the bosom and shoulders, it was individually unbecoming. My antiquarian friend and myself looked in vain from each window for a pretty face to set off this peculiar attire; in all the population of the district gathered together there for the fair, we saw but one good-looking girl—a small allowance among so many hundreds. We stopped in the market-place, and a man issuing from one of the shops offered to sell me one of the hats which the women wore. I was tempted to buy one, but declined upon his demanding forty francs for it, nor would I renew the treaty, though he immediately offered it to me for thirty, and assured me that many of the peasant women bought them at a hundred francs. They evidently take great pride and pleasure in them, and in spite of the everlasting fitness of

things, which they offend outrageously, they are very pretty.

As we proceeded on our way, I began already to observe the flattening roofs, with their gentle, gradual slope, like those of Italian houses, so different from the high-peaked Norman roofs, which seem kindred to the caps of the Normandy women. We now began to see hanging under the projecting eaves of the houses long strings of maize or Indian corn—the ears were strung to each other like branches of bananas, and, covered over with nets, hung their great golden clusters round the houses, upon whose walls the withered brown tracery of the vines attested the milder climate we were approaching. We did not reach Bourges till night, so saw nothing of its fine cathedral, which is so curious and so beautiful. A stage beyond that we remained from ten till twelve at night, in the middle of the road, waiting for horses, as we had done at Tournus; a more wretched night I never passed. We did not reach Lyons till seven o'clock in the morning

of Tuesday, having started from Chalons at five o'clock on Monday, a most horrible, tedious, and fatiguing journey, though the roads were far from bad.

I went to the Hotel de l'Europe, where I would not advise any one to go who is not inclined to be shamelessly fleeced: the rooms we were shown into were surrounded with gods and goddesses, the painted panels representing Venus presenting Cupid to Vulcan, Juno suckling Hercules, Nessus attempting to carry off Dejanira, and on the ceiling, the whole synod of the gods of Greece; en revanche, in our bed-rooms we had less than the usual scanty allowance of washing apparatus, and as neither the beds nor table were particularly good, I mention the decorations that future travellers may know for what advantages they are expected to pay more dearly than at the first hotels in Paris. In driving to the banker's, and to make a few purchases, I had some opportunity of seeing the city, which has some very fine streets

and buildings. The windows of our hotel overlook the market-place, with its ruddy and golden fruit-stalls, and its peasant women, in broad-brimmed straw hats over close caps, some of whom became their picturesque head-dress extremely. Beyond the turbid, swollen Saone, which threatens another inundation, the old cathedral and a row of fine modern buildings skirt the river, and rising abruptly behind them, the steep heights of Fourvieres, with their girdle and crown of fortifications, draw an irregular picturesque indented outline midway up the sky.

Lyons, however, with its fearful and bloody recollections of early martyrdom and late insurrection, together with the horrible memories of revolutionary butchery which have baptized the streets, overflowing with human blood, with names which perpetuate the butcheries of Collot d'Herbois and his barbarous associates, is to me a very painful place even to sojourn in, and the knowledge of its swarming population, whose turbulent viciousness and poverty are alone kept

in check by the batteries which grin down upon the city from every surrounding height, made me glad to shake the dust of it off my shoes. During the course of the day I had two visits from my travelling companion, who, having reached his house, and shaved, and comforted himself, and ascertained the safety of certain valuable and beautiful candelabra he was bringing with him from Paris, as an addition to a collection of objects of vertù, in which he takes great pride and delight, came to pay his respects to me. He returned again in the evening, bringing with him an extremely pretty and ladylike person, his daughter, and followed by a servant, carrying certain objects from his collection, of which he had spoken to me on our road, and which he was determined I should not leave Lyons without seeing. These were some extremely beautiful miniature copies of the Marriage of St. Catharine and the Madonna della Seggiola, by his eldest daughter; they were admirably executed, and certainly bespoke a very great talent, both as

copyist and miniature painter; he next showed me a very curious old casket enamelled upon gold, and representing the twelve labours of Hercules. The hypothesis by which the worthy owner of this veritable antique traced its original possession to some royal Mary or Margaret of France, reminded me a little of Mr. Oldbuck, nevertheless it was undoubtedly very old and very curious. The next treasure he showed me,—and it was one,—was a steel spur which had belonged to Francis I., and was, he said, the undoubted work of Benvenuto Cellini; it was originally in the royal collection in Paris, and at the time of the Revolution, when its valuable contents were abandoned to the pillage of the public assassins,—for whom Garrat demanded the salary of judges, inasmuch as their butcheries were, according to him, the sacred ministry of justice,—fell into the hands of a gentleman who subsequently sold it to my friend. The Government exerted itself after the Revolution to recover some of the more valuable articles which

had been removed from the garde meuble royal, but an immense number had been dispersed beyond recovery, and such objects as were made of the more precious metals melted and sold; fortunately, this beautiful spur being in steel, escaped all injury, and came into the hands of a most enthusiastic and worthy possessor; there were no less than sixteen figures, several of them spirited equestrian ones, upon the sides of the spur, and it was altogether elegant and beautiful enough to deserve the credit of being Benvenuto Cellini's workmanship, and Francis the First's sign of knighthood. At ten o'clock on the morning of Wednesday 31st December, we left Lyons by the boat for Valence, none, as ill-luck would have it, going for Avignon to-day, so that we have another stoppage on the road. The ticket-office where we secured our passages was besieged with men and women, stinking of garlic, and otherwise so utterly foul and offensive that I thought I should have fainted while squeezing my way through them to obtain our tickets.

The Rhone is like a younger Rhine, with lower hills, a narrower stream, and fewer castellated ruins. It is very beautiful, however; and even at this bleak and dreary season gives token of what its glory must be when the earth is in her holiday attire. Towards Valence it becomes exceedingly picturesque; and when we stopped for the night below the suspension-bridge, the scene was very perfect with its romantic rocky outline scolloping the evening sky, the exulting and abounding river rushing whirling and eddying away, and the old clay-coloured towers rising in irregular masses, backed by the distant mountains, whose dark blue line melted into the cloud-curtain that drooped over them.

I put up with a wretched double-bedded room on the second floor, the only one we could obtain. It is curious enough that in the most miserable and filthy inns in France, where the floors of the rooms are unconscious of brooms, scrubbing-brushes, or even the despicable French suc-

cedaneum *cirage*, you are sure to get good beds, clean bed and table linen, good coffee, comparatively good food, and almost elegant china.

On board the boat to-day, the filth of which was really all but intolerable, food was being served to the passengers, the cleanliness and nice appearance of which was really curious, contrasted with the disgusting dirt of the decks. Oh, my poor dear American fellow-citizens! how humbly, on my knees, I do beg your pardon for all the reproaches I have levelled against your national diversion of spitting, and the consequent filth which you create around you. Here I sat, in the cabin of this boat, surrounded with men hawking and spitting; and, whereas spittoons have been hitherto the bane of my life in the United States, a spittoon here to-day would have been the joy of my heart and the delight of my eyes. How I thought, too, of the honour and security in which a woman might traverse alone from Georgia to

Maine, that vast country, certain of assistance, attention, the most respectful civility, the most humane protection, from every man she meets, without the fear of injury or insult, screened by the most sacred and universal care from even the appearance of neglect or impertinence,—travelling alone with as much safety and comfort as though she were the sister or the daughter of every man she meets.

Sitting in the boat with my back to a cutting wind all day, I was seized on my arrival at Valence with a violent chill. I got to bed in all haste, but passed the night in a high fever, and began to fear I should be too ill to proceed in the morning. Fortunately this passed off, and on rising I found myself considerably better. A boat went by the wharf at about nine o'clock, but not having been led to expect one so early, we were not ready. As soon as I was dressed and had breakfasted, as the morning was beautiful, I took a walk on the suspension-bridge. The day was lovely, the old

Chateau de Crussol sprang up from its rocky pedestal into the morning blue; and the river turned up its eddies of chrysoprasus to the gleams of the sun, and glanced away in huge swathes, like some bright molten metal. The bridge is itself a beautiful object, with its classical arch in the middle, the noble stream it spans, and the varied mountain outlines between which it swings like a delicate spider's web of man's spinning, hanging mid-way between heaven and earth. At twelve o'clock the boat came down to the wharf, and we embarked. I did not dare stay on deck for fear of catching cold, and came to the pavilion where I lay down. Here, again, I had reason to think of my strictures on the Americans; here was a room full of children, and every one of them stuffing. I must, however, state in favour of the French system, that they were not eating cakes or candy, but bread and chicken,—an infinitely less deleterious process. I passed the day below.

Although the weather was beautifully fine,

we had the annoyance and disappointment of being informed by the captain of the boat that he should stop at St. Esprit, thirty miles from Avignon, because the daylight would not serve him beyond the former place, and the current runs so very strong that the navigation would not be safe. This is really too bad. Thus we lose to-night's *malle poste* from Avignon, and must moreover lose the whole day to-morrow,—the coaches only leaving Avignon in the evening. At five o'clock, we came alongside the wharf at St. Esprit, and between the rosy sunset and the pale uprising of a young moon, with a bright star that seemed come out to look after her, ——— and I threaded our way through the narrow dark streets, to the stone bridge over the river, and walked over to the other side and back again. It is the longest stone bridge in the world, and the passage of it is attended with some danger, the current running furiously, and with some most sudden sweeps and eddies through it. The view from it of the

town and its back-ground of mountain points was very picturesque. We came back to the boat to pass the night there, preferring that to the beds and bugs of the best inn of St. Esprit.

Friday, 2nd January.—Though our sofa-beds in the cabin were narrow, cold, and hard, the report of our fellow-travellers, who had gone on shore to sleep, confirmed me in the belief that we had chosen the better part. As for the unhappy wretches, female and male, who had herded all together in the larger cabin of the boat, because there was a fire there, their undone looks, as the French say, proclaimed enough the nature of their sleeping privileges. At about half-past six we started for Avignon: a brilliant sun darted almost oppressively into the cabin, while the wind on deck was so piercingly cold, that it was impossible for anything that had not the hide of a rhinoceros to endure it.

No carriage being to be obtained at the wharf, we set out to walk to the Hotel de l'Europe, and

encountered in its full perfection the aerial pest of this part of the country—the horrible mistral, and certainly Eolus has no more detestable progeny. I do not think the sirocco can be more intolerable than this cruel keen blast, piercing one's very bones, and chilling one's marrow, and choking up eyes, mouth, and nose—the very doors and windows of life, with dust, while a satirical scorching sun shines mercilessly down on one, glaring, blinding, and yet giving not a particle of warmth. A carriage met us half way, and carried us up to the Hotel de l'Europe.

Looking at the crumbling arches of the ruined stone bridge across the Rhone, I said to our guide :—

"Ce sont les eaux qui ont fait cela ?"

"Pardon, Madame, c'est la revolution." Truly floods and fires are fearful things,—the heart of man is far more fearful, and the desolations of outward nature smile beside the abomination of desolation which human nature in its wickedness creates. At the Hotel de l'Europe we were

shown into a comfortable room, with an equally comfortable bed-chamber adjoining. Our breakfast, which was excellent, was served without a moment's delay ; and having ascertained, to my inexpressible delight, that a Diligence would be starting in half an hour for Marseilles, the conscientious and obliging host took the utmost pains to facilitate my departure by it, although, of course, himself the loser of my day's sojourn in Avignon. The coach was one coming from Lyons, and fortunately vacant places were to be obtained in it ; we, therefore, prepared joyfully, instantly to depart, the hostess of the inn coming, with the utmost kindness and civility, to take leave of us, presented me with a beautiful bunch of flowers, roses, violets, myrtle, and laurestinus. Murray speaks of this as one of the most agreeable and comfortable inns in all France, and especially celebrates the courtesy and attention of the landlord, and I am sure I have reason to do the same, for, during the short stay I made there, nothing could exceed the

civility I met with; the prices, too, appeared to me extremely moderate, and everything that was furnished to us was good, with the exception of the butter—which, however, can only be had of a very inferior quality, because it is brought all the way from Lyons, the neighbourhood of Avignon furnishing no pasturage whatever.

On entering the Diligence, I found only one place in the body of the coach, and one in the *coupé* vacant; such, however, was my desire to proceed, that I separated myself for the first time from my beloved ———, and putting her into the interior, ascended the *coupé* with two of our fellow-travellers down the Rhone, from whom I learnt in the course of conversation, that Mr. ———'s courier might have secured the whole *coupé* to me, and only failed of it by some mistake,—by which, however, they profited to pursue their journey without delay. I was not quite selfish enough to regret this, although I was half squeezed to death in the small portion

of what ought to have been *all* my *coupé*, which these gentlemen allowed me. I found in the course of conversation that they were Lyonese, having business relations with Marseilles. Mention having been made of the enormous quantity of lard and pork lately sent from America to the port of Marseilles, the conversation turned upon the national credit, perhaps I ought to say discredit, of the United States. It is impossible to conceive anything more painful and mortifying to one, either by birth or adoption an American, than the contemptuous and reproachful comments which any mention of the United States is sure to elicit. The commercial and financial delinquencies of some of the States, but principally of Pennsylvania, have created an universal impression throughout Europe of utter want of faith, honour, and integrity on the part of the whole nation. The Florentine millionaire, the Lyons antiquary, and these Marseilles merchants, all within three days, have uttered opinions respecting the character of the Ameri-

cans, which, however mistaken and exaggerated in some respects, have quite foundation enough, in fact, to occasion bitter annoyance to any one loving America, and wishing to honour her. It is the most difficult thing in the world to make these people comprehend the complex movement of the federal and state governments, or to explain to them, that while in certain of the states, from real inability, and in others, perhaps, from positive dishonesty, the public securities have turned out no securities at all; there exist others, again, whose credit, both financial and moral, is as solid, whose investments are as safe, as any in the world:—it is impossible to make them understand it; the general government appears to them responsible for the State insolvencies. The United States bank is, to their apprehension, a government institution, instead of a private speculation; and President Polk and Nicholas Biddle, and Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachussetts, and South Carolina, are all involved together in one broad sentence of

national dishonesty and want of faith. If there had been no dishonesty and no want of faith, of course these sweeping judgments could not have gone forth.

The Americans console themselves for the strictures of Englishmen, by attributing them to national jealousy, envy, or prejudice; but I have heard in France more severe animadversions upon their delinquencies than any since the days of Sidney Smith's indignant addresses to the Pennsylvanians.

While discoursing upon these matters we travelled along the banks of the Durance. One of the earliest recollections of my school-days is the old French romance of "Aux Bords de la Durance;" and now, as Nell, in the Devil to Pay, says, "This is it." But, oh! for the imaginations of those days, and the reality of this. The Durance races in three turbid yellowish strings, along a huge dry bed of dusty pebbles, attesting indeed what its width must be when, swollen with the melted snows and rains of spring,

it overflows this valley, now showing its bare bones to the scorching sun and pitiless wind. I never saw so bleak and forbidding a prospect in its intolerable glaring barrenness; the hills rose sharp and hard into *le beau ciel de la Provence*—their stony craggy elbows coming through their thin tattered cloak of rusty brown. The three threads of water left of the river scampered over heaps of shingly pebbles; the road, like a huge chalk-mark across the arid land, was betrayed, where the eye could no longer follow it, by the clouds of white dust rising for miles along its dreary course, swept by the *mistral*. The sun shining into the narrow *coupé* threatened to bake us. One window opened let in a hurricane of ice-cold wind; another a suffocating mist of white powder. The sentence of "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," seemed literally accomplishing itself in us; and before we had travelled an hour, I am sure we might have presented ourselves en costume de Louis XV., as far as powder was concerned, at any masque-

rade. What struck me particularly was, that on each side of the road ran full brooks of water; and we passed frequently little fountains and wells, small ponds, and springs, like sapphires set in ivory in this white parched soil, which looks unconscious of a drop of moisture, and crumbles by the side of these very rills and springs, like the "remainder biscuit after a voyage." It is the thirstiest looking soil I ever beheld; and my throat became absolutely parched with only looking at it.

Rising a long ascent, called *La Montagne des Taillandes*, we came to some important works which are being carried on for the formation of the great canal, to transport the waters of the Durance to Marseilles—an immense undertaking, and one which will reflect the highest credit, and confer the utmost benefit upon that town. Just as we reached the summit, I observed a mass of buildings which had the appearance of some villa; but so singularly situated, that if they were indeed such, the

owner must have had the taste of a Trappist. Into the hollow cup of an arid glaring valley, surrounded by arid glaring hills, one single spur covered with dark pines ran like a green promontory, on the top of which, overlooking this scene of desolation, rose the dwelling in question. A more solitary abode or sadder prospect I cannot well conceive, for the deep blue evergreen of the fir is the most mournful of all nature's infinite varieties of green; and, except the barrenness around it, nothing could be less cheerful than this forest of unchanging trees. After crossing this mountain, the country assumed a somewhat more fertile appearance: vineyards, olive, and almond orchards, diversified the prospect; and though the silver-gray foliage of the olive is far from lively, it was a great relief to see anything with any leaves at all after the desolate district we had just passed through. We reached Aix by early moonlight, and driving just within the barrier, alighted at a species of coffee-house to obtain some refreshment.

Having taken nothing since breakfast, we were glad to get a bowl of soup and some grapes, fortified with which we returned to the Diligence and pursued our way. The moonlight betrayed but little of the scene through which we were passing, and the chief incidents of the road were the interminable strings of huge, heavy, lumbering waggons, journeying slowly along under their wealthy loads of southern produce; and the enormous barns occurring at every quarter of a mile, whose vast open portals invited the drivers of these ponderous equipages to repose themselves and their teams. Presently, as we reached the brow of a steep ascent, my eyes, which were questioning the imperfectly lighted landscape with the eager desire of a long-cherished expectation about to be realised, rested on a broad expanse of smooth brightness, reaching to the horizon—a silver shield set in ebony—it was the Mediterranean, the sea of many memories. *Salve! salve! salve!* I could hardly believe the first impression that it must be so,

when one of my companions, who had regretted my losing the daylight view of the entrance to Marseilles, confirmed it with, "Tenez, tenez, Madame. Voilà la Méditerrannée!"

The long suburb through which we now passed appeared interminable, but at a little after eight our journey was accomplished, and we reached the Diligence office, where my two travelling companions left me running about the court-yard in quest of my luggage, without a single offer of service, or word of civility—not even the decent form of the traveller's leave-taking. It is now twenty years since I was in France; and the common opinion of English people, and of the French themselves too, is, that they have very much departed from the affable and courteous manners which were once a sort of national characteristic among them. If my present progress from one end of France to another in every variety of public conveyance, affords any opportunity of judging, I should certainly incline to that opinion; there appears a total absence of

the reference to other people's convenience and pleasure, which certainly formerly did distinguish French people of every class. The desire of pleasing which exhibited itself frequently drolly to a stranger, but often in very graceful expressions of courtesy and kindness, appears to have given way to a selfish disregard of others, which manifests itself in a rudeness of deportment quite as offensive as the sullen mixture of pride and shyness which so long distinguished the travelling English, wherever they were met with. While losing the graces of their (perhaps superficial) politeness, the French have acquired none of the decorum and decency of deportment, the absence of which was always severely felt in the midst of their most courteous demonstrations; and while acquiring something of the morose selfish carriage of our own people, they have failed to adopt one particle either of their cleanliness or propriety of person, language, or manners. Thus, a Frenchman hawks and spits close to your cheek, blows his nose like a trumpet in

your ear, and yawns and coughs under your nose. Their language is frequently positively exceedingly indecent, and the tone of it always more or less borders upon what Englishmen would consider unwarrantable freedom. I do not wonder Frenchwomen do not travel much, but I sincerely hope that before long they may be induced to do so, as nothing else, probably, will render Frenchmen tolerable travelling companions to the women, who at present have the misfortune to be thrown in public conveyances into their society. Englishmen are the only men I know who, met thus accidentally on the road, are generally perfectly inoffensive in their persons, manners, language, and deportment: on the other hand, courtesy, civility, or any species of assistance is not to be expected from them; they will take care not to insult or annoy you, but as for assisting or entertaining their chance companions, that is certainly not their *spécialité*. The very cheap rate of travelling in America, which enables *every body*, without

exception, to travel, and the absence of all distinctions of place or price in the public conveyances, which compels *every body* to travel together, of course brings refined and fastidious pilgrims into most painful proximity with their coarse and unpolished brethren; and from the uncouth deportment and strange manners of the lower classes of people from half-civilised districts, infinite annoyance, as well as amusement, is derived by those whom the unrespecting providence of American railroads and steamboats compels to consort with them upon a footing of at least travelling equality; but (and I have said my say in my time upon the subject of American tobacco-chewers, cigar-smokers, and question-askers) a woman cannot possibly travel in any part of the world with equal security as in America; the law of the land —public opinion—secures to women the first choice of accommodation on every road and at every inn; a look, word, or gesture of intentional impertinence will not assail her, nor a

single offensive expression reach her ear in passing from one corner to another of that vast and half-savage continent. So great and universal is the deference paid to the weaker vessel, indeed, in the United States, that I think the fair Americans rather presume upon their privileges; and I have seen ladies come into crowded steamboats and railroad cars, and instantly assume the seats that have been as instantly resigned by gentlemen upon their entrance, without so much as a gracious word or look of acknowledgment; so certain is the understanding that every accommodation is not only to be furnished, but *given up*, to them,—and this not to young, pretty *ladies*, but to *women* old or young, pretty or ugly—of the highest or the lowest class. Though the virtue on the part of the American men is certainly very great, I think it has made their women quite saucy in their supremacy, and altogether unblushing in their mode of claiming and receiving it. In churches, concert-rooms, and theatres, no man keeps his seat when women

appear standing; and on board the splendid steam-boats of the North and East Rivers, state-rooms secured by gentlemen alone cannot be retained if women come on board and desire to have them. This, it must be allowed, is pushing courtesy to the very verge of injustice, and though one of the profiting party, I think this is more than the largest construction of the "rights of women" requires.

The Hotel de Richelieu, to which my father had directed me in Marseilles, having, it seems, failed at least two years ago, I was taken to the Hotel d'Orient, a pretty long step from the place where the Diligence deposited us, and though only eight o'clock in the evening, not a coach was to be had for love or money; the hackney coachmen of Marseilles being, as, indeed, the whole native population of that place are, quite original, and very independent in their proceedings—never remaining on their stands after dark—never appearing on them when it rains—and never stirring from them for love or

money during the heat of the day, in the summer season. When all this is taken into consideration, they must certainly be a very admirable public convenience.

At the Hotel d'Orient, an immense house, we could procure no sitting-room, only a very mediocre bed-room on the second-floor, with another for my maid, the dimensions of which scarcely entitle it to more than the name of a closet. For this accommodation, however, I was made to pay six francs a day, and the whole scale of charges appeared to me not only exorbitant, but absolutely dishonest. There was a daily charge made for tea, which I invariably carry with me, not choosing to depend upon the detestable decoction with which travellers are poisoned in France, under pretence of tea; and though I remonstrated upon this subject, I was assured that travellers at the Hotel d'Orient paid for what they furnished themselves quite as dearly as for what the house provided them. In short, I do not recommend

any one who has not a special satisfaction in being fleeced to try the hospitality of that house. The Hotel Beauveau and the Hotel des Empereurs are both, according to the report of travellers who know them, equally good, much cheaper, and far more civil.

Having sent my letters early to Mr. ——— and his daughter-in-law, he and his wife, together with Mme ———, did me the favour to call upon me on Saturday morning; they were profuse in their offers of kindness and civility, and as I wished to make a few last purchases before leaving France, the younger lady was kind enough to accompany me to several shops. I did not find the things I saw either pretty or cheap, and incline to think that the better provided travellers are when they come to Marseilles the more advantageous they will find it, as it is about the dearest place, in every respect, in France,—infinitely dearer than Paris.

At a few steps from the hotel, Mme ——— pointed out to me the French Protestant church.

Upon asking her husband some questions respecting the service and congregation here, he informed me that it was the same as the church de L'Oratoire, the French Calvinist service; that there were not above twenty seats permanently retained for the year, and that of these twenty it was extremely rare that half should be occupied; that the elders, whose presence was in some sort expected as a matter of decorum, appeared only as a pure ceremony, and one which for the most part they were glad to escape as often as possible; that the service and preaching were utterly uninteresting to the people, and the congregation meagre and indifferent in the extreme. This was a sad account; and yet what is to be done when the mere empty form of religion, a dead corpse, stands up alone, beckoning with languid hands a people whose hearts are dead to a dead worship? Who can wonder that living men who think, and women who feel, should find but little within them to answer such a call? Good God! how wonderful it is that that religion

whose very essence is immortal, the element of incessant activity, of endless progress, strength, vitality, spirituality, should become such a thing as, for the most part, throughout Christendom it is! Nevertheless it cannot perish, and doubtless these people will in good time reject these stones that are given them for the bread of life, and these stagnant waters, so different from the well of living waters that Christ has promised to those who believe in him.

Sunday, 4th January.—Things that I had ordered at shops were brought home this morning, as well as my linen from the washerwoman's. We have now been travelling three weeks in France, and of course this desecration of Sunday is no surprise. I found my washing bill, like every thing else, inordinately dear; water is among the scarcities of Marseilles, and of course, this being the case, all cleansing processes must be both rare and costly. Truly the arrival of the Durance will be an inestimable blessing to the residents of this driest of cities, and the ladies

will not only be able to keep their plants alive during the heat of the summer, but indulge probably at a more reasonable rate in the hardly lesser luxury of abundant clothes-washing and change of linen.

I had a delightful visit from the younger Mr. ———, who, in the absence of his father, gave me many details of extreme interest with regard to his early establishment of their factory at Marseilles, coming here a foreigner, having to contend with all the national prejudices, jealousies, and interests of the people among whom he established himself, assailed on all hands by predictions of the equal impossibility of bringing with him a colony of English workmen, or employing the violent and untractable native material around him. He made no attempt to import English workmen, but taking immediately such as he found at hand, began with twenty men in his workshop; the number of his hands is now five hundred: peaceable, orderly, humane towards each other,

respectful and attached to their superiors, they are noted in the whole community as a body apart for their good conduct and irreproachable demeanour. The enterprise has gone on thriving, the works increasing, the buildings and establishment growing, every year adding to the number of workmen and the importance of the undertaking; the French merchants and masters remaining amazed at this success, where they had predicted the most signal failures; the civil authorities inquiring of Mr. ——— the average amount of crime, and receiving for answer that they had had no instance of crime whatever among them,—petty misdemeanors which were visited by the universal indignation and reprobation of the workmen themselves, but no crime; Government enterprises of the same description sending to request to see the rules by which the establishment was governed, receiving for answer that there were no written or printed rules or specific code of government; that a feeling of mutual confidence and respect, justice on both

hands, honourable dealings from master to man, ample compensation in the shape of high wages, and that which is a thousand times more efficient, a consciousness on the part of the men of being treated with humanity and with sympathy; these were the only laws, rules, or contracts existing between them and their dependents. Oh! my dear, dear countrymen, how truly I believe that you, and you alone, could have achieved such a noble triumph. My heart melted and my eyes filled with tears while listening to these most interesting details, and I could not repress a feeling of patriotic pride in the belief that none but Englishmen could thus have undertaken and thus accomplished.

Mr. ——— went on to tell me some details of the yearly celebration of his father's birthday by his workmen, to whom on that day they give a dinner, to which all the civil authorities and principal people of the town, their ladies and friends, are invited, when these five hundred men march in two by

two, the apprentices carrying large baskets of nosegays, which they distribute to the lady guests—a tribute from the workmen themselves to their master's friends. An abundant repast is furnished them—wine *à discrétion;* and in the midst of the most unbounded gaiety and enjoyment, not a single instance of intoxication is seen, nor does the destruction of any sort amount to more than the accidental breakage of a few plates and glasses. Mr. ——— opens on this occasion his own garden to his workmen, and not a single flower is touched, not a box-border trodden on; and Mr. ——— told me that on one of these occasions, hastening himself to the place where he was going to superintend some fire-works which were to be let off, he was jumping over one of the beds in his father's garden, when one of the workmen, not recognising him, seized him by the collar, exclaiming, "Ah, malheureux, tu abuses de la confiance qu'on nous montre, en détruisant le jardin de M. ———." The mistake was soon discovered,

and the young master thanked his workman for the zeal with which he defended his father's property. He said that few of the spectators of this truly patriarchal *fête* remained unmoved at the greeting between his father and the men; and I can well believe it, for the mere description of it affected me profoundly. God prosper the work!—these men are missionaries in the strictest sense of the term. Dismissal and his father's censure are the only punishments among them. Towards three o'clock, Mrs. ——— called for me to drive with her on the Prado.

We set forth together, and drove under the golden light of a most glorious afternoon along a fine avenue, planted with trees, and bordered with houses of such various forms and fashions as to redeem, by the agreeable variety of the whole, the slightly fantastic appearance of many of them individually. On each hand a noble range of hills, with clean sharp outline, scooped the exquisite sky; and at the end, the Mediterranean, in all its glory, rolled a sea of molten

gold almost to our carriage wheels. The declining sun burnished the level ocean, so that its proverbial sapphire hue was lost in the blaze of light; wave after wave, as it curved to the shore, upheaved a crystal vault of golden green, through which the sun shone as through a huge wall of the delicate Bohemian glass. The sound, the sight, the present beauty, the intense longing of many years fulfilled, all combined to excite and touch me most deeply; the rocky promontories, with their deep-jagged outlines, stony and stern in their unvarying beauty, contrasting with the curving, undulating, yielding, exquisite element at their feet, canopied with that limpid sky, whose richness and softness lent tenderness and brightness to the whole. It was only less beautiful than the moral glory I had contemplated in my conversation in the morning, and I devoutly thanked God for both: oh, great and good Father, all thy works praise thee; especially doth the soul of man, thy noblest work, praise thee, when it shows forth thy will,

and walks in thy way. As we were turning away for the last time from this scene of enchantment, I could not resist the desire to dip my hands in the clear waves; and, stopping the carriage, ran down to the shore. The golden waters with their silver fringe rolled in gorgeous sheets up the sand. I gathered one handful of the Nereid's crown that lay at my feet, and having baptised them in one far-reaching wave, ran back with my trophy to the carriage.

Monday, 5th.—I went early to the banker's to get my letter of credit changed, and was much surprised, at one of the first banking-houses in Marseilles, to be made to pay eight francs discount upon Coutts's bill. This, however, it seems, is the mode in which business is carried on at Marseilles, and truly it cannot be accused of liberality. Much, however, I suppose, is to be excused in a population without fresh water, without cows, whose poultry comes from Nice, and whose butter is brought from Lyons. Let us earnestly hope that with irrigation, and

consequent fertility, the waters of the Durance may bring an influx of liberality to the dealings of the inhabitants of Marseilles.

We took boat at about two o'clock at the foot of the *Cannebière*, the great street of Marseilles, and main pride of its inhabitants, our trunks having been again opened, and examined by a policeman, on the open wharf. We now traversed the magnificent natural basin where lies the vast and various forest of shipping, which attests the extensive commerce of the place; flags of every nation floated from the masts, and the picturesque latteen sails of the Mediterranean coasting-vessels, mingled in a charming effect with the square rigging of the other vessels. ——— pointed out to me a boat full of huge oil-jars, the very fellows, I should think, of those in which Morgiana boiled the forty thieves. Magnificent as the extent of this natural dock is, the absence of tide, and the abominable foulness of the port, renders it, even at this season of the year, one huge sewer; and when the intense

heat of summer beats upon this never-refreshed water, with its hourly tribute of every conceivable abomination, it must really be a most pestilential reservoir of ill smells and noxious exhalations. Three several proposals have been made to the French Government for furnishing them with the means of purifying this port; but owing to the centralising policy which makes every measure of every sort emanate from Paris, so much time is lost in trafficking with the authorities there, in *pour et contre* with powers at a distance from the immediate scene of action, that both money and opportunity are wasted, and nothing but barren negotiations achieved, instead of active improvement. How great is the virtue of freedom!—how infinite the scope it lends to human intelligence!—how marvellous it seems that human beings, conscious that God has given free will, and not imposed absolute laws of action upon his children, should not have perceived that freedom must be essential to goodness, since God himself has not infringed upon it!

How much coming abroad makes us love England! —how much more the institutions of America! But whereas the spirit of Englishmen has been often above their institutions—the spirit of Americans has been, alas! almost always below theirs; to be sure, it is the highest theory of all. Oh, what a people they would be if once they apprehended the glory of their own political profession!

Having seen me on board, and consigned me most kindly to the care and attention of the captain of the *Leopoldo Secondo*, who, I was glad to find, was an Englishman, ——— left me. He had hardly done so, when his younger brother came on board to take leave of me. I was extremely amused at the pathetic address of a worthy Marseillois to him, who had evidently taken a glass too much, and who, with his hat in his hand, kept following my young friend about, beseeching him in the most moving terms, to patronise his son, who, it seems, is one of ———'s workmen.—"Tenez, M. Edouard," said the

worthy man, "vous voyez comme je vous parle de la manière la plus humble et la plus humiliante le chapeau à la main ; et s'il le fallait, ce serait bien encore le genou en terre pour que vous vous interessiez au sort de mon fils." Upon ——— desiring him to put his hat on, he replied with a crescendo of pathos and emphasis,—"Non, Monsieur ; et ce ne serait point le temps le plus *intrépide* qui m'y forcerait auprès de vous qui pouvez proteger mon fils."

While waiting our departure, I was amused with seeing the arrival of my fellow-passengers. A cargo came on board of two clean cross-looking men, and four veiled women, who began stumping up and down the deck, each on her own hook, betraying in the very hang of their multitudinous shawls, the English creature—how peculiar they are, to be sure! I had imagined that by taking a cabin on deck, I should be sure to secure abundant fresh air and the absence of proximity. And so I did, except the neighbourhood of the wheel, the jerking and

shaking of which were all but intolerable, and rendered everything like sleep, or even rest, impossible. With a degree of liberal foresight, which I cannot sufficiently commend, in whoever devised the arrangement, the dinner was not served until the very moment when we were going out of port. The rough encounter of the Mediterranean outside the harbour, saved the purveyors of the *Leopoldo Secondo* a portion *pour deux* at any rate, (and, as I subsequently heard, much more), for nothing was left for it but bed, so violent was the motion of the boat, and so rough the sea. From my wretched bed my wretched body did not stir till Tuesday evening the 6th, when we boiled by the pier of Genoa, and came to moorings in the bay. I then jumped up, hurried on my clothes, and went on deck; a clear moonlight revealed enough of the scene to show its admirable beauty; and I remained gazing from the silver sea to the mountains, and the white masses of buildings shining at their feet, till I got pinched

93789

with cold, and retired, remembering that probably I, and certainly Genoa, would be in that place to-morrow.

Wednesday, January, 7th.—The sun came gloriously up out of the blue waters, and as fast as I could I despatched dressing and breakfast, and with my faithful ——— made a descent upon the coast. We hastened, under the escort of our boatman Dominico, to the nearest coach-stand, and finding ourselves immediately in front of the Church of the Annunciata, we went in. The splendour of the interior was really something quite astonishing. After walking as if on eggs all round the church—for I have always a sort of feeling that I ought to be turned out, since I don't come there to pray—we returned to the coach-stand, where, having made a bargain with a charioteer to drive us hither and thither for five hours, we proceeded in regular traveller's fashion to *do* all the churches, palaces, gardens, and fountains that could be crammed into the

time. The result of all which, in my mind, was one huge hodge-podge of black, red, and white marble, gilding, pictures, statues, pretty-coloured floors, and ceilings. Fortunately the divine blue sky, and the pleasant hanging gardens, with their dark-green leaves and golden fruit, gave me some repose between each sight; but I think, to look at a kaleidoscope for an hour together is nearly as pleasant, and quite as profitable as this sort of succession of sights. The time passed quickly in this pious manner, and at half-past three I returned on board.

The town is beautiful in itself, and most beautifully situated. I should like to have stayed there for six months. The boat kicked like an old rusty fowling-piece, and though the sea was as smooth as glass, and there was very little wind, the intolerable jerking and shaking of the wheel, close to which my cabin was, prevented my closing my eyes all night. I lay on my elbow, with my head on the sill of the little window in my berth, and watched the

gradual departure of the night. The moon after flooding the heavens and the waters with mellow light, dipped like a golden goblet beneath the waves; the stars grew pale, and seemed to withdraw into the depths of the sky as into their sockets, and gradually the victorious banners of the sun reddened the east, and threw their ruddy shadow upon the waters. It was a perfect pageant—the sky shows it every morning at day-break,—and it does not dim, nor alter, nor faint, nor fade, nor wear out—a daily resurrection—a miracle of wonder and of beauty.

Early in the morning of Thursday the 8th, we brought to, within the harbour at Leghorn. Most of our passengers went on shore, intending to take the railroad trip to Pisa, and return in the afternoon. Being alone, I was afraid to undertake this expedition, as the boatmen and lower class of people at Leghorn have the character of being peculiarly coarse and savage. I do not know what those saw who went; but though

the Campo Santo would have been an object of extreme interest and pleasure to me, I doubt anything surpassing the glory of the scene which surrounded me on all sides as I walked up and down the deck of our vessel. The English passengers on board, of course, afforded immense amusement to all the other passengers, the women especially, by their extraordinary jargon, and still more extraordinary manners. What very strange human beings we are! I saw in the cabin a splendid specimen of the peculiar nosegays made in Genoa—for the Genoese are as famous for their arrangement of real flowers as for their artificial imitations of them. Indeed, the one craft has, to my mind, infected the other, and the live flowers are put up in these singular nosegays so as to look as little like real, and as much like artificial ones, as possible. This bouquet, which had been brought from Genoa to Leghorn for some wedding solemnity, looked exactly like a piece of rich carpet pattern. A thick row of orange

flowers formed the outward edge of it, and regular circles of violets, dark and pale,—roses, laurustinus, and myrtle, were wound round and round to a camellia centre, the whole presenting a smooth variegated surface, where no one leaf or sprig protruded beyond the other—a sort of floral shield, with which the Spring might arm herself to drive out the Winter—fanciful and sweet, but not half so beautiful as the same quantity of flowers thrown into a basket without order, form, or system. There are some things that art should touch with fearful hands—flowers are among them.

The view of this bay and the surrounding scenery pleased me better upon the whole even than that of Genoa; but we had such a splendid sky over the whole, that, perhaps, some of the charm lay in the lighting up. I observed a great number of English vessels at anchor round us, and the stars and stripes of the United States fluttering in all directions too; the sea gulls careered in and out like sea butterflies,

through and round the shipping; the boats went gliding by our vessel's side with one sharp white pointed sail, exactly like the wing of one of them. The cold white line of the Maritime Alps lay like a mass of unburnished silver upon the blue sky, as evening came on, and the clear golden moon and stars glittered upon the darkening sea, while the outline of Gorgona and Corsica stood like a black silhouette against a broad western streak of dazzling orange light. I certainly thought I had never seen anything so beautiful in all nature before: the colouring of the sky is the same as that of America, the same transparent clearness, the same dazzling brilliancy, the same splendour and variety; but oh the difference of all that the sky looks upon! I remember that Channing once said to me, "The earth is yours, (speaking of England,) but the heavens are ours." The thought of Shelley, his great genuis, and the premature end (if any end is premature, by the bye) he found in these lovely southern waters, haunted me as I looked

towards Spezzia. If he had lived England would have had a dramatic poet again; for the "Cenci" was a sufficient pledge of power, even in spite of the weakness which the choice of such a subject indicated.

The horrible vicinity of the wheel prevented my sleeping again all night—I think, too, something of the anxiety and excitement with which I began to look to the close of my winter pilgrimage. The whole night I watched the black coast of Corsica and Elba, and the phosphorescent waves that sparkled and shimmered all round our ship's side, as the wheels beat them up into a foam of stars. With daylight we arrived at Civita Vecchia; and here I must pay a just tribute to the extreme meanness and dirty spirit of extortion in which all the transactions of the Company to which the *Leopoldo Secondo* belongs are carried on. On coming on board the ship a charge of 32 francs was made for our meals during the voyage; to this very sufficient charge was now added another for two

breakfasts, which I had taken this morning and yesterday, the understanding being, it seems, that the passengers are only furnished with food while the ship is in motion,—and they cannot eat it; but as they spend the better part of one day in the harbour of Genoa, and of another in that of Leghorn, during all that time, when it might be possible for one to eat something, whatever is furnished is immediately made into an extra charge. There is something in the excessive illiberality, not to say dishonesty, of these proceedings which reflects extreme discredit on the management of the whole concern, and disgusts travellers in the highest degree, who would have made no sort of objection to paying 42 francs at starting, or anything else that was required of them, as the understood price of their accommodation. The same thing was done with regard to the stewards, whose services were also charged for beforehand, and claimed over again at landing. In the same way, on going on shore, the mere conveyance of my luggage from

the wharf to the Diligence, a distance of a few yards, together with a look that a gentleman (one of the agents of this screwing company) gave my passport, laid me under obligations to the tune of 12 francs more; and I was not surprised when I found this, that the captain of the boat, who very good-naturedly volunteered to see me through all these civilities, withdrew a little before the charge for them was presented to me. The whole thing is disgraceful, and reflects infinite discredit upon this illiberal Company, who, not content with charging a very sufficient price for the accommodations they afford travellers, fleece them in this petty manner, or permit them to be so fleeced, by a parcel of needy catch-pennies, who make their exactions under the plea of being the agents of the said Company.

I had now my choice of proceeding to Rome, either in a small carriage with post-horses by myself, or taking a place in the Diligence. Not wishing to encounter the further annoyance of

driving or bribing a parcel of thievish postilions, I preferred the latter, supposing that a service done for and by the Government would be more efficient, and probably more comfortable than that which single travellers, especially women, could procure for themselves. When, however, I saw the crazy, rickety, dusty, dirty, ragged, filthy conveyance which carries the mails of his Holiness the Pope, my mind did greatly misgive me; however, I had taken the places, and remembering how near I was now to the end of my miseries, clomb by three horrid hoes, that scraped my shins to death, up into the horrid body of this horrid coach, which looked like nothing under heaven but a mean kind of omnibus, past all use. The middle division of this delectable equipage—for it had a head, a body, and a tail—I had retained entirely for the inconvenience of myself and my maid. Though separated from the other two apartments, it communicated with them compulsatorily by window frames, which could neither be let

down nor pulled up, and had no glasses besides, if they could. And now, at starting, the sights and sounds by which I found myself surrounded were too irresistibly droll; immediately before us sat a prim, precise, and extremely polite Belgian, who had been our fellow-traveller on board the boat; behind, in a narrow space unequal to one and a half of them, sat three Germans; the Belgian spoke French, I and my maid English; the Germans, of course, their own Teutonic tongue; and a lively expression of feeling went forward, in this leash of languages, upon the abominable extortions we had just been subject to, and the atrocious accommodations travellers were furnished with in the Roman States. This movement had reached a climax, when a simultaneous appeal from the porters of the Custom House, at the various doors of the Diligence, caused a volley of French execrations and German imprecations which literally sent me into convulsions of laughter, the whole scene was so ludicrous. At each stage where we changed horses, the

postilions came up and claimed a bounty to which they were not in the slightest degree entitled, but which I paid in the hopes of accelerating their extremely leisurely movements.

The day was brilliantly warm and fine, and the road, with the sparkling Mediterranean on one side, and that dry sea (as ——— calls the prairies) the Campagna on the other, delighted me; the myrtle and box bushes exhaled a bitter aromatic smell in the warm air, and the short, thick, tawny grass was all starred over with wide-eyed daisies; the ilex here and there spread its heavy-coloured foliage over a stone gate all hung with ivy, and the whole vegetation, together with the vast open expanse of yellow down, reminded me of the Savannahs of Georgia, to which it all bore an absolute resemblance. I cannot perceive any difference whatever between the ilex and the live oak of the southern United States, except the infinitely larger and more picturesque growth of the latter, and the wild drapery of grey moss with which it is covered,

making some of the huge old trees look like hoary Druids, transformed, all but their matted grisled hair and beard, into the trees they worshipped.

The climate was precisely what that of Georgia is in December and January. I was agreeably surprised at the much greater amount of agriculture and cultivation in the Campagna during the first part of the route than I had expected to see; the soil was of the finest colour, and seemed to indicate the most fertile properties; troops of picturesque black-eyed, golden-skinned men, in goat-skin coats and breeches, and wild tangled coal-black locks and beards, were labouring—for the most part, however, as the slaves do, either with the spade or hoe or pick-axe. I saw not a single plough; large flocks of sheep, too, which at a distance could hardly be discriminated from the brown woolly pasture they were cropping; and herds of beautiful iron-grey oxen, with magnificent long horns, grazed over the vast plain, and here and there a

large deep stone basin full of fresh delicious-looking water, sparkled like a sapphire, dropped on this dry wilderness for the blessing of man and beast.

Far on the distant verge of the huge sunny plain—some ruins rose upon a forlorn hillock, against the blue sky, and a dark ilex wood, of apparently great extent, relieved the eye with its sombre colours, and the imagination with the idea of shade; beyond this, again, we presently saw the outline of the Sabine hills, reflecting the rosy tints which the setting sun was beginning to fuse his light in; full mellow golden moonlight gradually mingled with the last flush in the sky; and as the evening closed in, the aspect of the Campagna really did become desolate, as the dreary interminable winding road led us over a grey waste of hillocks like the leaden ripples of a measureless lake. My weary spirits revived with the sight of the first vine inclosures; and as we presently began to travel between high walls, I remembered all the descriptions of

travellers that I had read, and knew that we must be even at the gate of Rome; suddenly against the clear azure of the sky, a huge shadowy cupola rose up. I felt a perfect tumult of doubt, fear, and hope—such as I experienced when, through the overhanging thickets that fringe them, I first saw the yeasty waters of Lake Erie, rushing to their great plunge. The great vision rose higher and higher as we drove under its mighty mass; and as we turned within the Porta de Cavallegieri, and stopped again at the barrier, St. Peter's stood over against us, towering into the violet-coloured sky,—and it was real,—and I really saw it; I knew the whole form of the great, wonderful structure; I knew the huge pillars of the noble arcade, and the pale ghost-like shining of the moonlit fountains through the colonnade. I was in Rome, and it was the very Rome of my imagination.

The dark, deep, dismal stinking streets through which we now rattled, however, were new experiences. I never looked up from between

houses, and saw the heavens at such an immense height above me, as in these chasm-like streets, through which we seemed making an interminable progress, stopping at infinite places, till my impatience at these delays, on the very threshold of arrival, became almost intolerable. Again to the Custom House, to stand shivering on the cold stone pavement, under cold stone arches, while my trunks and carpet-bags were again rummaged. What an intolerable nuisance, to be sure, these disgraceful and vexatious hindrances are! My sister's servant met me here; and at length, transferred to an open carriage, we rolled through the streets, where the houses looked, by contrast of moonlight and shadow, like actual carvings of ivory and ebony—up steep and slippery pavements to the Pincio, where, at a lighted upper window, I saw a woman's figure. I scrambled up three pairs of stone stairs, and so into my sister's arms, worn out, and ready to die with the fatigue of coming, and the emotion of being come.

EARLY in life, when hope seems prophecy,
And strong desire can sometimes mould a fate,
My dream was of thy shores, Oh, Italy!
Of thy blue deep, that even for awhile
Will not forsake its spicy pine-girt beaches;
Of the unutter'd glories of thy sky,
Of the unnumber'd beauties of thy earth,
And all the immortal memories, that rest
For ever like an atmosphere above thee.
Thus towards the south my spirit's flight was turn'd,
For ever with the yearning of one born there,
And nursed upon its warm and fragrant bosom:
Awhile the sunny dream shut out all else,
And fill'd the horizon of my contemplations.
Slowly, and by degrees, the toiling years
Breathed o'er the bright illusion, dimming it,—
And gather'd close about me sterner things.
The graceful lines, the gorgeous hues, the forms

Of grandeur and of beauty that my thoughts
Had dwelt amidst, as in their proper home,
Melted and faded—broke, dissolved away,
Till the last, lovely, lingering trace had vanish'd,
And I forgot to hope it might return.
Across an ocean—not thy sapphire waves,
Oh, Mediterranean, sea of memories!
But the dark marble ridges of th' Atlantic,
Destiny led me—not to thy bright shores,
Ausonia, but that wondrous wilderness,
That other world, where Hope supreme beholds
All things unshaped—one huge eventful promise.
Ah, not to thee, thou treasure-house of Art,
Thou trophy-loaded Temple of the Past,
Hung with triumphant spoils of all the ages!
But to that land where Expectation stands,
All former things behind her—and before
The unfathom'd brightness of Futurity,
Rolling its broad waves to the feet of God.
Upon that distant shore, a dream more fair
Than the imaginations of my youth
Awhile entranced me; lightning-like it fled,

And I remained utterly desolate.
Love had departed; Youth, too, had departed;
Hope had departed; and my life before me
Lay cover'd with the ashes of the Past,—
Dark, barren, cold, drear, flinty, colourless.
As thro' the cheerless grey of waning night,
When its black veils wear thin and part like film,
Beautiful light, like life begins to glow,
And the great picture of the earth is sketched.
Faintly upon the canvas of the dark,
Brighter and brighter growing, as the day
Holds its great torch against God's masterpiece,
Till the whole work in perfect glory shines:
So rose once more that southern vision's splendour
Upon the cheerless twilight of my fate;
The last grim pages of my book of life,
Fill'd with a mean and grinding martyrdom,
Washed with unceasing tears at length gave back
The glorious legend written on my youth.
Again, again, the glorious shapes returned;
Again, the lovely lines like magic drew me;
Again, the splendour of the southern heavens

Shed rosy light and golden glories round me,
And Art and Nature, twins immortal, stood
Upon the threshold of earth's Paradise,
And waved me tow'rds it. And at last I came,—
But with a broken heart and tear-dimm'd eyes,
And such a woeful weight of misery laden,
As well might challenge the great ministry
Of the whole universe, to comfort it.
Thus did I seek thy shores, Oh, Italy!
Land—not of promise—but of consolation;
Not in that season of my life, when life
Itself was rich enough for all its need,
And I yet held its whole inheritance;
But in the bankrupt days when all is spent,
Bestow'd, or stolen, wasted, given away,
To buy a store of bitter memories:
In the first hour of lengthening evening shadows,
When Resolution on life's summit stands,
Looks back on all its brightness, and looks forward
Thro' gathering downward darkness to the grave.
Hail, then, most fair, most glorious, long desired—
Long dreamed of—hoped for—Italy, hail! hail!

I kiss thy earth, weeping with joy, to think
That I, at last, stand on thy sacred soil.

Saturday, 10th January.—I had seen my sister's children asleep in their cribs last night; their cooing and chirping woke me in the morning. While I was still in my dressing-gown ——— called me out to see the view. We are on the very top of the Pincio; Rome lay like a map at our feet, bathed far and near with glorious sunlight, against which on the opposite horizon the stone pines of the Doria Pamfili spread out their dark roofs. Our apartment reminds me extremely of all the houses I ever was in in the southern states of America—large lofty rooms, with not a window or door that can shut, and those that do, giving one one's death by the imperfect manner in which they close,—a great deal more than if they stood for ever wide open; coarse common carpets laid over a layer of straw; in short, the whole untidy discomfort

which characterises the dwellings of all southern people, as far as my observation goes.

Now for the chapter of compensations: my bed-room door and window open upon a terraced garden at least forty feet above the street, full of orange and lemon trees, magnolias, myrtles, oleanders and camelias, roses and violets, in bloom; a fountain of the acqua felice trickles under the superintendence of a statue into a marble shell, and thence escapes under the garden. The view from thence of the eternal city and its beauteous girdle of hills surpasses all description, and the twin towers of the Trinità rise close to it up into the blue sky, which looks through the belfry arches as through windows down into my sleeping-room. The coloured tiles of all our anté-rooms and passages enchant me; so do the gay painted ceilings. The little room where I bathe is a perfect delight to me, with its latin inscription on the lintel, its marble bath, its walls covered with fresco Cupids and dolphins, and altars with flames, and baskets with flowers,

all strung together by waving patterns of wreaths and garlands. This afternoon we drove through the streets of Rome, out to a place that was once one of the innumerable Cenci possessions, but which is now a farm-house of the Borghese. In one corner of the littered stable-yard, where heaps of manure occupied most of the ground, stood a stone sarcophagus, with spirited and graceful rilievi, into which fresh water was pouring itself in a glassy stream. As we went round the house, we came upon another stone basin, of beautiful form and proportions, into which another gush of living water was falling in the bright sunshine: further on, again, beneath a sombre avenue of ilex, another of these precious reservoirs sparkled and gleamed. I cannot describe my delight in living water: these perpetually running fountains are a perpetual baptism of refreshment to my mind and senses. The Swedenborgians consider water, when the mention of it occurs in the Bible, as typical of truth. I love to think of that when I

look at it, so bright, so pure, so transparent, so temperate, so fit an emblem for that spiritual element in which our souls should bathe and be strengthened, at which they should drink and be refreshed. Fire purifies, but destroys; water cleanses and revives. Christ was baptized in water, and washed, himself, in the regenerating element His disciples' feet. He promised living waters to all those, who, thirsty, drew near to Him, and spoke of that well of everlasting life, which those to whom He gave to drink possessed for ever in their souls. I do not wonder at all the marvellous *wasser-cur* reports. I believe the material element to be as potent in regenerating and healing the body, as the spiritual element its clearness dimly represents is to regenerate and heal the mind.

It is impossible to describe the soft beauty of everything that surrounded us here; the ilex trees, the graceful stone pines, the picturesque colour and outline of the house itself, the sunny far-stretching campagna, with its purple frame

of mountains; Soracte, standing isolated like the vanguard of the chain; the sullen steeps of the Sabine; the smiling slopes of the Alban hills; Frascati, Tivoli, glittering in the sunshine, on their skirts; the light over all radiant and tender; the warmth and balmy softness of the atmosphere—everything was perfect enchantment. Everything was graceful, harmonious, and delightful to the eye, and soothing beyond expression to the mind. Presently came two of the beautiful mouse-coloured oxen of the campagna, slowly, through the arched gateway of the farm-yard, and, leaning their serious-looking heads upon the stone basin, drank soberly, with their great eyes fixed on us, who sat upon the hem of the fountain; I, for the first time in my life, almost comprehending the delight of listless inactivity. As the water ran lullingly by my side, and between the grey shafts of the tall pine trees, and beneath the dark arches of their boughs, the distant landscape, formed into separate and distinct

pictures of incomparable beauty, arrested my delighted eyes. Yes, I think I actually could be content to sit on that fountain's edge, and do nothing but listen and look for a whole summer's afternoon. But no more—"up, and be doing," is the impulse for ever with me; and when I ask myself, both sadly and scornfully, what? both my nature and my convictions repeat the call, "up, and be doing;" for surely there is something to be done from morning till night, and to find out what, is the appointed work of the onward-tending soul.

Returning home, the arches of the aqueducts were all gilt within with the sunset. How beautiful they are, those great chains, binding the mountains to the plain, with their veins of living water! The links are broken, and the graceful line interrupted, and the flowing element within withdrawn to its heart in the mountains, and now they are only the most beautiful ruins in the whole world. Sometimes, when seen from a height which commanded a

long stretch of their course, they reminded me of the vertebræ of some great serpent, whose marrow was the living water, of which Rome drank for centuries. We returned to the city by the beautiful Porta Maggiore, and just within it met Mr. ——— and Mr. ———, who challenged ——— to a walk. He accordingly left us, and we drove on to the Coliseum. I was again surprised to find how absolutely correct the imagination I had formed of it was. How curious this is! or rather, indeed, it is not curious, that the face of Nature and the human countenance can never be so described as to give an absolute and positive image to the mind which shall be identical with the reality,—while, with these, the most stupendous works of the hand of man, measurement, description, and imitation, can make us perfectly and familiarly acquainted. I believe the height of the Coliseum, as well as that of St. Peter's, was rather greater than I had expected. We stopped for a while looking from

this great ruin to the beautiful Arch of Constantine; and then driving up the Via Sacra, through the Arch of Titus, by the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, the Forum, and Trajan's Pillar, we returned home. I have seen all this! It is mine!

Sunday, 11th January.—We drove up the Monte Mario to a beautiful villa, formerly the Villa Mellini, now called the Villa Falconièri; from this place the view of Rome, the Tiber, the hills, the campagna, and the sea, was most glorious. The house stands like a fortress, on the very top of a precipitous hill, which is crowned with ramparts of ilex and cypress. Here (as everywhere) we were pursued by the shameless, wretched pauperism that disgusts and pains one the whole time, and makes the ruined aspect of the great outward things about one cheerful, compared with the abject degradation of that which God has made in his own image. Oh! I would not live among these people for anything in the world; and when I think of

England and of America, I thank God that I was born in the one, and shall live in the other. Driving home we went to the Acqua Paola, the fountain in Rome where the volume of water is most satisfactory. The very ornaments with which they adorn them, gods and goddesses, dolphins, shells, &c., interfere with the effect of the beautiful element itself; and though, of course, there is no comparison between the graceful forms of the basin of the Acqua Paola, Trevi, &c., and the simple turf bank that surrounds the fountain in the park at New York, the volume of water thrown to a height of nearly sixty feet, and falling back in a cataract, is a finer thing in itself than a whole Olympus of carved stone divinities. From this fine fountain, by the side of which one enjoys a noble view of Rome, we went to St. Peter's; and here I was only astonished at finding how perfectly I knew it—how absolutely like what I had imagined it it was; so that, except that the roof was a little higher than I expected, I felt as if I had been

there a hundred times, and it in no way exceeded or differed from my expectations. The four-post bed (the only idea those horrid canopies over the high altars ever suggest to me) in the middle arrested the sweep of the eye from end to end of this majestic temple, and disfigured it painfully to me; but, except that, there was nothing in the whole that was not simple, sublime, and absolutely satisfactory in its huge, beautiful proportions. I was not prepared, and was proportionately thankful, for the absence of all the tawdry, tinselly, holy trumpery, so perpetually hanging about the different shrines in Catholic churches, making them look like old curiosity shops, and disfiguring both their beautiful forms and the beautiful materials they are built of.

Monday, 12th January.—We drove round the Pincio, from the various sides of which Rome and its guardian hills are seen, with all their infinite beauty of contrast and of harmony. We went to several shops to make purchases.

The quality of everything I looked at was very indifferent, the prices enormous; and the shopkeepers, with an audacity and dishonesty inconceivable to a stranger, invariably take half the original price which they demand for everything. The filth and stench of the streets give one an imaginary fever as one drives through them. I wonder these people don't have the plague every year in this city. The great, wide, beautiful stairs leading up from the Piazza di Spagna immediately to the door of our lodging are the favourite haunt of all the painter's models; old men with grizzled beards and hair, and lads with blue-black locks falling all round the most wonderful eyes ever beheld; girls in the picturesque costume of the lower orders here, with splendid heads and shoulders, and scarlet jackets, and daggers thrust through the braids of their hair: here they sit and stand, and lounge and loll in the sun, screaming, shouting, laughing, gesticulating, or dozing like cats with half-closed eyes upon the worn stone steps; or with true

brotherly humanity exploring the animated nature of each other's elf-locks — beautiful beastly creatures. With those specimens of all that is finest in form and colour, lie a rabble of hideous deformities, whose sole occupation it is to extort money from every passenger that walks, or carriage that drives by them; women with huge goitres, men with withered arms, hump-backed, blear-eyed, fever-smitten, halting, squinting, idiots lolling out their tongues and goggling their eyes, the blind, the maimed, babies in arms, and old creatures on crutches,—all swarm round the wretched wayfarer, and with vociferous outcries persecute him for an alms. Words fit only for dogs do not repel them, nor the threatening arm and lifted hand; they have lost all sense of shame, or of injury; they are triple-cased in the impervious callousness of the lowest degradation. We drove to the Capitol to-day, where the Antinous pleased me better than anything else that I saw, even than the Venus and the dying gladiator. The cold brick pavements

chill me through and through; I don't understand why everybody does not die in Rome.

Tuesday, 13th January.—Went to Torlonia's to get one of my bills changed. The person who transacted this clerk's business, and who, as I was afterwards informed, was a half-brother of the banker, asked me such a string of impertinent questions, that at first I supposed the interrogatory I was undergoing was part of some police ceremonial, and that as one cannot come from Civita Vecchia to Rome without having one's baggage rummaged three times, so one could not get twenty pounds without giving information of one's name, where one lives, who one lives with, how long one means to stay, and a whole string of questions, which if a clerk in an English banking-house were to ask one, one should probably request him to hold his tongue and mind his business. Here, however, the case is different, and whoever banks at Torlonia's must, it seems, be prepared to satisfy his clerk upon all matters concerning their own

personal history, which he may think proper to inquire into. I wonder anybody chooses to bank with him, *cela étant.* After this we drove to a sort of house of refuge for poor girls. We passed through some horrible court-yards, that looked as though they were swarming with fleas, bugs, and lice; dirty brooms and brushes, filthy rags and nasty people, lay, hung, and stood all about; chickens and ducks cackled and gabbled in every direction, depositing their tribute of dirt all over broken capitals of noble columns, corners of friezes, and bits of verd antique. We ascended some steps, where one hardly dared tread without looking, and after looking, felt as if one could not tread. At the top of these lay a high wilderness of a garden, full of orange trees and artichokes, a singular union of the homely and poetical. A ruinous-looking fountain sent up a thin stream of water a few inches from its almost stagnant surface. It was a very desolate-looking place. Having crossed it, we found ourselves on the very top of the Basilica Maxentia, whose huge

wondrous arches rose beneath us, and seemed now as though they reared themselves so high and vast into the sky only to carry the delicate fantastical foxglove, that sprung out from their rifted brick-work, and nodded its lilac bells at the tiny Roman people down below. The view of Rome, and of the Coliseum especially, through a high narrow niche, was very beautiful. The afternoon was sad and lead-coloured, but just towards sunset a streak of light opened itself like a crack in the western sky, and the effect upon the Sabine hills was indescribable. A huge dark-blue, sulky-looking mountain frowned in that direction, over whose shoulder peered another, covered with snow, and all rosy with the reflection of the crimson sunset: I never saw so beautiful and wonderful a contrast. We descended from this place, and I went to the Coliseum with ———. The colouring of the whole was what pleased me most: the ruddy walls, the grey buttresses, the rich tufts of tender ruin-haunting verdure, produced the most

exquisitely harmonious combination. While we stood silently looking round, a bird sang loud and clear its evening song. How strange and sweet it sounded, that voice of melody, here, in this place of a thousand groans, and shrieks, and acclamations! It is marvellous to stand by the Cross, in the very middle of this field of Christian martyrdom, and look at the hideous daubs of Christ's passion which sanctify and disfigure it, and for whose sake alone these great, graceful walls are not now level with the dust. Oh, Truth triumphant, Love victorious, how surely shall the whole earth belong to ye! We drove home through the vault-like streets, which seem to me to strike a deadly chill into one's very soul after coming out of the genial sunshine.

Wednesday, 14th January.—I rode out into the campagna with ———, and saw the sun and the clouds, and the lights and the shadows, play at hide-and-seek all over the vast tawny wilderness, and up the sides of the hills, till I was tired of exclaiming with delight and wonder.

Sometimes every wrinkle in the old hard-featured mountains came out under the pearly light like the lines on a deep-furrowed face ; and then a shadow fell all over them, that looked as if you could have hewn great solid blocks of blackness out of it—it was a marvellous pageant. Coming home, we rode round the Villa Borghese.

Thursday, 15th January.—Took a delicious walk in the gardens of the Villa Medici. Visited Mme. ———, who showed me some very interesting and well-executed sketches of Etruscan ruins in the campagna. Happy woman ! She can afford to carry her architect and painter with her, to seize upon and bring away for her the very aspect and countenances of all these beautiful places.

In passing through the Vatican, Mme. ——— pointed out to me a painting on the wall, representing the raising of the Great Obelisk before St. Peter's, and told me the following anecdote about it :—After the proposal and adoption of an infinite variety of

plans for its erection, the trial of which had caused an enormous outlay to the Government, and always resulted in failure, the Pope, Sixtus V., at length declared, that if another scheme for the purpose was unsuccessfully attempted, the architect who furnished it should be put to death. This determination on the part of his Holiness, naturally put a stop, at least for a time, to the suggestion of new experiments. At length, however, an engineer more sure of his plan, or less afraid of death than his predecessors, presented himself to the Pope, and laid a scheme before him for the erection of the obelisk. His Holiness looked over the proposal, and admitted that it appeared to promise admirably well, but at the same time observed, that the carrying it into effect would cost an enormous sum of money, and reminded him of the penalty affixed to failure. The architect, Fontana, agreed to run the risk, provided only that his Holiness would publish a command, that during the process of raising

the monument, the most perfect silence should be observed among the workmen and assistants; stating, that the main cause of the hitherto failures of all his predecessors were the confused outcries, exclamations, and execrations of the multitude, engaged in the work or standing by. The Pope immediately consented to this condition, and on the appointed day, having caused four gallows to be erected at the four corners of the great place of St. Peter's, and proclaimed that the first person who was heard to speak aloud should forthwith be hung, the experiment went forward in presence of his Holiness, his whole court, and an innumerable assemblage of people, who, in wholesome terror of the gibbets, preserved an universal silence. With infinite trouble, labour, and anxiety the great Egyptian needle was at length raised from a horizontal to a perpendicular position. No acclamation hailed the success of the undertaking! Thus far, it still remained to raise the vast mass from the earth to a level with

its pedestal, by far the most arduous part of the task; intense anxiety was depicted on the upturned, eager faces of the breathless multitude. The obelisk was slowly raised, till, when its base was within half an inch of the top of the pedestal, the ropes by which it was being drawn up became so tense with the enormous weight, that they were seen to smoke; another moment, and the monstrous mass would have fallen from their support. The wretched Fontana, sweating blood, saw the impending catastrophe of his all but successful attempt; suddenly, one of the workmen cried aloud, "Acqua!" The crowd rushed to the fountains, the saving element was dashed over the strained and tightened ropes, the final haul was given, and the obelisk lodged upon its pedestal, when one universal shout that rent the sky broke forth, and hailed the accomplishment. The Pope, however, commanding silence again, called before him the artisan who, in spite of his command, had ventured

to speak. The poor fellow acknowledged himself worthy of death for having spoken, but pleaded that the salvation of the obelisk deserved some reward. The Pope allowed the justice of the claim, and gave his forfeited life, adding graciously, permission to choose any boon he might name for the service he had rendered. The man besought for himself and his family the monopoly of the sale of palm-branches on Palm Sunday, in the square of St. Peter's; and to this day his descendants exercise that traffic, and derive from it a very considerable yearly profit.

Another story she told me was this. Speaking of the admirable dexterity of the Jews of the Ghetto here, in repairing, in a manner absolutely invisible, the most incurable rents in clothes, to which industry the jealous tyranny of custom confines them, as they are not permitted to exercise any trade or handicraft of any kind in Rome, she mentioned that they were famous for the same proficiency in darning in the

East. She said that a man at Constantinople having left in the charge of a friend of his a purse without seam or join, in which he had placed a certain number of diamonds, complained, on his return from distant travel, that his number of jewels was not correct. The friend maintained the integrity of his trust, and adduced as proof the entire woof of the purse, in which neither seam nor join appeared, and the seal of the owner still remained untouched at the mouth of the purse. The owner of the jewels was forced to admit both these facts, but still persisted in asserting that the amount of diamonds was no longer what he had left. The case was brought before more than one magistrate, but nothing could be elicited upon the subject; and the unaltered condition of the purse, which the owner could not deny, was considered conclusive evidence against his claim. In despair he applied to the Sultan himself, and the strange persistency of his demand impressed the latter so much, that, though compelled upon the

face of the facts to dismiss his claim as untenable, the subject remained impressed singularly upon his mind, and induced him to try the following experiment. At morning prayer the next day, when the slave who usually brought the carpet upon which he knelt had withdrawn, he made a long slit in it, and left it to be again withdrawn by the slave. When the latter came to fulfil his duty of rolling up and removing the precious carpet, he remained aghast at the injury it had received, and immediately, apprehending the dreadful effect of the Sultan's displeasure, hastened with the rug to the quarter of the city where the Jews resided; and seeking out one peculiarly renowned for his skill, committed the costly carpet to his best exercise of it, and carried it back so restored, that the next morning it lay spread ready for the Sultan's use, without the trace of either damage or reparation. The Sultan no sooner perceived what had been done than he called the slave, who tremblingly confessed what he

had done. He was immediately despatched in search of the pre-eminent cobbler, and the Jew no sooner appeared before the Sultan than the latter, sending for the sealed purse about which the controversy had been held, charged him with having in like manner repaired a slit in the woof of the apparently uninjured bag. The Jew instantly admitted the fact; and thus the reclamation of the poor defrauded friend and diamond owner was substantiated.

Monday, February 9th.—Drove to the Aventine—to the old Priorate of the Knights of Malta—strolled about the very old-fashioned box-bordered garden, and looked down the turbid yellow course of the Tiber—went into the chapel of the Priory. There are one or two monuments of members of the order, a very old and roughly-carved marble chest for the reception of relics, and a curious sarcophagus, in which every one of the figures in the bas-relief has something like a feather in its hat, cap, or head, which, as the thing is very ancient, is a

curious circumstance. In the evening ——— and ——— called upon us. The latter, in speaking of the records of the Cenci family, which existed in the papal library, and to which Shelley mentions having obtained access, told us, that, together with this story, another was to be found of a tragical event, which occurred about the same time—it related to the fate of an extremely beautiful young woman, belonging to the mezzo céto, or middling class, at L'Arricia, for whom a prince of the Savelli family conceived a violent passion; which, however, the girl was so far from returning, that she was much attached and affianced to a young man who, in some capacity or other, was a sort of dependant upon the Savelli. This circumstance increased the difficulty of the young woman's position, and induced her family to hasten her marriage, in order, if possible, to put a stop to the pursuit of the nobleman: the remedy, however, proved ineffectual, and the poor girl's troubles were only added to by the extreme jealousy of her

husband, who, soon after their marriage, sent a message to the Prince Savelli, desiring an interview with him in his wife's name. The unlucky lover fell into the snare, and coming to the appointed place, was received by the infuriated husband with a frenzy of rage, and murdered on the very spot by him; after which the murderer made his escape, leaving his unfortunate wife to bear the brunt of the suspicions which immediately fell upon her. At the suit of the Savelli family, she was seized, imprisoned, and subjected to every species of torture practised in those torturing times, in vain protesting her innocence. She was finally rescued from further suffering by the intercession of a German archduchess, who, passing through Rome, and becoming acquainted with her history, interceded for her, and obtained leave to take her in her suite with her to Parma, where she remained until she died. The husband was heard of in Palestine some years after, but nothing positive was known of the fate of either of them after her trial.

After this story, the conversation turned upon the serpents, which, it seems, the warm weather is already tempting forth in the Villa Pamfili gardens, and other warm and lonely places. Mme. ——— told us, that while at Genoa she made an exploring excursion thirty miles off, to the ruins of a place called Libarna, where some interesting antique remains had excited her curiosity. While standing in the midst of the ruined foundations of some ancient edifice, and directing her workmen, who were excavating under her orders, endeavouring to trace the precise form of the buildings, they uttered a simultaneous cry; and she declares that a serpent at least sixteen feet long, and as thick as a man's thigh, absolutely leapt by where she stood, and plunged down into the heaps of ruins beneath her. She told us also of a very curious scene, which two workmen described to her, and which took place at the time that a violent flood had swollen the waters of a mountain stream, in the vicinity of Libarna. The waters rose im-

mensely above their usual level, and, the swollen torrent pouring down from the mountains, carried with it trees and houses and land, and everything that it could sweep away in its course; the quantity of timber floated down from an extensive forest, many of whose oldest trees were uprooted and carried away, found fuel for several winters for the proprietors on the banks of the stream, whose peasantry collected themselves at the points where they could most advantageously arrest those masses in their downward progress, and drew them to shore. While thus employed, a body of them saw an enormous ilex, roots, earth, branches and all, tumbling headlong down the swollen torrent; they prepared, with hooks and ropes and iron crooks, to seize and draw it to the bank, when, to their horror, they perceived that an enormous serpent lay coiled up among its branches. At each attempt that they made to seize the tree, the hideous creature raised itself, and appeared about to dart upon them; and so terrible was its aspect, and so threatening

its attitude, that for a long time it successfully defended its floating throne from their attacks. At length, however, one of their number seized a huge stone, and hurling it at the creature, the latter plunged from the tree into the stream, and disappeared; after which, almost immediately, and by miracle, as the peasants assured ———, the turbid swollen waters began to subside into their usual channel.

From this topic we passed to the less terrible but not much more agreeable one of spiders and scorpions, and Mr. ——— amused us by describing his experiments upon a number of tarantulas which he caught and confined in a tumbler together. He said their first movement was to construct within that narrow space each a sort of fortress of its own, from which sallying forth, they immediately fell upon, and with incredible fury and rapidity, devoured each other, the conquerors increasing in size as the process of victory and cannibalism proceeded, until there remained at the bottom of the glass

one huge hideous creature, who was the universal conqueror, and whose bloated body had become the sepulchre of his enemies as fast as he had demolished them. Certainly a more disgusting or hateful spectacle cannot be conceived.

Saturday, 14*th February*.—St. Valentine's day, the first day of the Carnival, soon after breakfast, ——— and my sister and I walked down and up, for it is both, several times to the Villa Massimo, formerly the Villa Negroni. We sauntered through the vineyards and gardens, under the intense warmth of the unclouded sun; the delicate blossoms of the almond trees stood like silver branches against the deep azure ground of the sky, the laurustinus bushes were in full bloom, the little green and gold lizards glided, and darted, and rustled along the hot stone walls, and among the spiked leaves of the cardoni. We sat ourselves down, with our faces towards the purple hazy hills, and listened to the jangling bells that came through the warm air, across the vineyard, an hour of Italian

enjoyment of mere being. At about two o'clock, with our carriage duly lined with white calico, and my green velvet bonnet covered with the same, we set forth to observe the solemnities of the Carnival. On the seat opposite to us was a large tray, heaped with small bunches of fresh flowers and violets; under the seat were two baskets filled with sugar plums of every variety, some of them the size of very large bullets,—formidable missiles, as we found when we received a volley of them. At our feet was a deep large basket, filled with the *confetti* as they are called; a species of small shot, made of dried peas covered with flour, and in throwing handfuls of which consists the chief warfare of the Corso. A couple of wire masks, rounded to fit the face, coloured pink to become it, and furnished, screen fashion, with a handle, completed our equipment; and thus we descended to the field of battle, our dresses being as nearly white as possible, and my sister having a large white bournous, and I a large white shawl on, the policy of which

miller-like equipment we very soon discovered. Passing through the Piazza di Spagna, we found it filled with soldiers on horseback, and every street was sending up to the great rout its string of carriages and stream of eager hurrying pedestrians; groups of masks went dancing and laughing by; Harlequins and Pantaloons, Turks, Albanians, Spanish Dons, and girls in short white skirts and coloured bodies, with blue or pink silk boots and very freely-shown legs. Most of these groups had their faces covered either with grotesque masks or the classical black silk visor: in passing the carriage, they threw us confetti or nosegays, or merry words. We were deposited at a house in the Corso, where we had the privilege of occupying Mrs. ———'s balcony. We had hardly taken our stations here, when, from a neighbouring balcony, a shower of sweetmeats and flowers assailed us, and we found ourselves the mark of a little man, who, with a most bright and delighted countenance, kept exercising his skill upon us, and

enjoying apparently equally our awkwardness in missing him, and his own dexterity in hitting us. While busily engaged with him, sundry treacherous shots reached us from another direction; and we found that we were commanded by a balcony opposite to us, and higher than ours, from which sundry demure gentlefolks—our own countrymen I suspect—were pelting us *sans faire semblant de rien*, and with certain peculiarly convenient tin horns overwhelmed the luckless passengers in the street with perfect hail-storms of confetti, which rattled upon the men's hats and masks, and were received with shouts of laughter both by the sufferers and the lookers-on. The long irregular street presented the most singular and animated scene; every window was filled with spectators, every balcony or jutting window from which a convenient view could be obtained was adorned with hangings either of crimson and gold, or gay rose colour and white; the little balcony in which we stood was all festooned with the latter colours, and tapestry and curtains

and carpets were put in requisition to render commodious and gay every point where a station could be obtained. The entrances to many of the shops were turned, by dint of screens and partitions and temporary wooden erections, into small apartments, open to the street, and filled with women of the middle class in gay and bright fancy dresses, where scarlet and gold, and ribbons and flowers, and neck-chains and ear-rings, together with their own beautiful faces and magnificent braided hair, formed a most attractive and curious part of the show. The beauty of the women of the middle and lower class of Rome is something really wonderful; the richest colouring, great purity of features and nobility of form, particularly in the outline of the head, and its position on the shoulders. Their persons are generally clumsy, however, and their feet and ankles extremely ugly, thick, and ill-shaped: their divinity comes no lower than their shoulders.

While we were gazing up and down the Corso,

with its lining of bright human countenances, the military suddenly appeared in the Piazza del Popolo, and came slowly down the street; a large body of cavalry and infantry, with trumpets blowing, and drums beating, and alternate snatches of music from the shrill fifes, and the fuller harmony of the brass band. During their passage through the Corso, which every day opens the Carnival, the irregular warfare which had preceded their arrival was suspended. We remained with our hands full of menacing confetti, ready for the next occasion of returning to somebody the pelting somebody else had given us. As we looked down in this threatening attitude, the old general who rode at the head of the troops looked up towards us, and, seeing our malicious purpose, shook his sword smilingly at us, which warning we received with infinite amusement. The soldiers had no sooner stationed themselves at the various posts, where they were to maintain order, and left the street again empty, than from every cross street and alley

debouched the pent-up stream of folly; carriages rushed from every direction into the Corso, and forming themselves into two compact lines, drove slowly up and down, with their cargoes of pelting, screaming, laughing, human beings; the carriages skirmished with each other, and with the lower balconies, and with the foot passengers; the lower balconies sent confetti, nosegays, bonbons, and funny speeches to the carriages, and through the stream of pedestrians, who divided their attention, equally above, below, and around; while from the higher balconies the masqueraders fought with their opposite neighbours across the street, their right and left-hand neighbours in the adjoining balconies, and every now and then showered down on the devoted heads of the walkers and drivers, whole baskets full of that hateful little hail; with occasional gallantries to objects of special admiration, in the shape of huge hard bonbons, that struck one like so many small cricket-balls, leaving bruises to attest their arrival,—nosegays so thick and

heavy, that they stove in one's bonnet,—or, finally, as the very climax of good will and civility, lemons and oranges, which, being in a state of unripeness which protected one's clothes from injury, were also so hard, that the compliment of receiving one was as much as one's life was worth. The bright air resounded with the acclamations of joyful human voices, and was misty with the fine flour, hail, and nosegays flying in all directions. We soon left our balcony, and finding our carriage waiting in an adjoining street, got into it, and joined the stream of busy absurdity in the Corso. It is well to see the *coup d'œil* from the shelter and security of a window or balcony, but it is infinitely more amusing to be among the people themselves, whose good humour, fantastic and grotesque gaiety, droll fancies, and withal decent deportment, no foreigner can form the least idea of without having seen it; whereas, in England, drunkenness, riot, and violence would have been the inevitable result of this universal license.

The only intoxication to be seen was the ludicrous assumption of it by Pantaloons reeling between the carriages, bottle in hand, and with whitened faces; and the only angry and disputatious voices were those of pretended poets, lawyers, and improvisatori, who, in full court costume, swords, powder and bag-wigs, harangued at the full blast of their lungs, to the infinite ecstasy of the crowd which gathered densely round them. The whole day passed in this curious succession of picturesque and ludicrous scenes; our carriage was loaded with elegant and pretty bonbons, which were generally deposited on our knees or in our hands by masked pedestrians, with sundry sweet words thereto; and as the daylight thickened in the deep defile of the Corso, we regained our balcony to see the race of the Barberi. A cannon fired gave the signal for clearing the Corso; after which the guard on horseback dashed at full gallop down the street, and sentinels were posted at a few yards distance from each other to keep

back the impatient crowd, who, in spite of these precautions, kept breaking bounds and overflowing beyond this military cordon, in their extreme anxiety to catch the first glimpse of the horses.

At length the shout of a thousand voices rolling towards us like a great wave of the sea, announced their having started, and presently, full tear down the crowded gaping street, rushed eleven or twelve horses, covered with ribbons, knots, artificial flowers, streaks of bright red paint, and various other intended decorations; to which were added appendages of a less harmless and benevolent character:— plates of brass and wood, acting as flappers by the rapid motion of the horses; crackers and squibs, igniting and going off as they ran; and onions stuck full of pins and needles, which, hanging by cords to their manes and upon their flanks, performed the part of spurs, whose impulse became more sharp and constant in proportion as the terrified creatures increased their speed. This part of the ceremonies of the Carnival may

be an improvement upon the former custom of making the unfortunate Jews race through the Corso, for the edification of their Christian fellow-creatures; but it is still, in its present less offensive form, the least agreeable part of the Carnival to me. The terror and agony of the poor horses is most distressing, as is also the risk incurred by the spectators, whose uncontrollable excitement renders it almost impossible for them to repress it within safe bounds.

By some curious old privilege, dating many years back, the head of the noble house of Piccolomini receives a small sum upon every horse admitted to run. They start from an inclosure in the Piazza del Popolo, and are caught between two large cloths like sails let down before and behind them in the narrow street at the end of the Piazza di Venezia, called, from that circumstance, Via della Ripresa dei Barberi. I did not see their start on any day, but was assured by ——— that it was a very curious thing to see them brought to

the bar, each held only by a single man, who, together with the plunging, rearing, eager, terrified horse, realised and repeated to the life some of the fine antique statues. After the horse-race, the tide of biped life again poured into the Corso, and the universal pelting went on till evening sent the carnivalisti home to dinner or to supper, according as they were English or Italians. Nothing amused me more than the perfect Babel of languages resounding on all sides; as for us, we held our laughing colloquies with the passengers, who challenged us in a leash of tongues—English, French, and Italian; and we were even called upon to respond to Russian and Spanish, which, however, we were forced to decline. Our return home was anything but as triumphant as our going forth; and I am sure would have furnished an admirable subject for a caricature. The white lining of the carriage half torn off; the floor of it ankle-deep in confetti, sugar-plums, and nosegays, which had been thrown to and fro till they

formed one brown agglomeration of dirty rubbish; the seats under us heaped with the same pervading trash. Heaven knows how it got there. Hoarse with laughing; our arms aching with hurling things at our fellow-creatures; our shawls awry; our faces all smeared with flour; our bonnets battered and dented into cocked hats with the thumps from nosegays thrown at us; our very stays filled with the horrid little confetti, that had fallen into our bosoms, and down our backs, and all over us. A more complete sample of "After the Battle" I never saw. To be sure, we brought home *spolia opima*, in the shape of sundry most elegant and fanciful little boxes and baskets full of bonbons, that had been thrown or given to us, and which we piled like a trophy before ———, who, having done his Carnival thoroughly some years ago, looks with eyes of superior wisdom upon our folly in doing ours now.

After this fashion passed all the days of this

strange Saturnalia. In the evening we went three times while it lasted to the masked ball at the theatre, which the Italians call indifferently Veglioni or Festini. We took a box each time, and going provided with black dominoes, hoods, and masks, entertained ourselves with mystifying some of our friends and being mystified by them. The principal of these balls takes place on the Friday night, or rather Saturday morning, of the Carnival. Friday being the day which is rather kept holy, as we keep Sunday here, there was a suspension of racket and rout all day. There was no Corso, and nothing indicated that we were in the Carnival; but to atone for this, no sooner had it struck midnight than the whole population of Rome able to pay an entrance-fee rushed to the Theatre of Apollo, where the Festino was held, and made up by the busy folly of the whole night for the fast of the day. Our box was filled with a perpetual stream of men and women, who, in grotesque

dominoes and those hideous black masks, came and saluted us, and in the high falsetto squeak which is the conventional tone of the Mascherata, held conversations with us, which were not, I must say, up to the pitch of brilliant wit and fanciful humour which the license of the occasion and our old playwrights had led me to anticipate; and we generally beat our masked visitors very soon, not only out of their small stock of ideas, but even out of their assumed voices, and reduced them to grumble their flat common-place in the usual key of habitual social dulness. Nor did I perceive any difference in this respect between the natives and our own proverbially heavy unconversational people. The Italians who visited us seemed quite as dull as the English; and I was surprised to find how little the removal of the usual formalities and restraints of civilised society added to the brilliancy or wit of conversation.

The pit and stage of the theatre were thronged

with a dense mass of people, swarming round and round like ants upon an ant-hill—or, when we looked at the whole mass rather than its individual particles, like some great black cauldron slowly boiling up to the brim and subsiding again. The prevalence of the dark modern man's dress, and of the black silk dominoes, made the whole thing dark in spite of the brilliant chandeliers and profusion of wax-lights which illuminated the house. The squeaking masquerade voice rose in shrill chorus from this black maelstroom, and the music of the orchestra could hardly be detected by the ear in the midst of the huge hubbub, any more than the small circle of dancers could by the eye, in the middle of the rolling multitude that swayed and pressed and wavered to and fro beneath us: it was a very strange sight. After a while, we put on our dominoes and masks, and descended into this human sea: we stopped at the boxes of several of our friends which were in the pit tier, and held conversations with them; and I was sur-

prised to find how completely the disguise of the domino, and the assumed voice, took in people whom I really had no idea at the time that I had imposed on. After one turn through this dense mass of foolish humanity, we were glad to return to our box; the crowd was all but impenetrable, and the suffocating heat of the costume intolerable, so we regained our box and saw out the sport from thence.

I believe I have nothing more to say of the Carnival, but to notice the closing in of the last evening, when, as the daylight grew thick, suddenly a thousand tapers from the street, the carriages, the windows, the balconies, the house-tops, shone out upon the dusky twilight. The Corso looked like a whole street full of fire-flies; every body carried in their hands a sheaf of small wax tapers, and the swarming sparks in a burning piece of paper, or an assembly-general of all the ignis fatui in the world, or the Milky Way suddenly fallen from the sky into the Corso, are the only things I can compare this won-

derful and beautiful spectacle to. Far down the thronged irregular thoroughfare this magical illumination flickered and twinkled; the street was alive with light; the carriages formed little clusters or constellations of burning tapers; from the projecting parts of every house the little moccoli were held aloft; sticks, with lights fastened to them, were pushed far out from the very tops of the houses, like strings of strange stars up against the violet-coloured evening sky; little boats of green and red oiled silk, with burning tapers in them, were set afloat in the air, and came flickering down like showers of illuminated flowers into the street. No words can convey any adequate idea of the brilliancy and singularity of the spectacle. In the meantime the sport consisted, not in the beauty and strangeness of the sight, but in everybody's endeavouring to extinguish everybody else's light, and keep his own from being extinguished. This, which might be supposed a satirical representation of society, was carried on with a frantic

activity irresistibly ludicrous to a looker-on. We had gone to our balcony, the better to enjoy the *coup d'œil*, and anything more magical, more fairy-like, and more devilish at the same time, cannot be conceived;—pocket-handkerchiefs, sticks with little flags tied to them, wisps of paper, and all imaginable weapons were used to put out the little moccoli—extinguishers of oiled paper or parchment, fastened to long sticks, were in great requisition, and everywhere the little tapers burnt and flamed, and were blown out and re-lighted, while screams of laughter and shouts of "Senza moccolo, senza moccolo!" resounded from one end of the street to the other. For awhile I remained intent upon preserving my light from extinction, but the blows and blasts aimed at it from above, below, and all round, rendered it impossible; and, finding that this individual care for my own luminary was depriving me of the curious spectacle, I put mine out once for all, and gave myself up to gazing at the comic rout all round. At length

we retreated from our stand, and threading our way through the crowd, regained our carriage. Immediately on leaving the Corso, all seemed dark and still, and though the blaze still streamed partly up some of the side streets communicating with it, and the confused uproar followed us like the sound of a distant beach some way after we had turned homewards, when we reached our own serene height on the Pincio, not a sound was to be heard but our own carriage-wheels, nor a light seen but the everlasting stars of heaven, which seemed to look down in quiet supremacy and an easy consciousness that they were not soon likely to be flapped out.

We dined hastily, and dressed and hurried to the theatre, to see the death of the Carnival and the grim entrance of Lent; with all our best haste, however, we did not reach the ball till near eleven, and it was already over—the last day of the Carnival, the ball beginning at eight or seven o'clock, and ending an hour before midnight. The crowd now began to ebb from the

boxes and pit; the military had already marched half down the stage, driving before them the lingering revellers, and leaving the space behind to the dominion of darkness and silence: a few people like ourselves still hung over their boxes, contemplating the gradual extinction of the poor Carnival; on all sides resounded the melancholy words "Tutto è finito"—"It's all over"—"Jetzt ist das ende"—lamentable bows and shakes of the head, and wavings of hands, were exchanged by sundry and various personages, who, during this season of universal acquaintance, had exchanged nods and looks and smiles, and were thenceforth to know each other no more. From the pit, a young man, who had often met us in the Corso with flowers and pretty devices, held up his hands, and with mournful gestures signed his farewell to us. The door of our box was vehemently thrown open, and a man in mask and domino squeaked, in the last notes of the masquerade and villanous English-accented Italian, "Tutto è finito,"—and at the same time,

from the box above, a nosegay of gay artificial flowers was thrown down to us with a doleful exclamation of "Ah, the Carnival is over!" It was really quite affecting. The wax-lights, blown out by an insensible candle-snuffer, gave forth a most appropriate incense to the funeral of folly—the hot, blazing, dusty atmosphere grew dark and chilly as the lights went out, and the night-air rushed in. The depths of the stage were already undiscernible—dancers, orchestra, all had vanished, and twos and threes of lingering masks drained slowly away, like last drops, from that floor so lately covered over with waves of human absurdity. The great chandelier was slowly lowered down, the lights were one by one extinguished, the very carcass of the carnival lay before us—dust, darkness, and foul smells; and so we rushed off and home, and nothing remains but a harlequin-like vision of absurdity, and a nice little mountain of all sorts of pretty things, bestowed on us by our many friends of those nine days.

I have been to the Barberini palace, to see the picture of Beatrice Cenci. It is in the room with several other paintings, among which Raphael's Fornarina, and a female portrait ascribed to Titian, are the most remarkable. The picture of the Cenci itself does not appear to me either a very beautiful painting or the portrait of a very beautiful woman. It seems that the learned in such matters are now entertaining doubts as to its being either the work of the artist to whom it has hitherto been ascribed, or the picture of the person whom it has hitherto been supposed to represent. I looked at it, endeavouring only to free myself from the power of association, so far as to be able to form some independent judgment upon it. I have heard it asserted that it was a picture of which no idea could possibly be conveyed by any copy. With this opinion I differ entirely: I have seen copies of it, which, upon a long contemplation of the original, still appear to my memory to have been both faithful and satisfactory. The painting does not appear to me

eminently beautiful as a work of art, and the smallness of the mouth—always a defect in a face, and in this one, owing to its being half opened, a defect not only destroying beauty, but absolutely giving a vague and almost foolish expression to the countenance—makes it, in spite of the lovely outline of the other features, and the soft tear-wearied eyes, a human face almost without character or expression of any sort but that of sweetness and suffering. The mouth has always appeared to me, in the copies of this picture, as if it could not possibly be like the original, and now that I see the original, I cannot persuade myself that that mouth was like Beatrice Cenci's; it expresses neither intelligence, sorrow, nor determination; it is a pretty, round, silly, sensual, open mouth, and that is all. Of the picture of the Fornarina it would be idle for me to speak critically, were it not that there are certain provinces of criticism which belong even to those who know little of the mechanical rules of art, or the technical terms by which they

are expressed. In the first place, a half naked woman with a splendid turban on is a disagreeable object to me, because the nakedness is conscious and for a purpose : unconscious nakedness is the attire of innocence—partial nakedness, for the purpose of revealing some special beauty in a woman, is indecent, and therefore highly displeasing. The face of the Fornarina is also extremely disagreeable to me ; without feeling or meaning, a stupid-looking, staring, handsome creature, whose regular features and rich colouring present, nevertheless, a most unattractive and unlovely countenance; most different, indeed, from that beautiful picture in the Florence gallery, misnamed the Fornarina, and which is now by some supposed to be a portrait of Vittoria Colonna. The forms of the bosom, arms, shoulders, and hands are perfect, and most perfectly painted ; nature could not be more beautiful, nor art more wonderful, than they are here shown. The third picture to which my attention was drawn, and the only one on which I dwelt with

unmixed pleasure, was a female portrait, said to be by Titian, but ——— thought it rather the work of Palma Vecchio. The person of this woman was enveloped in rich but burly, ungraceful attire, even to one of her hands, which was covered with a clumsy glove. This, and something in the colouring, and in the soft thick-looking golden hair, recalled to me the holy love of Titian in that beautiful picture which he has called—who can tell why?—Holy and Profane Love. The countenance of the lady was serene and sweet, the mouth full of nobility, grace, and even wit. The eyes deep set, and of a dark blue colour, the form of the forehead and face full of character—majestic and lovely,—the beautiful hair, together with the warm reflection it cast like a golden curtain on her throat, seemed to me the very perfection of mere mechanical art. She was a most fair and gracious lady; and as we left the room, turning to look at her again, my sister said she looked like Portia grown to mid-womanhood—and so she did.

Mr. ——— came and paid us a farewell visit the other morning; among many things of much interest which he told us, he mentioned that Mr. ———, the Hanoverian minister here, was the son of Goethe's Charlotte,—for, he added, to my great surprise, that Werther was not a creation, but an experience of Goethe's; that it was not, as I supposed, a satire upon others, but a history of himself; that Mme. ——— and her husband were the originals of Charlotte and Albert, as he of Werther; that she was a handsome, accomplished woman, who received his letters, full of adoration, passion, worship, and poetry which spent itself in expressions of idolatry, even about her ribands and flowers, with the utmost equanimity: he wound up by saying, that all Goethe's letters to this lady are now in existence, and in the hands of her son, Mr. ———, who entertained strongly the purpose of publishing them: certainly Werther itself would be infinitely less interesting than these records of a passion that suggested it; I hope he will do so.

Since our visit to the Barberini, we have been to the Sciarra palace, and saw, among many others, three pictures worthy of all praise ; the first was a landscape, by Poussin,—a view of the banks of the Tiber, a most perfect picture, which made me exclaim with delight and admiration, as soon as I saw it : the yellow untidy shelving banks, the thick muddy water rolling its dirty white eddies like a solution of putty, were objects that could not in themselves be called beautiful ; but the purple light, or rather darkness that enveloped the whole, the truth, the reality, and ideality at once of it, were marvellous. I greatly prefer a fine landscape to a fine portrait ; the copy of the human countenance, like the human countenance itself, suggests the nature of man—unrest ; the copy of nature, like nature itself, suggests God—repose. In the next room we found two lovely pictures, full of thought and expression, and in proportion fatiguing to look at—Titian's Belladonna, and Raphael's Suonatore ; the last is the most

wonderful picture I have ever seen, and I stood gazing into that dark face till I was surprised that it did not smile at being so steadily stared at. There were several copies of each of these noble portraits exhibited by their side, if possible, I suppose, to enhance their beauty and merit; the pale unripe pink, with which the modern artists had copied the warm yellowish ivory-white of the neck and shoulders in Titian's picture, was certainly an admirable comment upon the art of painting flesh, and the chalky folds that professed to imitate the exquisite colour and texture of the white drawn round the bosom, an equally lively illustration of how linen should not be coloured. It is a curious thing, which I have had very frequent occasion to observe, that when indifferent artists have to paint eyes, whose beauty consists in their expression, they invariably make them a great deal too large; this was the case in all the copies of these admirable portraits, where the eyes are not large, but beautifully shaped, and of a most wonderful depth, and

set in the head in a manner which is at once full of expression in itself, and extremely difficult to imitate. In the same room with these were the Vanity and Modesty of Lionardo da Vinci, a fine picture, that I do not like; the Gamblers of Caravaggio, a very expressive and spirited picture, and two copies of a Magdalen, by Guido, in which the sickly green colouring of the flesh suggested to me no idea but that of a woman dying, or dead of cholera. After looking round the room, my eyes became again rivetted on the Suonatore, and I remained literally fascinated, unable to turn them away till we departed. We have been since this to the Villa Albani, to look at the collection begun by Winckelman, whose great work upon ancient art is one of the remembered delights of my childhood, with its interminable samples of helmets, and sandals, &c., and infinite illustrations of ancient art, all which, to my fascinated gaze, appeared in the large books as I pored over them, merely in the simple, but all comprehensive light of "pictures."

The thing that ——— particularly wished us to see was the specimen of Archaic sculpture, known by the name of "The Education of Bacchus," preserved there. It is altogether a less interesting sample of the earliest Greek art than the Xanthian Marbles, but resembles them in style and conception; having at the same time more of the angular stiffness of the very early plastic art, which they also exhibit, and less variety in the forms and freedom and grace in the draperies—those perfections which were subsequently so magnificently developed in the statues of the Parthenon. The only other objects in the collection which I particularly examined were a noble Minerva, standing as though about to utter—

> "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
> Are the three hinges of the gates of life,
> That open into power every way;"

and the beautiful group of the Mercury, Eurydice, and Orpheus. Tenderness and sorrow, grace and dignity, are so admirably combined in this exquisite conception, that the longer one looks

at it the more charmed one is into a pleasure almost like that derived from a perfect musical harmony; it is withal exceedingly sad as well as lovely. We stopped to look at the deformed bust and pathetic intellectual face called Æsop; it looks just like him, that is to say, if there ever was such a person he ought to have looked like that. The strangest, though by no means the loveliest object we encountered in the Villa Albani was Professor ———, with a tail of German thirst-for-knowledge ladies, young, middle-aged, and old, who followed him from room to room, and from statue to statue, while he expounded, in an audible lecture pitch of voice, the history and merits of every particular object, directing the attention of his female class now to the finely-turned thigh and leg, and now to the nobly proportioned chest of some antique specimen of marble beauty. As the whole thing looked ridiculous, I thought it very good-natured of him to do it; and as he is one of the most learned antiquarians and critics in matters of art

of the present day, if I could have understood his address, which being in German I could not, I should most assuredly have joined myself to his class, and listened with my eyes and mouth open too, instead of which I went out on the balcony with my sister and spent the time there overlooking the lordly gardens, with their broad stripes of greensward all frosted with daisies; the smooth box hedges, with their new pieces of tender vivid green let into the dark verdant wall like the repairs of the spring; the fountains dancing up and down in the sun, and the warm air just creeping round the rose-bushes and twitching their outer branches; the red and white gillyflowers smelling so spicy and sweet; the statues, the columns, the busts, the vases, the flights of steps below us, the noble mountains beyond, the perfect blue above—it was enchanting and not German. "There is neither sound nor speech," &c.

We went two days ago to the studio of Cornelius, to see the cartoon which he has just

finished for the Campo Santo at Berlin. It is the first and only one he has executed, though the whole series is already finished in designs of a small size, which I am happy to say are about to be published and given to the world. It is intended to cover the four walls of a square building with an equal number of fresco paintings of colossal proportions. The subjects are all scriptural, and chiefly from the New Testament. Between them are single figures, illustrating the beatitudes, from the "Sermon on the Mount;" and below and above each panel or compartment is a smaller design, representing some passage of Holy Writ—the three subjects illustrating each other by some moral or spiritual connection in the most beautiful manner; the whole is connected and woven together by ornamental designs of great elegance. Before all other things, in speaking of this great work, which should confer happiness in its conception as well as glory in its execution upon its author, I must express the deep satisfaction which his

mode of treating his subject gave me. Mr. Cornelius is, as his friend Professor ———, who accompanied us, informed us, a devout Roman Catholic, yet in his illustrations of the Life of Christ there was nothing sectarian, nothing especially revealing his own peculiar form of Christianity, nothing that was not the highest expression of the religion of Christ; not that of any particular body of his followers. It would have been impossible to tell, from contemplating these designs, to what denomination their author belonged, and equally impossible not to feel assured that he was a devout christian. The enormous labour of the whole thing struck me extremely; and the great variety of subjects, all illustrating and commenting each other in the profoundest manner, the beauty of the separate designs, the religious harmony of the whole, seemed to me, like Milton's "Paradise Lost," a noble prayer—the worthy offering of one of God's inspired to the Father of all inspirations. In comparing the subjects which I had seen treated before in the works of other

masters, there appeared to me to be a great superiority in grace and tenderness in the conceptions of Cornelius. The Raising of Lazarus appeared to me more simple and impressive than the famous Sebastian del Piombo. The Woman taken in Adultery pleased me infinitely better than Rembrandt's picture, the deep and gorgeous colouring of which does not in any degree compensate to me for the ignoble and vulgar forms of every figure in it, to which that of our Saviour is no exception. In Cornelius' design he has treated the subject in a novel manner, by representing Jesus in the act of writing with his finger upon the sand. The position and figure of the Adulteress is perfectly exquisite. Another of the drawings, the Raising to Life of the Young Man of Nain, afforded me an opportunity for a comparison, which was again in favour of Cornelius. I had seen quite lately an etching of the same subject by Overbeck, which, in spite of great merits, appeared to me crowded and confined, and wanting in the pathetic effect

which so eminently belongs to the subject. On the contrary, the design of Cornelius was simple in the extreme, and the attitude of the disconsolate mother full of expression and beauty, while the attention was not diverted, as in the composition of Overbeck, from the principal figures in the scene by the crowd of mourners, spectators, and attendants. His treatment of that most hackneyed subject among Italian painters, the Pietà, was full of the deepest pathos. In short, it would be impossible to enumerate all the designs in this great work, which struck me as remarkable for their dignity, grace, and simplicity, and which pleased me better than any treatment of the same subjects I had ever seen. The attitude of Adam and Eve after the fall was extremely striking and beautiful; the man absorbed in remorse and utter wretchedness, apparently unconscious even of the woman's presence; while she, in the midst of her agony and shame, still stretched one hand in sympathy and supplication to him. Between each of these large panels

is a figure, or group of figures, illustrating one of the beatitudes from "Christ's Sermon on the Mount." The majority of these figures were male; and at first I felt a little inclined to cavil at the illustration of "Blessed are the Peacemakers," by an aged man, full of tenderness and dignity, parting two youths about to engage in fight. It seemed to me that this subject might have found its more fitting expression in some female representative. Upon reflection, however, I feel no longer sorry, but glad that Cornelius has restored some of the virtues of Christianity to humanity at large; for chastity, modesty, temperance, meekness, humility, patience, and the forgiveness of injuries have really been made feminine instead of christian attributes quite too long. "Blessed are they that mourn," was most strikingly illustrated by a woman whose whole attitude is that of perfect misery, while, beside her, a child uplifts its hand and eyes to Heaven, with that appeal that "findeth sure reply."

After looking over these designs, the very first of which is connected with the very last by some fine link of spiritual association, we sat down before the one cartoon, the first which he has finished. It represents the passage of Revelations where the phials of God's wrath are poured out upon the earth, and the destruction of the human species by Death, War, and Pestilence. High in the middle of the picture, on a colossal horse, sits a colossal figure, beautiful and terrible to behold; the form of the face is perfect, and the compressed lips, the dilated nostrils, the knit dark brows and fatal flashing eyes; the head with its helmet; the bare body, with determination in every nerve and muscle of it; and the uplifted arms and hands clenching the fiery sword that is about to fall like a meteor upon the tribes of the children of men, form one of the finest and grandest conceptions of terror and destruction that I ever saw. The countenance forcibly reminded me of Lawrence's picture of Satan

calling his comrades from the pool of Hell. Before this vision of dismay, right under the upreared impending hoofs of his horse, kneels a woman, whose might of mother's love seems almost as though it could avert the fate that overwhelms the world; her open lips utter the cry of horror; her dilated eye, outstretched throat, and uplifted, deprecating arms, seem to keep suspended the trampling ruin that covers her like a vault. Her child, with his limbs stiff with terror, props himself against her breast, and upturns his face, full of fear and agony, to the great doom above him. Another woman kneels beside her, the twin of her anguish and horror; across her knee lies the lifeless body of her child. The group has but one fault,—the sameness in the faces, features, and expressions of the women. The similarity of action in the outstretched arm may be a defect, but seemed to me a beauty. Beside this vision of doom sits an old and meagre, but malignant fiend,—his gaunt, greedy-looking

horse comes head and hoofs downwards upon the heap of dead and dying beneath him. The old man who represents Death sets his teeth hard,—the mouth has a sinister grin of savage delight, and from beneath white bushy eyebrows a fiendish light of hatred gleams like the shining of a half-sheathed knife. A scythe is about to follow the downward sweep of this remorseless figure, reaping the world; beneath him lies a noble pile of death, a man whose every limb is dead,—a woman prone upon him, her hands buried with an action of admirable despair in the thick tresses of hair at the back of the head; above her body a child survives, turning up its forlorn countenance to the grim reaper: here again the only defect of this sublime composition makes itself felt in the resemblance of this to the face of the other child. There are also two old men's heads, which are very similar in their noble outline and expression. To the left of the fine middle figure on the rearing horse, are two admirable representations of the

third devastating curse sent to depopulate the earth; two lean, lithe, wiry figures, with thick Ethiopian lips, low receding foreheads, and turbans surmounting their hideous ghastly countenances, stretch themselves eagerly over their horses, — the one sends the poisoned arrow from his bow as he lies along the gaunt neck of his horse, that looks like a bestial personification of the plague; while the other, with scales high uplifted in one bony hand, and the other raised, as though in warning, seems uttering a cry from his swollen lips that might sound across the deserts of the earth to its places of thickest population, the coming of pestilence sweeping from the barren regions of the east to cover the world with its livid blue and green and yellow plague-spots. These two figures are admirable, so are their horses: indeed, one of the finest things in the composition appears to me the great variety and expression in the figures and countenances of these ghastly steeds. The group is unlike any other group of

horses I ever saw, and is really wonderful in its power, terror, and beauty. Above this ghastly company of destroyers floats in the air the fearful band of the spirits enfranchised by their dreadful ministry: they seem to hover just above the death-strewn earth, in an atmosphere of stillness; they look with stedfast calmness to those about to follow them; they are not afar off, but near, yet the great gulf, that parts the dead and the living, lies between them;—perhaps, indeed, only thus little removed are those who have put off mortality from us, who yet wear it; perhaps the cloud of witnesses which encompasses us is but a little way beyond those visible clouds through which we look towards what we call heaven. Oh! they are nearer at hand, and behold us with peaceful, solemn stedfastness, for they know what we but guess; and the great mysteries—sin and sorrow—are revealed to them in all their sublime significance. Before ending this meagre remembrance of this noble work of Christian art, I must not omit to mention the

illustration its author has chosen for the coming of Christ to judgment. The parable of the ten virgins has been adopted by him for the subject of this cartoon, and nothing can be more beautiful than the truth, variety, and expression of the figures, in their various attitudes of slothful oblivion or dismay, and graceful, joyful alacrity.

Riding out with ——— and ——— yesterday, we met a couple of white mules drawing a cart-load of mould. Our Italian friend told us that these white mules belonged to the Pope, to whose service they were especially dedicated, and added, with something of a sneer, that they had the honour of carrying His Holiness's dead body to be buried whenever it occurred to him to die. From this we got into a conversation upon the government and condition of the people, such as it is difficult enough to have with any native here, who, as far as I have seen them, or talked with them, keep their discourse innocent of any but the most absolutely trivial matter. He said, which indeed is tolerably apparent, that

the mass of the common people were very well off, and very contented. Labour is dear, and the wages, considering especially the cheapness of food, are high. The Roman population have however a decided objection to labour, as a degradation as well as a bore; and the greater proportion of the peasants whom one sees working in the campagna and about the vineyards and gardens come from the Neapolitan and Tuscan States. One meets them in bands, carrying their implements with them, like the Irish reapers in harvest-time in England; and more than once the great resemblance between the two races has struck me most forcibly. The comfortable condition of the lower classes in the Roman States is such, that when the last revolution at Bologna broke out, the Government entertained little or no apprehension of any rising among the people at Rome; and the Pope even dismissed his guard, to express his confidence in their good dispositions. The physical well-being of the great mass of the popu-

lation is of course decidedly inimical to any revolution, for physical well-being is all that the unenlightened desire, and the great mass of all societies must consist of the unenlightened for yet a long space of years. The middle class here, the professional men, are the discontented leaven in the mass. Of course, if they could depend upon the action of the whole population, important changes might ensue; but though revolutions require, for the most part, heads as well as bodies, it is easier for the great bulk of a people to effect changes for themselves, (though without guiding spirits they can only be temporary outbreaks, causing temporary change,) than for the most enlightened intelligences to force an unenlightened and physically contented population into revolutionary action. To produce great and permanent alterations in a government, great popular grievances must exist, affecting with an equal desire of change the bulk of the population and some portion of the more educated classes; without this union

nothing can be achieved but fruitless outrages of mobs, or the still more hopeless action of unripe conspiracies, ending either in bloodshed in the street gutters, on scaffolds, or the more modern retribution of a life-long penance in some fortress, like the Spielberg—political prisons, where noble spirits expiate the error of having undertaken single-handed national causes against oppression, which required a national movement to make them successful. The superstition, profligacy, insufficiency, and venality of the Government here, are nevertheless so little the cause of physical suffering to the great bulk of the people, that a very general spirit of easy contentment prevails, and such abuses as are too manifest to escape the keen observation of a very quick-witted and naturally shrewd people, are discussed and ridiculed with a freedom which might seem at first anomalous in such a state of things, but which, in fact, is another safety-valve which the Government very prudently allows to those, who, forbidden to

speak, might possibly undertake to act. There exists, therefore, in Rome generally a very great extent of license in this respect, and public and political matters are canvassed with a freedom that might seem, at first glance, quite incompatible with the generally low mental condition of the people and the absolutism of the Government. In the religious institution of confession, the latter holds an enormous political power, and it is the most frequent engine employed for the discovery and defeat of conspiracies; the party confessing to any knowledge of such machinations being always scrupulously held harmless in whatever retribution follows the revelation.

——— recited to us some highly satirical sonnets written upon the Government by a man who is a clerk in one of the government offices, and who, of course, that being the case, dares neither publish nor otherwise make known his authorship. As always happens, however, in such cases, the offensive matter finds circulation, and

it is impossible to calculate the amount of importance of such expressions of public sentiment, to which secresy and the fear of danger to those who originate and those who propagate them add an infinite zest. The lines ——— repeated to us were witty and pithy, and reminded me not a little of some of Berenger's sallies. He said the same man had written an enormous number of these political sonnets, chiefly in the sort of dialect in which the common people express themselves, many of them extremely coarse, but all of them full of satirical power and wit.

He said that there was no career here for a gentleman of family unless he chose to become a priest. He spoke with great good sense, and at the same time much bitterness, of the inefficient education to which the sons of their noble families were condemned; of the miserable intellectual results of their college and private tuition, from the prevalence of the priestly spirit throughout all, which narrowed and reduced all

mental training here to the most pitiful products. He spoke of the invariable custom which exists here, of giving young gentlemen of family entirely into the charge of some priest or abbate, who, from their earliest childhood, is by turns nursery governess, tutor, and companion, till the attainment of majority at once enfranchises the youth from this incessant supervision, and leaves him, as it were, suddenly, and from one hour to another, the entire master of his own actions,—in freedom a man; in fact and truth, an inexperienced child. The results of such an instantaneous transition from absolute restraint to absolute liberty, at the age of one-and-twenty, may be easily imagined. One of its most deplorable consequences, according to ———, was the number of unworthy marriages, which the utter inexperience of many of these young noblemen had induced them to make with artful and designing women of the lower classes; disgraceful and wretched unions, entered into in the blindness of a first youthful passion, and

entailing regret and bitter mortification as their least miserable results.

As an illustration of this system, we meet daily in our drives or walks on the Pincio, or in the Borghese gardens, one of the sons of the Prince ———, a young man born to one of the noblest names and greatest fortunes of Rome, and who daily takes his airing, like a sick dowager, (for girls in England have more freedom), in an open carriage, accompanied by his inseparable abbate, from whom, however, to judge by his appearance, a very short time must divorce him, leaving him free to follow his instructions, or to buy wisdom at its sole and costly price—experience. From this talk we fell into discussions of the approaching Easter ceremonies, and I learned with amazement that confession and attendance at the communion table and at certain preparatory religious exercises were expected, and I may say exacted, from everybody during the Holy Week —an enforced observance worse than meaningless, and which induces a spirit of bitter, secret

ridicule in those who are compelled to it by a species of social tyranny, which, with the great majority, must necessarily degenerate into contempt and dislike to all religion—this obligatory ceremonial being the only thing so called with which they are acquainted. ——— subsequently told me that every member of every parish who did not confess and take the sacrament some time during the Easter festivities was actually posted up publicly. What further catastrophe ensued I do not know, but few people brought up in a priest-ridden community such as this would care to affront the obloquy of such a publication. I presume that to any one hardy enough to brave it, however, admonition and eventual excommunication would be the consequence. After all, bigoted and illiberal as all this may appear, it is not by any means peculiar to this country or this sect. And when I remember that in the heart of America, the self-styled land of political freedom and religious toleration, in the city of brotherly love (so called), I have seen the sky

blood-red with the light of burning Catholic churches; when, in Massachusets, a priest can illustrate his discourse by designating from his pulpit, as a warning to the rest of his congregation, such among them as happen to differ from his orthodoxy in opinion, the particular folly and tyranny of one set of sectarians loses its miserable prominence, when brought into comparison with similar exhibitions of the same spirit, under different names and in different parts of the world; there is through all, unfortunately, a strong family likeness. Our landlord informed us, to our great surprise, that the holiness of Easter extended through the whole week following Easter Sunday, to that degree, that in the Roman Catholic church no marriages were allowed during that time.

I have seen to-day the first acacia blossoms of the spring.

UPON A BRANCH OF FLOWERING ACACIA.

THE blossoms hang again upon the tree,
As when with their sweet breath they greeted me
Against my casement, on that sunny morn,
When thou, first blossom of my spring, wast born.
And as I lay, panting from the fierce strife
With death and agony that won thy life,
Their snowy clusters hung on their brown bough,
E'en as upon my breast, my May-bud, thou.
They seem to me thy sisters, Oh, my child!
And now the air, full of their fragrance mild,
Recalls that hour, a tenfold agony
Pulls at my heart-strings, as I think of thee.
Was it in vain! Oh, was it all in vain!
That night of hope, of terror, and of pain,
When from the shadowy boundaries of death,
I brought thee safely, breathing living breath

Upon my heart—it was a holy shrine,
Full of God's praise—they laid thee, treasure mine!
And from its tender depths the blue heaven smiled,
And the white blossoms bowed to thee, my child,
And solemn joy of a new life was spread,
Like a mysterious halo round that bed.
And now how is it, since eleven years' '
Have steeped that memory in bitterest tears?
Alone, heart-broken, on a distant shore,
Thy childless mother sits lamenting o'er
Flowers, which the spring calls from this foreign earth,
Thy twins, that crowned the morning of thy birth.
How is it with thee—lost—lost—precious one!
In thy fresh spring time growing up alone?
What warmth unfolds thee?—what sweet dews are shed,
Like love and patience over thy young head?
What holy springs feed thy deep inner life?
What shelters thee from passion's deadly strife?

What guards thy growth, straight, strong, and full and free,
Lovely and glorious, oh, my fair young tree ?
God—Father—thou—who by this awful fate
Hast lopp'd, and stripp'd, and left me desolate!
In the dark bitter floods that o'er my soul
Their billows of despair triumphant roll,
Let me not be o'erwhelmed!—Oh, they are thine
These jewels of my life—not mine—not mine!
So keep them, that the blossoms of their youth
Shall, in a gracious growth of love and truth,
With an abundant harvest honour Thee:
And bless the blight which Thou hast sent on me;
Withering and blasting, tho' it seem to fall,
Let it not, oh, my Father! drink up all
My spirit's sap—so from this fate shall grow
The palm branch for my hand and for my brow,
With which, a hopeful pilgrim, I may tread
The shadowy path where rest awhile the dead,
Ere they rise up, a glorious company,
To find their lost ones, and to worship Thee!

I have been taking a series of beautiful rides in the campagna; I wish very much to preserve, if possible, some record of the various features of that vast, wonderful plain,—but words multiplied to weariness can very hardly express one tithe of the loveliness and sublimity that the eye sweeps over in a minute on that enchanted ground; and first, we come upon some point of it where it spreads out before us a wide, flat expanse, hazy and unbroken as a summer sea, over whose level surface whole companies of larks trill and twitter, and twinkle, with a perfect chorus of jubilant song, of which our lonely field-singer gives not the faintest conception. It is very curious, by the bye, the fuller life to which all things seem ripened by this southern climate: not only do the larks appear in perfect cohorts over these sunny plains, and sing with a loud clearness, unequalled, certainly, by our solitary morning bird; but the same

sort of difference manifests itself in flowers common to both countries. The daisies here have a wide-awake determined air, which would have made Burns' address to them absolutely ironical; their buds are of the deepest crimson, their flowers are of the most unhesitating white, with little stiff-necked stalks, and faces all turned up to the sky with a degree of self-possession quite astonishing in a mere daisy. The China roses have all a much deeper colour, and stronger perfume than with us. I saw one to-day, a bud sitting under some fresh taper polished green leaves, beneath which a single ray of the sun darted upon the passionate-coloured crimson flower, that sat beneath its canopy, in an atmosphere of living light, and glowed in a sunshine all to itself, like a jewel: I never saw such a magic effect of colour in my life. Then, too, the violets here could never, even by the most courteous device of poetry, have been celebrated for their modesty; from fresh vigorous tufts of veined leaves they shoot long slender stalks,

with deep-coloured red purple blossoms, in absolute sheaves—not low down—not nestling under shade—not shrinking into moss and retirement; but looking as everything here seems to do—towards the sun, and opening their sweet bosoms to the warm air: that at noon in our little terrace garden was full of their perfume.

But to return to the campagna, after loosing our reins, and giving our horses their heads in a swinging gallop over this flowery ocean, it gradually seems to rise and fall around us, and the level plain sinks and swells into billows and waves of undulating green, flowing and melting into each other, like the beautiful limbs of the gigantic statues of the Parthenon. Small valleys open into each other between these swellings, all golden with butter-cups, or powdered, as with the new-fallen snow, with daisies; gradually these gentle eminences rise into higher mounds, with rocky precipitous sides and cliffs, and rugged walls of warm yellow-coloured earth or rock, with black mouths opening into them, half

curtained with long tangled tresses of wild briar and ivy, and crested with gold fringes of broom and gorse, and blue black tufts of feathery verdure. At a distance, where the plain opens again before us, clumps of wood, of insignificant appearance, dot the level ground; on nearer approach, they lose the dwarf, stunted look which the wide field on which they stand tends to give them, and presently we ride slowly between the talon-like roots, and under the twisted gnarled boughs of cork and ilex trees, warped into fantastic growth by the sweeping of the winds, and covering with their dusky foliage a wild carpet of underbrush, all strewed with flowers—violets, purple hyacinths, with their honey-sweet smell and dark-blue blossoms, white spires of delicate heaths, the clear azure stars of the periwinkle, and the tall flower-fretted stalks of the silver rod—asphodel; these, woven into one cloak of beauty, spread themselves over the ragged sides and rough gullies of these patches of forest, and every now and then we reach an eminence from which

a fine dark sea of hoary woodland rolls down into the neighbouring hollows, and crests the rounded promontories all round us. Again we come to free level ground, and cantering along, find ourselves on the brink of sudden rifts in the smooth surface of the land—deep rents, torn by the rain in the crumbling volcanic soil—tattered gullies, with a sparkling thread of live water running through them, and thickets of exquisite wild hedge-growth fringing them; snow-white drifts of hawthorn, and honey-suckle wreaths, send up their mingled perfume towards the sun—a paradise of wild sweetness, enchanting the senses of the wanderer through this wonderful wilderness; here and there we come to perfect rummages in the banks by wind and weather—slides of rich brown earth, over which scars in the earth's bosom Nature makes haste to draw the edges of her flowery mantle; and now our horses' hoofs spring over long strips of emerald sward, flowing like broad, winding rivers between level ranges of low hills. The close grain of the thick grass

is starred with the tiny blossoms of the wild geranium, and every now and then we trample a patch of narcissus with their cream-coloured blossoms and blue stiff leaves, and think how preciously we should have gathered them from a northern garden. On each side of these long narrow vallies young wood growth stretches a light screen, fragrant with the freshness of the spring, or vocal with its thousand melodies. Rounding the grassy slope of a hill-side, we come upon one of the scattered habitations of the campagna—hardly, however, a human habitation—a low-thatched shed, scarcely large enough to permit one man or two dogs to be curled up beneath its shelter from sun or rain. Further on stands the untidy, stinking cottage, with its sheep-pens of nets stretched over the neighbouring pasture, within whose bounds the brown sheep stray nibbling; their undyed wool forms the clothing of the friars, whose dress is a constant source of delight to me, from its fine rich colour, and ample folds. Without the net, and

wandering on a sort of free guard, the white wolfish dogs of the campagna prowl round the settlement, and come yelling, and barking, and bounding furiously towards us, while leaning lazily on his staff, as we go by, the shepherd himself completes the picture; with his goat-skin breeches, and sheep-skin cloak, and matted black mane of his own tangled locks, out of which his eyes gleam like coals of fire. Far off we see the grey fortress farms rising in masses from steep foundations, and looking over the flowery, sunny waste for miles to their distant fraternity,—the tombs of ancient Italy, the watch-towers and castles of the middle ages, the peaceful, romantic dwellings of the peasants and herdsmen and vine-dressers of modern Rome. On some neighbouring hill-side shines, like a sapphire in a white stone setting, one of those long basins, wherein the fresh springs of the campagna are treasured up—upon the hot margin of which the golden, green, and black enamelled lizards run up and down, sunning themselves, and rustle

away through the grass as we slowly pass along by the stone hem of the fountain. Here we look down upon a glaring road winding far up to the mountains, and betraying its course by the fine clouds of dust that tell where, lazily along the blinding way, the mouse-coloured oxen in sober society draw the lumbering carts, wherein or whereon lie stretched the sleeping hinds that should lead or guide them. Long trains of rusty mules, fastened by the tail to each other's heads, walk invisible beneath a high, thorny, tottering mountain of brushwood, piled on each side and all over them like a brown mist, now tipped here and there with vivid green, the young twigs having been cut full of sap and buds and yellow golden sprouts; from beneath which curious canopy nothing is seen but the head fastened to the tail of its predecessor, and the tail tied to the head of its successor. Beside these jingle merrily along those little carts laden with small wine-casks, with their curious canopy formed out of the main

branches and boughs of some tree; this is lodged somewhere in the body of the vehicle, covered with skins and leather, stuffed with straw, lined with coarse sackcloth, and so contrived as to turn round and screen from either side the driver, who, half lying, half sitting under this shelter, half opens his bead-like eyes and pushes the pointed hat, with its bright bunch of crimson stocks or orange-coloured wall-flowers, half off his blue-black hair to scratch his head, as lazily as if he grudged the trouble, while his bronze face sparkles through all its sleepiness with the brilliant colouring and vivid expression peculiar to this singularly handsome race. Passing these at a more rapid pace comes the mounted peasant or cattle-driver; his short jacket, tight breeches, and leather gaiters, buckled like armour round his legs, showing admirably his straight and well-proportioned limbs; his dark green or brown cloak is strapped to the high-peaked saddle, and in his hand he carries a long light lance headed with a goad, which adds immensely

to the picturesqueness of his appearance. By the side of some of these roads, marking wherever they remain the lines of the old Roman ways, stand the ruined tombs, that have not been converted into habitations for the living,—nameless monuments of nameless existences, long since gone out amid the perpetual extinguishment of life, whose mellow-tinted walls yet raise above the sward of the campagna their crumbling ivy-clasped fragments. Among these ruins, some are land-marks and special features in the wide waste, as all know who have directed their gallop across it by the round tower of Cecilia Metella, the arch of the Torre de' Schiavi, or the congregation of ruined walls at the Sette Bassi. The chief glory of the whole scene however, its grandest and loveliest feature, are the broken links of those thirteen chains that once bound the mountains to Rome by streams of living water. The crown of the campagna, the graceful and sad-looking aqueducts,—for nothing can be seen of a more melancholy beauty than these broken

arches and interrupted channels, the flowers sown by many hundred springs, waving from every crevice and cranny, the ivy climbing up each pier and buttress, and the whole campagna, with its boundary of glorious hills, seen through their arches, like a magnificent series of enchanting pictures, each more perfect than the other. From these witnesses of the power of Rome's Cæsars, the eye passes naturally to the mountains, and the mind to Him, the King of Kings, whose monuments they are. They stand round this vast plain, which is the noble margin of Rome,—a fitting frame to the great picture,—in pearly light that reveals every fold and plait of their recesses in purple shadow, that seems as though the hand could feel its thickness in every variety of form and aspect, rugged, savage, wild, gentle, smiling, and majestic; they circle round half the wondrous plain, the silver shining of the Mediterranean bounds the other half, and the unspotted arch of this proverbial sky bends its perfect azure over all. To these

things which the eye beholds, let the mind add (as how can it forbear?) but one tithe of the recollections that throng every part it dwells upon, and where can be found in all the world a scene of equal interest and beauty. Beneath the ruined arch below the holy wood, the fountain of Egeria still pours on its legendary stream; over the turbid waters of the Tiber hover the heroic forms that history has but lately and reluctantly yielded to the domain of poetry. Upon the Monte Sacro the shadowy host of a whole people stand, claiming from their oppressors those rights so slowly wrested from them through the domestic strife of centuries. Along the banks of the Allia, the Gaulish hordes rush, shaking the earth beneath their multitudinous trampling feet, rending the sky with their barbaric war shouts. Along the Appian way Paul walks with steadfast feet towards martyrdom; and by the bridge of Milvius, the blinding vision of the Cross smites Constantine with instantaneous faith. Rome herself, as we looked long at her to-day, sits in a silver

mist of snowy blossoming trees, the focus towards which, as towards their proper centre, all these glorious recollections tend—crowned Queen of the world by reverential memory, as once she ruled by absolute dominion and the great genius of the men she bore.

VERSES ON ROME.

Oh! Rome, tremendous, who, beholding thee,
Shall not forget the bitterest private grief
That e'er made havoc of one single life?
Oh! triple crown'd, by glory, faith, and beauty,
Thine is the tiara which thy priest assumes,
By conquest of the nations of the earth,
By spiritual sovereignty o'er men's souls,—
By universal homage of all memory.
When at thy capitol's base I musing stand,
Thy ruined temple shafts rising all round me,

Masts of the goodliest wreck, 'neath Time's deep
flood,
Whose tide shall ne'er rise high enough to cover
them;
Thou comest in thy early strength before me,
Fair—stern—thy rapid foot-prints stamp'd in
blood;
The iron sword clench'd in thy hand resistless,
And helmeted like Pallas, whose great thoughts
Still made thy counsels as thy deeds victorious.
Beautiful—terrible—looking o'er the earth
With eyes like shafts of fire, and with a voice
That uttered doom, calling its ends thy border;
Resolute, absolute, steadfast, and most noble;
A mistress whom to love was to obey,
For whom to live was to be prompt to die,
Whose favour was the call to sterner duty,
Whose frown was everlasting ignominy.
So stand'st thou, Virgin Rome, before mine eyes,
Type of all heathen national strength and virtue.

When thro' the Vatican's sounding halls I stray,

Thy second sov'reignty comes sweeping towards
me,
In gold and blood-red splendour borne aloft,
The colour of thy garments still kept fresh,
With blood of thy confessors and deniers,
Pour'd for and by thee over the whole earth;
So come those, carried in thy insolent meekness
Upon the shoulders of obedient Emperors,
Shrouded in clouds of mystic incense, voices
Of adoration in a thousand tongues,
Like mingling waters rolling round thy feet;
The cross, the sword, the keys,—potent insignia
Of thy stupendous double majesty,
Shining amid the lightings of those curses
Which gleam with ominous brightness round thy
path;
So sweeps thy second empire, Rome, before me.
And even now the pageant vanishes
Out from the portals of the palaces
Where it hath dwelt so long; I see the last
Waving and glancing of its impotent splendour,
And a dim twilight fills the place it filled.

Twilight of coming night or coming morning,
Who shall decide, save Him who rules them both.
And in the doubtful grey, one man alone
Stands in the place of that great mummery,
The throne borne on the backs of emperors
Lies at his feet; and lo! a ghastly bed,
Where, 'mid diseases and corruptions loathsome,
Infirm, decrepid, crippled, impotent,
Yet bright-eyed with vitality unconquerable,
At its great heart the ancient faith lies gasping;
Beneath his hand a glorious shape springs up,
From whose bright veins a stream of healing youth
Is poured into the withered blood-conduits
Of the bed-ridden Church; and she arises—
And they two stand together, and uplift
That song of praise whose first unearthly sound
Was the loud death-cry sent from Calvary;
Whose sweetness yet shall sound thro' all the world,
And rise to heaven, whence it shall echo back
His praise whose service shall be perfect freedom.

Loveliest and dearest art thou to me, Rome,
When from the terrace of my sometime home,
At early morning I behold thee lying,
All bathed in sunshine far below my feet.
Upon the ancient, sacred Quirinal,
Gleam the white palaces and orange gardens,
Towards which are turned all eyes, are stretched all hands,
Where, guarded round by Faith, and Hope, and Love,
The expectation of the people dwells.
On the pale azure of the tender sky
Thy mighty outline lies like the huge features
Of some divine colossal type of beauty;
Far to the left, beyond the Angel's tower,
Rises the temple of the world, and stretch
The Vatican's glorious arsenals of art,
Where still abide the immortal gods of Greece,
Where worship still the tribes of all the earth;
While from the blue and tufted Doria pines,
My eye delighted round the horizon wanders
To where the Falconieri cypress shafts

Pierce the transparent ether. Close at hand,
Over the nunnery wall, where, in sweet mockery,
The bridal flower its silver blossoms spreads,
Rises a chorus of clear virgin voices,
Chanting sweet salutations—greetings holy—
As once did Gabriel to the "blest 'mong women."
No other sound makes vibrate the still air,
Save the quick beating of the wings of doves,
That from the sanctuary come to drink
At the clear dropping fountain in our garden.
Upon its curving margin they alight,
And make alive the graceful image traced
In the stone painting of the antique artist.
To me they call a lovelier image up—
A fair young girl, with shining braided hair,
And graceful head divine, gently inclined
Towards her shoulder, where a dove has lighted,
That with quick glancing eye and beak familiar,
And soft round head, and swelling purple breast,
Stands friendly, while the child towards it turns
Eyes like two streams of liquid light, and lips
Parted in smiling rosy eagerness.

Oh, Rome! I do not see thee any more;
This do I see—this loveliest, dearest vision
But for a moment, and my tears have blotted
Thy glory and its sweetness out together.

The holy week is over, the religious carnival of Rome—during which the curiosity and ill manners of foreigners render every Catholic place of worship a perfect bear-garden, and would almost make it impossible to believe that the same seasons were held equally sacred by all denominations of Christians. On Palm Sunday we went to St. Peter's, to see the benediction of, and the procession of palms. We made the best of our way to one of the tribunes, for which we had tickets, through a crowd of frantic women who certainly made all sorts of amazonian legends credible; the poor Italian gentleman who stood at the entrance of the tribune seemed in imminent peril of being crushed to death by this flood of feminine intrepidity. A woman before me

who had been separated from her friends by the throng, kept loudly exhorting them to "push on and not to mind her, that she would follow,"—and follow she did undauntedly, by pushing between my sister and myself, and forcibly separating us, though for greater security we had hold of each other's hand. Upon my beseeching her not to separate me from my companion, she replied at the very top of her voice, "I might as well say the same thing to you, ma'am; besides, the place is not so large, you'll find your party again, I dare say." This, uttered with a face crimson with obstreperous struggles, and arms and legs working like the wings of a windmill in every direction, accompanied by a loud exhortation to her party "to get on, that she would make out," &c., were my sole consolation.

The chanting of High Mass was long and tedious, and I took advantage of it to read the service for the day in my own prayer-book; the splendid church, with its motley crowd of gazers and worshippers; its priests, in purple robes and

grey fur tippets; its brown bare-headed friars; the servant and peasant girls in their scarlet jackets and picturesque head gear; the lady spectators in their becoming Spanish costume; and, above all, the glorious and beautiful effects of light and shade upon the whole pageant, delighted me extremely. The procession itself did not strike or please me so much as that of Candlemas, and I was much disappointed with the appearance of the palms themselves, which, though indeed branches of trees, were pealed of their green bark, stripped of their leaves, and curled and twisted into an appearance so perfectly artificial, that it required absolute knowledge, or absolute faith, to realise that they were not entirely artificial products. I had imagined the whole throng of splendidly dressed priests and officers bearing real branches and palms in their hands, like that multitude who, drunk with the excitement of admiration and awe, cast down their garments in the way, and filled the air with Hosannas as Christ passed on into Jeru-

salem, from which he was to go forth again so soon, dragging his own cross amid the groans and insults of that very populace. The form of worship, too, in the ceremonies of the Romish Church disturbs me excessively, because it is ridiculous to me. I hate to look at the holy things of my brethren with unsympathising eyes, and I cannot help it; nor, when they set the Pope down, and take him up, and cover his legs, and uncover them, and kiss and bow and bend, and hand him here and there like a poor precious little old doll, can I refrain from a feeling of disgust and displeasure; so that, upon the whole, these church spectacles are very unsatisfactory to me.

The next morning early, in my daily walk of discovery, I wandered into the little church of St. Mark, attached to the Venetian palace, which is now the residence of the Austrian Embassy. The chapel, for it was hardly larger than one, was full of gorgeous colours, gilding, rich marbles, and profuse ornaments; most

of the funeral tablets bore Venetian names. Mass was going on, and round a species of temporary inclosure, formed by low square scarlet-covered benches, knelt a number of young boys and girls; the white dresses and veiled heads of the latter announced that they were going through the ceremony of their first communion; round them sat and stood, in various attitudes of anxiety and sympathy, a company of mothers and female friends. Mass was said, and some beautiful chanting enlivened the pious mummery; after which an aged priest, apparently, by his dress, of high church rank, entered the enclosure, and kneeling on a crimson-coloured hassock, began a discourse in Italian, upon the subject of the ceremony about to be performed by the young communicants. This address, which he made in the person of the children themselves, alternately to the Redeemer and the Virgin Mary, became, by degrees, more and more passionate, the preacher throwing his arms about, striking his breast, wringing his hands, and

uttering the most violent exclamations of sorrow and repentance at the "tanti peccati" which the children had committed, "tanti disgusti" they had given the Saviour and his Divine Mother. During this discourse, or rather series of ejaculations, the emotion of the children, especially the young girls, went gradually crescendo, until, when the preacher arrived at the climax of mercy shown to these poor sinning souls—in now being permitted to eat the very body of this their offended and pardoning God,—there was one response of sobs, wails, and hysterical cries, and for awhile the prayer was interrupted by the explosion of excited feeling it had occasioned. I do not wonder at such an effect being produced upon young imaginations and young nerves; what with the thrilling music, the faint smell of the incense which pervaded every part of the church, the infectious emotion of their companions, and the passionate cries and appeals of the priest addressing them—the dose of excitement was certainly pretty strong for young southern girls

of from twelve to fourteen years old: what good result might spring from so much purely physical emotion and so much overstrained imagination, I know not. I prayed heartily, and with all my soul, for those young creatures, for whom my sympathy was deeply excited, even by what appeared to me the danger of the process they were undergoing. Most of the girls had their faces buried in their handkerchiefs; one of them, a very pretty lassie, whose dress was rather more elegant than the rest, removed hers to look at somebody near her, and, to my astonishment, her eyes were perfectly tearless, and her face smiling rather maliciously—that girl's nerves must be incomparably strong: the impression of that laughing young face, hidden again almost instantaneously in the handkerchief, was like a sudden discord in sweet music. When the tumult of religious fervour had a little subsided, another priest entered the enclosure bearing the Sacrament, and it was given to each of the children. It was curious to detect the mothers and friends

of each by the tender sympathy expressed in their faces, and their gradual eager approach as their particular charge received the sacred wafer; another priest then gave to each of them a small ticket—a species of voucher testifying that they had gone through this holy ceremony—and so it all ended. As I turned away I saw, kneeling in a confessional, a man who was unburthening his conscience of its sins. He was not kneeling, as is most customary, in one of the side compartments, and speaking through the usual small opening, but the door of the confessional was open, and he was kneeling between the feet of the priest, whose hand, with a singular gesture of tenderness, was placed round his shoulder, while his head inclined towards him, so as to hear alone the revelation that was being made. This group struck me, and I waited to see them move. The confession ended, the penitent rose, but turned from me, and I did not see his face; that of the priest, who was quite a young man, was beautiful, sweet, and calm, and most benevolent:

the affectionate and commiserating attitude had not deceived me. How wonderfully expressive the whole body of an earnest human being is—how eloquent of any pervading and habitual feeling the whole carriage and deportment becomes.

On Thursday, in Passion Week, we went to St. Peter's, intending to proceed to the Sistine chapel, and hear Allegri's Miserere, which we had been informed was to be chanted there. We neglected, however, to dress ourselves in black, and the want of this proper formality prevented our being able to go to the Pope's chapel—where, however, after all, the famous composition of Allegri was not performed. There is a species of rivalry between the choir of St. Peter's and that of the Sistine chapel, and the several priests belonging to each do not scruple to give the most untrue accounts to foreigners who ask information of them, always taking care to make it appear that whatever is best worth hearing or seeing is going on at their own

particular chapel or church. They are like rival showmen or managers. Thus disappointed of our intended afternoon's entertainment, or edification, as I suppose it would be more proper to say, we seated ourselves in one of the chapels of St. Peter's, opposite to that which is used as the choir, and resigned ourselves to listen to the chanting which was being performed there, and which came across the vast dome to us in wailing melodious snatches, the effect of which was most melancholy, vague, and striking at the same time. We sat here for a long time, the light gradually dying out from the lower and further parts of the great building; group after group of worshippers or gazers passed down the nave, while priests and monks, and country men and women in picturesque dresses, came one after another, and kneeled near where we sat, to say a prayer or two, sauntering off again in the twilight, which began to thicken all round us. I presently perceived that a man had placed himself on the bench by my sister, and was whisper-

ing to her. He was well dressed, and decent looking; my surprise was all the greater when she informed me that he was a beggar, who had thought proper to address his reclamations to her in that familiar and peculiar manner. After remaining here until, what with the dim light, the distant chanting, the monotonous shuffling of feet upon the pavement, and the faint smell of incense pervading the air, I was falling into a sort of dream of St. Peter's, we rose and walked towards another chapel, where, as part of some of the peculiar ceremonies of the day, some hundreds of tapers were burning. The effect of this illuminated altar, before which knelt a large and most picturesque congregation of adorers, contrasted with the gloom which was beginning to invade the rest of the church, was very beautiful and striking. In coming hither we had passed the confessional where, on this one day of the year, a Cardinal appointed for the purpose receives in public the confession of certain great criminals, who have committed

offences for which the ordinary priest's absolution is not sufficient. The time for the Cardinal's entering the confessional had not arrived when we passed it, but there was already kneeling there a poor man, in the dress of a peasant, with his head buried in his hands, in an attitude which might have been either that of intense devotion or bitter self-reproach. On our return from the illuminated altar we found the crowd speedily gathering round this part of the church in anxious expectation of the Cardinal's arrival —the penitent neither moved from his place nor altered his attitude, while group after group of eager spectators joined themselves to the numbers waiting to witness his humiliation. The confessional was raised considerably above the pavement of the church—a species of enclosure was formed all round it, within which as many privileged and intrepid people as could effect an entrance placed themselves. At length the Cardinal entered the enclosure, and seated himself; and the man who had been awaiting his

arrival took his place at his feet, and kneeling so that the Cardinal by inclining his head brought his ear nearly on a level with his mouth, the confession began.

I had always been very desirous of witnessing this singular scene. I once saw a picture of it at the exhibition in the National Gallery; and ——— had given me a description of it that had interested me deeply. For a length of time the two actors in the strange scene preserved the same attitudes, and it was difficult to tell from their deportment that anything so solemn as the confession of a deadly crime was passing between them. The crowd in the meantime remained silent and riveted, watching with intense interest and curiosity the effect of what he was hearing upon the Cardinal's features; at length they became expressive of great disturbance. The crowd and the imperfect light combined to make it difficult to see distinctly; but as I eagerly bent forward to watch what was passing, I saw his

face flushed, and his brow knit; he clutched his fur tippet repeatedly with a gesture of great nervous agitation,—wiped his forehead hastily once or twice, and then spoke so low indeed that no syllable transpired, but with an appearance of earnestness and vehement solemnity that was very striking. After addressing the penitent in this extremely emphatic manner for some time, he signed the cross repeatedly and hurriedly over him; and the impression left on my mind by his manner was that of extreme annoyance and moral disgust at the impartment he had received. As the poor man who had thus purchased rest to his conscience traversed the crowd to depart, we saw his face quite distinctly. It was a common stolid countenance, with no peculiar indication of passion or depravity upon it; and, considering the scene in which he had just borne so conspicuous and unenviable a part, his deportment was singularly careless and unimpressed. The remaining spectators now pressed

forward in rapid succession to be touched by a wand which had been placed in the Cardinal's hand, and which he extended, I presume, in benediction over all who, passing before him, made an obeisance. I never saw anything more disgusting than the carriage of the various foreign women who surrounded us this afternoon; but principally, I am sorry to say, Englishwomen. Their indecent curiosity, and eagerness to satisfy it; their total apparent forgetfulness of the sacred purposes to which the place where they were was dedicated; the coarse levity of their observations and comments upon what was going on; their determined perseverance in their own flirtations and absurd conversation in the midst of the devotions of the people whose church they were invading; their discussions of their own plans of amusement, all really gave a most painful impression of their want of good feeling, good sense, and good manners. As we were passing round the church, we were suddenly summoned to

make way, and several of the Swiss guard of the Pope pushed by, escorting a couple of ladies dressed in black, and making way for them among the crowd; we hurried after them, and found that they were going to meet the procession of female pilgrims, who come up yearly to the Easter festivals to Rome, and who, on their arrival, are received by a charitable sisterhood, the members of which are taken from all classes of Roman women, many of whom are of the highest birth and rank; they meet these poor women at the gate of St. Peter's, and escort them up the church to the illuminated altar, where they pay their devotions, after which they are taken to the Hospital of the Pilgrims, where they are lodged and entertained for three days and nights. Just as we reached the entrance of the church the procession was entering, and we stood to see them go down the nave; weary-looking, dirty, sickly, miserable creatures, in the coarse peasant's dress of the poorest class of country people, walking two and two; be-

tween each couple, one of the Roman sisterhood of Charity leading them by the hand. The procession was extremely numerous, and filled the vast building from one end to another. We did not stay to see them all pass in, but weary of our traveller's business of looking and listening, left the great church, while the swarm was still pouring in endless succession through its open gate into its dim depths, which were now, at the furthest extremity, quite lost in darkness.

Good Friday.—We were determined not to lose the services at the Sistine Chapel to-day, so in good time, and duly equipped in full Spanish costume, we drove to St. Peter's; but we were so far from being the first, that it was impossible even to obtain entrance into the chapel; at least we thought so, until we saw some Russian ladies, who arrived after us, shoulder and elbow their way through the dense mass of humanity that blocked up the door, with a moral courage and physical strength that excited our admiration,

without, however, inspiring us to imitate it. A poor priest, who, like ourselves, was content to listen to such of the holy strains as escaped beyond the precincts of the chapel, was literally so hustled by these ladies, that, *au désespoir de cause*, he fairly retreated, leaving them, after the usual fashion of the world, to enjoy the place out of which they had, by dint of effrontery, ejected their betters. Thus, in the heat, suffocation, and intolerable stench of an Italian crowd, (which those who have experienced once will not have forgotten), I heard through the door, blocked up with human figures, the few notes of the miserere which oozed through the living wall, and saw above their heads, for the first time, the visions of glory with which the vault of the Sistine Chapel is clothed. It was not, after all, we found, the famous miserere, but one by a modern composer, who has a great reputation here, of the name of Baini. After standing in this uneasy listening post till all was ended, we descended to the church, where the Pope was

expected to come and worship certain relics; among others, the pocket-handkerchief with which St. Veronica wiped our Saviour's forehead, as he carried his cross towards Calvary; precious objects of Roman Catholic veneration, which are only exposed to the adoration of the faithful on this one day of the year. It was already late in the afternoon, and the beautiful church was filled with solemn shadows; nothing could exceed the wonderful effect of these great long aisles, and sublime domes, under this soft and awful light. The presence of the Pope's guard, and the long procession of Cardinals, gave splendour and infinite variety to the scene, while in one of the side aisles the Brethren of Mercy, in their hideous black dominoes, looking like story-book pictures of devils more than anything else, came on in slow march, bearing banners, crucifixes, and lamps,—the most unearthly procession conceivable. The Pope himself did not come to worship the relics after all; the duties of the holy week are extremely arduous, and the poor

old gentleman was too much exhausted to go through this part of the ceremonies of the day. At a high sort of balcony, looking down upon the baldacchino over the high altar, some priests now appeared, and walking backwards and forwards, paraded something in their hands to the eyes of the devout and edified crowd; all went down on their knees, but as the objects they professed to see were at a height of at least a hundred feet above them, my eyes would not serve me, and having thus neither sight nor faith, I cannot tell what was exhibited at that exalted station. No sooner had the crowd dispersed after this ceremonial, than we hurried to our carriage, and drove to the house of Monsignore ———, who had obligingly promised to obtain an entrance for us at the Hospital of the Pilgrims, to see the ceremony of washing their feet; we went thither accordingly, and, parting from our male companions at the door, who were taken on one side to see the ceremony performed by the Roman gentlemen upon the feet of the male

pilgrims, we were introduced into the female department of the Charity by Monsignore ———, who, in a sort of geranium-coloured calico blouse, with a white apron over it, ushered us into an apartment, where the door was kept by another church dignitary, similarly accoutred. Here we found ourselves in the midst of the charitable sisterhood of which I spoke yesterday, whose members received the pilgrims, and led them up the church of St. Peter's. These ladies were attired all of them either in coloured cotton gowns, or black silk; over their dresses they all had red aprons, with a large badge or device, probably that of the Charity they belong to, fastened upon the breast. This association is extremely numerous, and includes women of various ranks in society. One of the principal members of it is the Princess ———, who was pointed out to me with an air of great satisfaction by one of the humbler members of the sisterhood. Upon our entrance we were led down into a lower room, where two long tables were being laid for the pilgrims, who

were to eat the supper provided for them there after their feet had been washed; we were inclosed in a sort of narrow alley between these two hospitable boards. The space was crowded with visitors like ourselves, most of them Englishwomen, and I again had to admire sorrowfully the exquisite bad taste of their deportment, and the comments they indulged in upon everything about them; but especially the dress, air, manner and looks of the gentlemen, who, in the livery of the Charity, *i. e.*, the red blouse and white apron, guarded the outer door, through which we were to pass to the washing apartment, and who, when all things were in a due state of preparation, removed a bar and permitted our egress, not without, however, repeated and most necessary entreaties to the lady visitors that they would proceed gently and in order. We descended a narrow stairs, lined with ladies in their charity costume, and arrived at a low white-washed room with a stone floor, around which ran a wooden bench, upon which, with

their shoes and stockings off, sat a number of the poor women for whose supposed benefit the ceremony was about to take place. I am compelled to say *supposed*, for I think that nobody, looking at the whole scene with the eye of common sense, would have seen anything but awkwardness, embarrassment, and a sort of terrified surprise, fatigue, and shy dismay depicted on the countenances of the poor creatures, as they sat with bare feet, the gaze of the mob of chattering, giggling women, who filled the room. It is a rule that each of these pilgrims must have walked an hundred miles to entitle them to the hospitality of this institution, which, besides the problematical comfort of this public feet-washing, provides them with the less doubtful accommodation of food and lodging for three days. Most of these poor creatures were in the meanest and coarsest peasant's apparel: their filthy shoes and stockings lay beside them, ready to cover again the feet after the unwonted ablution; many of them looked ill and faint, all of them weary

and stupified with the strangeness of the scene, in which they appeared most confused and suffering actors. Before each of them knelt the lady who was to wash their feet, with hands crossed upon her breast in the attitude of prayer. In the midst of the room swarmed and flitted, like a parcel of flies, the foreign gazers, and to and fro, through the idle crowd, like so many bees, buzzed and hummed, upon their busy errand of charity, the red-apron'd ladies' hospitallers. Presently one of the gentlemen in a blouse (I presume of course a priest) appeared; he pronounced a short prayer, and the word of command, "Lavate," was given, when the process of cleansing began, during which the same minister read aloud from an open book, and by the light of the candle held by one of the officiating ladies, a sort of church service, which lasted while the washing went on. When it was over with this set,—for the number being more than the room could accommodate, they came down by relays from the chamber above—we

withdrew to the supper-rooms to see the preparations for their refreshment. We were informed that between two and three hundred pilgrims had arrived the evening before—as many this evening; and that a still greater number might be expected to-morrow,—the last day of the Holy Week, and of their hospitable reception. The scene in the great supper-room was curious in the extreme, and must have been extremely gratifying to those who, like ———, particularly desired to see a real princess perform the offices of a servant-maid. The tables were set, knives and forks, plates, spoons, and glasses, all placed in order by ladies of various ranks of nobility, and great trays full of dishes of food were brought in in apparently endless succession, and their contents deposited on the long tables by the same noble and gentle personages. The young girls, of whom there were a great number, who, in the uniform of the Charity, bustled about, laughing, talking, and apparently enjoying extremely their tem-

porary transformation into waiting-women, gave great liveliness and animation to the scene; while to the elder ladies it appeared a rather more onerous duty, especially as the vast room was filled to suffocation with visitors, many of whom were their personal acquaintance, to whom they had to do the honours of the sight, and between whom and the pilgrims their attentions were divided with infinite zeal and alacrity: they must have been most dreadfully tired, I am sure; for the din, and confusion, and hot air of human breath, and steam of food, and smell of dirty fellow-creatures, (I regret to say it, pilgrims though they were,) almost made me faint. In one room the poor creatures who had gone through their washing, were all penned up together like so many cattle; and, indeed, they looked like nothing but frightened sheep and cows, and so weary were they with their long foot-travel and these prolonged ceremonies, that many of them fell together in deep sleep, and could hardly be awakened when the nume-

rous preparations for their supper were at an end, and they were called to take their places at the tables. Even then, with the savoury and smoking plate of soup under their noses, there occurred a most tantalising delay of some time, occasioned by the non-arrival of the Cardinal whose special office it was to pronounce a benediction upon the food placed before them.* This dignitary having finally arrived, and the blessing being duly uttered, we departed, leaving the hungry to the enjoyment of their meal, and the charitable to the consciousness of their virtue. Of the merit of charity and hospitality thus exercised I say nothing. I went to see the ceremony as a sight, and a most curious sight indeed it was,—illustrating in the most striking manner the very different views of duty which the human mind accepts; but certainly not deriving much of its edification from the fulfilment of that injunction which forbids that the left hand should know the good that the right hand does.

Saturday morning.—We were alarmed and astonished at a perpetual and almost universal discharge of guns, and squibs, and crackers. Upon enquiry I found that these demonstrations were in honour of Easter-day—which, indeed, is only to-morrow; but the days of the Holy Week not sufficing for all the religious ceremonies and celebrations which are performed in them, many of them are shifted from the days to which they properly belong, to other seasons when they can be more conveniently accomplished. To-day, therefore, being the day before Easter-day, those squibs and crackers were fired off in honour of the Resurrection, the proper commemoration of which does not, of course, occur till to-morrow. The fashion which prevails in America of firing out the old, and in the New Year, with guns and rockets, &c., always appeared to me singularly irreverent and inappropriate; but this mode of celebrating the day of Christ's victory over the grave, struck me as ludicrous in the extreme;

and when a whole fringe of squibs which our own servants had affixed to the balustrade of our terrace-garden, went off in detestable succession, the inappropriateness of this homage to the solemnity of the occasion was most absurd and annoying. To-day was a sort of climax to the religious carnival of the whole week, and the number of sights to be seen in the shape of strange religious ceremonies was really quite embarrassing. The eagerness with which Monsignore ——— urged upon us the curiosity and beauty of these various holy spectacles struck me as very strange. I find it difficult to imagine that frame of mind which rejoices in the unsympathising presence of crowds of strangers at the sacred services of one's religion; and it is always a marvel to me that the Catholic clergy, and even the people themselves, do not object to the careless show which foreigners make of their places of worship and religious ceremonies. To be sure foreigners are a very considerable item of profit to the Roman people

and Catholic places of worship, and so the thing resolves itself into natural elements. On the day before Easter, every year, a Jew is converted to the Roman Catholic faith, whose christening in the splendid Baptistry of St. John Lateran, is one of the great spectacles of the day. The invariable occurrence of the annual Jew, whose yearly conversion happens so opportunely, might give cavillers ground for objection; but as it was determined that we should not attend this performance, I had no opportunity of asking any of the many questions that the mere account of the celebration suggested. I thought of ——— and the compassionate sorrow that would have shaded her noble and beautiful face, at this instance of faithlessness in one of her race. How strange a thing is the human mind—how curious this love of conquest and of power, extending even into the abstract regions of religious faith, and imposing certain laws upon the thoughts and feelings of the conquered! I wonder in how many centuries of centuries Christians will believe, and

above all, allow that the service of God is perfect freedom.

Monsignore ——— persuaded us to go to-day to the Armenian Church, where, by his account, the celebrations and services were remarkably beautiful and imposing. Thither accordingly we went, and were conducted into a very small church or chapel, formed in every respect like a theatre. In front of the benches, which occupied the floor of the room, and which exactly resembled the arrangement and furnishing of a pit, was a row of arm-chairs, reserved seats or stalls, for certain high church dignitaries; immediately before these rose a sort of stage, with two columns forming exactly a proscenium, between which was hung a curtain of gaudy-coloured flowered calico. In front of this curtain was a small portable reading-desk; to the right and left of the walls were gaudy pictures and tawdry altars, and compared with the splendid decorations of the Roman Catholic churches, the whole thing appeared like one of

the theatres on the Boulevards at Paris, compared with the Academie Royale. At the back of the pit was a low sort of wooden screen, and between this and the gate which opened upon the street, a numerous, noisy, dirty crowd of gaping spectators pressed themselves with unceremonious curiosity. After waiting a long while for the service to begin, a priest, in an extremely gay dress of pink and green satin, profusely embroidered with gold and silver, came from behind the curtain, and opening a book on the desk—the Scriptures, I believe—began reading, or rather chanting aloud in a most monotonous nasal tone, which was as unpleasant as ludicrous to ears unaccustomed to it. This chanting lasted a very long time, and towards the end of it, five other priests came also from behind the curtain and stationed themselves in front of it, joining their voices in alternate responses to the performance of their predecessor. At length the calico curtains were drawn aside, and the high altar was revealed,

with the primate or high priest most gorgeously adorned, standing in front of it, supported by two other priests in almost equally splendid dresses. This priest had been pointed out to me in the gardens of the Villa Borghese one day, and I had then been struck with his extremely fine head and face, and the picturesque dignity of his whole appearance; to-day, therefore, in his shining gold and silver robes, and peculiar-shaped rich mitre, the whole effect of his person was most striking. The dresses of all the priests were extremely gorgeous; but it irked me excessively, under the green, and pink, and yellow satin robes of the choristers and assistants, to detect the dirty stockings and coarse boots and shoes of common every-day modern attire, the whole thing was so like an indifferent theatrical spectacle, where the very same show of dirty boots and shoes, and trowser legs, obtrudes itself below the costumes of some splendid Eastern guard, or Roman senator's red-striped toga. The service

now performed by these priests exceeded in the grotesqueness of the intonations in which it was chanted, anything I ever heard, or could have surmised; and in spite of the most serious annoyance at experiencing such an effect from any worship, I found myself almost in convulsions of suppressed laughter, which I in vain endeavoured to control or conceal, and which painfully seized and shook me from head to foot, at each renewal, after a pause of these extraordinary sounds. I have seen the uncouth and hideous religious gambols of the shaking Quakers, but even their most grotesque worship did not affect me as the howling and whining and nasal droning of this extraordinary Armenian service. I dared not look either to the right or the left, and was in terror lest, by some sudden explosion of laughter, I should disgrace myself among my companions, and desecrate the solemnity. How I did repent coming to a church out of curiosity! No description can give any correct idea of these singular sounds, which began in a discordant

plaintive whine through the nose by one priest at a time, and gradually swelled to a sort of howl or yell by the joining in of the others, and then it died away in quavering uncertainty, and then rose again in the same solitary disconsolate whine. How they ever learn to do it, or having learnt remember how to do it right,—if there is a right or a wrong, or if the whole be not one grand nasal *ad libitum*,—were ideas which, in the interval of my inward spasms of laughter, exercised my mind extremely; it is impossible to experience a greater sense of relief than I did when the whole was ended. ——— said the chanting bore a strong resemblance to certain musical performances of the Arabs. It is curious that among the things borne round the altar in their various processions by the priests, were some cymbals of an extremely ancient form, resembling very nearly certain Egyptian instruments used in the sacred ceremonies of Isis. The winding up of this extraordinary exhibition was worthy of the whole. One of the priests

came forward with a basket of consecrated wafers, of which he presented one to each of the personages in the front row of the congregation; an immediate rush of the whole assembly followed; the basket and priest were all but annihilated; people got upon chairs and benches, and pushed each other, and thrust themselves, and struggled, and kicked, and fought for these wafers; one poor man was thrown down, and in great danger of being converted into instantaneous dust under the feet of the pious crowd, and it was not without considerable difficulty, that, without venturing to make the slightest pretensions to the possession of a holy wafer, we extricated ourselves, and made good our retreat with life and limb from the holy tumult. I was extremely amused before the services began, and while we were silently waiting for their commencement, at observing a furious dumb dispute going on between an impudent brazen-looking Italian, and a spiteful sour-faced English woman, for a chair, which the former had seized upon,

and though, not using, chose to retain, and to which the latter kept giving a series of persistive pertinacious twitches, in spite of the dragon glances by which it was forbidden her to touch it. The countenances of the two women, too, were comical; the audacious effrontery of the one, the bitter sharp insistive determination of the other; it was really a most curious scene; the Italian had the best of it. In the first place, she had original possession of the chair, and so the Englishwoman's case was hopeless; but she comforted herself by keeping her fingers tight clenched upon the back of it, and her curds-and-whey face, with its pale unripe blue eyes, and thin compressed lips, fastened with a sort of spiteful fascination upon the coarse bronzed features of her antagonist.

——— did not dine at home to-day, having appointed to go with his uncle to a certain church where the congregation, of men only, perform on this evening of the year a holy flagellation upon themselves. The lights at a

given signal are extinguished, and during a loud voiced exhortation from the pulpit, a castigation of about ten minntes is zealously carried forward by the devoutly disposed, who are furnished with ropes'-ends or leathern thongs for this purpose, to the considerable peril of unparticipating assistants, who occasionally receive some of the blows intended for the self-edification of the performers. ——— and his uncle protected their faces with their hats, under this apprehension; and by his account the ceremony must have been a very curious one.

The moon being nearly full, we drove to the Coliseum, and the change of associations and impressions from all these senseless observances, and the gaudy, and, at the same time, mean church pageants we had been seeing, to the still solemnity of beautiful night among those sublime ruins, was most impressive. We wandered up and down the vast area, all flooded with the soft light which had wooed forth numbers like ourselves to the enjoyment of the beautiful

scene. The groups that passed and re-passed us spoke all the languages of Europe—French, German, English, Russian—and it was a strange thing to see them lingering round the Cross, that marks the centre of the great slaughter-ground where the barbarian forefathers of their races made sport with their death agonies for the great Roman people. I often think, if I were a modern Italian, but especially one of those who live under the Austrian yoke, my principal enjoyment would be looking at the statue of the Dying Gladiator, in the Capitol, and remembering the time when the hordes of Germanic tribes furnished the lives that were sacrificed for "a Roman holiday." This is not very amiable; but I am afraid, if I were an Italian, I should rather incline to such sentiments, and yet the wiser among them may well take patience—the great field of Roman glory is but lying fallow. For the full ripening of such a power as that colossal empire, how many hundreds of years were

needed ?—there must be a proportionate time of rest before the people of those lands can reproduce the elements of political greatness. The priest-ridden ignorance and superstition, the laziness, the imbecility, of the present government, are but like the dung spread over the soil ; the seeds ferment below that shall again cover these glorious countries with the noblest harvests of humanity ; for in the moral, as the physical world, corruption is the cause of regeneration, just, unfortunately, as in civilisation, ripeness has hitherto preceded rottenness but by a little space. It yet remains to be proved if Christianity, when it shall have begun to actuate nations, as well as individuals, cannot prevent this hitherto infallible progress. To return to Rome : ——— said, that drawing among the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, made him sad to think of the great glories past, the present shame. As a Roman I too should feel sad, and I do pity those of her sons who have a consciousness of her degradation; for God may

well be patient with defect, whose absolute perfection surveys time but as a part, while we, shut in within the limits of our span-short life, would have the great world-picture complete before us, and every individual life about us perfect; because the smallest particle of that part—Time—is all that we inherit here. Nor is it impatience of incompleteness and defect alone that makes our discontent—it is the dear desire of perfection, the charter of our immortality, the title-deed and proof of our own power of progress, that causes the discontent of the soul, that, like a defeated heir, is condemned to toil upon a narrow corner of its own wide and rich inheritance. As a pilgrim, however, to this land of noble memories, I look with hopeful eyes upon the mental and moral torpor that brood over it. This swoon is but for a time; it is a deep sleep, in which strength is gradually gathered for a resurrection; the smouldering fire of liberty lies under the dust and ashes that cover it,

and every now and then the sparks escape and lambent flames play here and there about the embers, that give token of the light and heat within, and foretel the ultimate blaze that shall break forth and irradiate this garden of the earth. To return to the Coliseum : many parties were wandering separately above and below through the ruined arches of the building, and the contrasts of light produced by the white moonlight, and the ruddy glow of the torches passing along the passages and up the flights of steps, together with the shadowy figures preceding and following them, were wonderfully beautiful. After wandering round, we sat down and rested awhile on some fallen fragments of columns. How many thoughts were suggested by the solemn scene and season, now at this great rejoicing time of the followers of Christ! How strange it was for us to sit here, where his early confessors sealed their despised faith with their lives! How that triumphant cross, whose

sanctity now guards the grand heathen ruin crumbling round it, carried back one's mind to the victims, whose blood was poured out like water upon the very soil where it now stands! Imagination suggested the spirits of these holy martyrs now at this sacred season hovering over this scene of their agony, and the wondrous world — history unrolled itself back to that most wondrous page in it, the crucifixion of the despised Nazarene, whose worship, like the gradual growing of the light of day, is spreading itself abroad over all the nations of the earth. After leaving this wonderful place—thrice wonderful! thrice beautiful!—we proceeded home through the Forum, and here we stopped the carriage again, and paused to look round and remember. Visions of the old glorious Rome rose before us in the clear moonlight—the joyful procession of those early conquerors, in the fabulous times of her history—the white-robed Roman youths

marching from Veii, and bearing the image of Juno Regina to her new temple on the Capitol —the blue-eyed wondering Gauls, wandering through the deserted streets and places, and gazing up, even as we then did, at the fortress that then held within its narrow precincts the future hopes and fortunes of Rome, and folded, as within its kernel, the great future tree, that life of conquest and renown, whose rumour still fills the world—that Cæsar who was to subjugate their tribes with his sword, and chronicle them with his pen. Then floating down the broader, brighter stream of history, we thought of the tumult, the alarm, the rushing of people, the stir of voices, and the tramp of hurrying feet, when Brutus, waving his dagger above his head, red with that very conqueror's blood, and followed by the mass of the whole Senate, came down to quell the raging of the people, and justify the murder of their idol. What place was ever yet so rich in memory,

so full of thought! After leaving this consecrated quarter of Rome—no offence to St. Peter's or the Vatican—it was strange enough to drive along the streets full of holiday folks on Easter-eve errands. The cheese and bacon shops presented a most peculiar aspect; they were hung with garlands, frescoes were painted all down the sides of the flitches of bacon, and between the rows of symmetrically-arranged cheese, little flaring lamps were placed, giving to the whole shop a brilliancy of illumination little short of a prophecy of the lighting up of St. Peter's to-morrow. The pastrycooks' shops are full of holy symbols done in comfits; and lambs bearing crosses, and doves and triangles surrounded with glories, and other mystical types of the holiest things of the Christian faith, are exposed in sugar and butter to tempt the appetites of the devoutly disposed. Great baskets full of the Easter eggs stand at the shop doors, and the pervading love of ornament

of this most ornamental people has even extended itself to the decking of these with little bunches of artificial flowers and tufts of feathers. I cannot say, however, that they were by any means as beautiful as the elegant and splendid Easter eggs which ——— brought with her from Russia.

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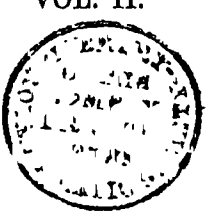

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A YEAR OF CONSOLATION.

Easter Sunday.—I was not well, and missed the great climax of the holy ceremonies — the Pope's blessing of the people. From the terrace of the Villa Medici, I watched the sudden gleams and slow curling clouds from the cannons of the castle of St. Angelo, which proclaimed the universal benediction. To be blessed by sound of cannon, seemed to me strange; especially by Christ's Vicar, and in Christ's name; but to be blessed, at any rate, is something, and that the city and the world have been by word of Pope this day. In the evening we drove to St. Peter's, to see the illumination, the stream of human life setting in from every avenue,

and street, and alley, and gathering as it rolled towards one common point, the multitudinous voices of all these living rills, as they poured down beside our carriage,—the flaring lights of the windows, which were filled with people, whose bodies were all eagerly stretched towards the quarter of St. Peter's, and whose faces, as we drew nearer the great illumination, were shining as with the light of day; all presented a most curious and exciting spectacle. At length we reached the end of the street of the Borgo di San Spirito, and debouched together with the crowds of pedestrians abreast of us in the great place of St. Peter's; the vast and noble church, and graceful colonnades, with their outline defined in pale white fire; the springing spray of the beautiful fountains turned into showers of yellow light; the huge mass of compact blackness formed by the thousands of spectators; the confused jarring and rattling and hurtling of the crowded carriages; the rearing and backing of the horses; the outcries and violent move-

ments of the mounted police, whose drawn sabres and accoutrements glittered in the pervading light; above all, the sea of upturned wondering human faces all flooded with it, and the hoarse murmur, like the great voice of the ocean, rising from this mass of people, that rolled its black billows to and fro, as the sudden breaking of some carriage from the ranks, or darting forward of some trooper to intercept it, caused them to recede or advance, was all indescribably strange and striking. We sat for some time gazing with undiminished wonder and admiration, when the great bell of St. Peter's tolled the hour. Suddenly the cornices, the friezes, the pediment, the dome, the lanthorn, the very ball and cross, high up in the dizzy neighbourhood of the stars, became alive with human figures; men, reduced by their fearful height above us to the size of black pigmies, ran like so many glow-worms, each carrying a light all over the huge fabric, and the hitherto pale illumination became fiery-red in the twinkling of an eye—it was marvellous!

Five hundred men are thus employed twice every year, Easter-day and on the Feast of St. Peter's; for three days previous they are not permitted to touch wine, and they all confess and receive absolution before ascending to their perilous task. After blunting the edge of our amazement with gazing,—to have exhausted it would have been impossible—we turned homewards. Our carriage rolled slowly, or rather waded, through the crowded streets at a foot-pace, and when we came to the Ponte Sisto we beheld another illumination, which turned the pageant we had just seen into a splendid tawdry toy. The full moon hung above the river in a sea of mellow light, indescribably soft and powerful; the purple line of the Alban hills was distinctly visible against the pearly horizon, while the roses in the gardens, near the bridge, showed their colours as though by day, so potent was the moonlight,—with us, so wan and colourless. Opposite this great and lovely glory, St. Peter's flamed in the distance like a huge gold filigree

thimble. The pageant vouchsafed to us nightly is a fine thing; it is well to see it confronting the yearly pageant of the great church of Rome, to be reminded how fine,—what an insensible, brutish, dull, irreverend thing is custom. Coming home we found a perfect opera congregation of carriages on the Pincio, a sort of Haymarket and King Street row. The view of St. Peter's is very fine here, and many people had driven up to enjoy it. I went to my stand on the terrace of our charming little garden, and here looked up at the moon and down at St. Peter's, till the rolling wheels had all rattled away, and the shuffling feet all departed, and the sound of the fountain in the Piazza di Spagna came up to answer the tiny tinkle of the fountain in the garden, whose roses and orange blossoms and thousand cups of incense were sending up fragrance into the night air like prayer.

IMPROMPTU.

Sorrow and sin, and suffering and strife,
Have been cast in the waters of my life;
And they have sunk deep down to the well-head,
And all that flows thence is embittered.
Yet still the fountain up towards Heaven springs,
And still the brook where'er it wanders sings;
And still where'er it hath found leave to rest,
The blessed sun looks down into its breast;
And it reflects, as in a mirror fair,
The image of all beauty shining there.

April 19th.—In my walk before breakfast, this morning, I penetrated to the Roman fish-market, whither I advise no one else to penetrate who is not curious in foul sights and smells. I think it is the only open space that I have yet seen in Rome without a fountain. As for the fish itself, except a few monstrous and vicious-

looking conger eels, I saw none. A row of little mean stalls, most of which, however, were shut up, entitled the place, I presume, to its appellation; but the only fish I saw for sale, were heaps of little scaly nondescripts, lying in uncleanly flat baskets, bought by filthy purchasers of filthy venders, and, thinking upon Hungerford Market and Mr. Grove's, I made my escape. Rome is certainly not famous for fish, although they have some that are not despicable—sardines of excellent flavour, very good mullet, and a species of fish of which I do not know the English name (indeed I do not think we have it), but which resembles very much the shad of the North American waters, and is a very good creature. ——— dined with us. We had some talk about the state of politics here, as it affects personal freedom, liberty of discussion, and so forth, and his account was less favourable than that of ———, of the condition of the Romans in this respect. To be sure the latter compares Rome with the Austrian Italian governments,

and I suppose the service of the Pope is really perfect freedom compared with that of the Emperor. At dinner we had some interesting talk about art and phrenology. ——— still remains a believer in the latter; ——— is absolutely sceptical (as I think he is in most matters); and I (as I do in most matters), remain suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between belief and incredulity: mention being made of the fine skull which was found some years ago in Rome, and supposed for a time to be Raphael's, and upon a cast from which, as Raphael's, I remember ——— gave me a long lecture, illustrative of the truths of phrenology; it now appears that the skull is not Raphael's, but that of his intimate friend, the learned, amiable, and accomplished ———, founder of the Academy of St. Luke. After dinner, we proceeded to the Vatican to see the statues by torch-light; I had not yet seen them by any light, and felt a sort of nervous trepidation at the great pleasure I anticipated. Arrived under the colonnade of St.

Peter's, we sat down on one of the benches appropriated to the Swiss guard, to wait for the rest of our party. The middle-age dress of these soldiers delights me, and has a double charm of association for me—that of the days of the battle of the Spurs, and of the noble encounters of the Swiss with the French armies under Louis the Twelfth and Francis the First; and it also recalls a charming edition of some military work of Vauban's in my father's library, full of incomprehensible tactics and coarse wood cuts, with squares, and rounds, and octagons, and pentagons, and every conceivable figure made of little hallebardiers in this very dress; and endless plans of fortifications, manned in every direction with this identical cut of doublet and trunk-hose. By degrees ——— and her daughters ———, and a couple of French ladies, friends of ———, joined us; one of the latter was introduced as a stranger to my sister, and made conversation with her till our party was complete in a *voix glapissante*, and with an accent

criard such as I thought no woman of good society in France could be guilty of; the presence of this lady was, I presume, the inevitable earthly alloy to the delight of seeing the statues of the Vatican for the first time: those that principally charmed me, were a noble Minerva, who was extremely like ———, and it is curious enough that all the antique heads of Minerva are more or less like her; there is the same fineness of features and sternness of expression; the moral suitability of the resemblance pleases me amazingly; the beautiful little head of Augustus, which is beautiful in itself, beautiful as art, and exceedingly like Napoleon; the Mercury called Antinous, which however I do not admire as much as that of the Capitol; the sleeping Ariadne; the Eros, or as they now call it, the Genius of the Vatican, that exquisitely ideal head; the brother of my Goddess, the Neapolitan Psyche; and last the Apollo;—as for this, from the moment I set my feet in the Vatican I was possessed with a sort of nervous terror lest I

should be utterly disappointed in it; this feeling increased with every chamber I entered, to such a degree as to cause me to feel absolutely sick with excitement; I feared to look round each new room lest I should confront this great divinity, and remain unmoved; each time I experienced a sense of absolute relief when I found we had not yet reached that shrine, and I believe if it had been proposed to me to leave the Vatican without seeing the Apollo at all I should have been well pleased to have done so; and yet for all future time I shall know better. All that has been written, all that has been said, all that has been copied in drawing, painting, or sculpture of this wonderful statue, has left the marvel of its beauty unimpaired; no foreknowledge can prepare one for it, nor any description give one an idea of its grace and lightness, nor any number of ecstacies rub off the bloom of its divinity. I could believe the legend of the girl who died for love of it; for myself, my eyes swam in tears and my knees knocked together,

and I could hardly draw my breath while I stood before it; the guides held up torches to show the light through the marble drapery, while I was dazzled with the light shining through the marble face;—and the French lady emitted opinions in a voice as sharp as needle-points. Heaven! what a witness to the glory of the human soul is such a conception as this! Man's thought devised, man's fingers wrought this God! This perfect creation had its origin in the yet fairer idea of a man's brain, for who yet ever worked as he imagined! There was a lovelier and a grander shape in the mind of him who made this, than even this, that he has made! Oh, well, well, may we thank the only true God for being formed capable of such things. I have no words to speak my sense of gratitude for these new revelations of beauty and of grace, vouchsafed to me in this the very mourning-time of my life—angels have ministered, do minister, to me incessantly, and this enchanting presence, this divinity of the beauty-worshipping heathens, is to me a

very messenger of my God bidding me bless him who hath permitted me to behold it!

Sunday, 20th April.—Seduced by a sweet-sounding name, Campo dè Fiori, I set out before breakfast to seek, as I supposed, a flower-market. I found an open square, with certainly one very fine geranium, covered with jets of flame-coloured flowers, blooming over a sort of cobbler's stall; the rest of the square was filled with dirty shops, dirty people, dirty smells, and nothing else. I perceived in passing through the streets, that the marketing, usually done with us on Saturday evening among the lower classes, was being busily carried forward to-day among the same order in Rome. The abundance of capital, fine, fresh vegetables in Rome is a source of great satisfaction to me; I do not mean to my taste merely, but to my eyes, and above all, my humanity. These beneficent products of the earth exist here in a plenteousness and variety quite unknown to our poor English. The supply of the midland States of America is very much the same; there

appears to be no special market for vegetables here, like Covent-garden with us, but what we should call the green-grocers' shops, present a beautiful array of clean and fresh-looking vegetables; and abounding, unforced, and above all, not paid for at the price of gold, the bounteous season has already produced here strawberries, and new potatoes, cheap enough for the use of all classes, not to be looked at and longed for, by those who fast, and feasted on by those who surfeit.

Among the vegetables which load the stalls at the street corners, I perceive one here with which I am unacquainted; it is the root of the fennel, whose green delicate foliage is for some reason inseparably associated in one's stomach, and therefore one's mind, with boiled mackerel. We had some at dinner the other day; it was stewed like celery, and was not otherwise than very good. The stalls, where the frying of fish is carried on in the streets, amuse me excessively. The whole process has, strange to say, a cleanly and inviting appearance, and the groups occupied

in cooking and in eating at these booths, with their green bowers of branches, and coloured paper lamps, would make most capital and spirited sketches if they could be faithfully copied. In a country where fruit and vegetables are abundant and cheap, I know nothing prettier, or more pleasant than the sight of a fine market; the beautiful colours, graceful forms, and sweet smells are most agreeable; and the beneficence that provides this plenty is naturally suggested to a thankful mind, where there does not exist, as with us, such a cruel disparity in the means of the purchasers. The market in Philadelphia is one of the cheapest and most abundant I have ever seen, and I know few more satisfactory sights than that which it presents at Midsummer, with its great baskets of precious-looking tomatoes; piles of Indian corn, like strings of Roman pearl; heaps of the finest purple polished egg plant; huge water melons, cut to show the firmness and freshness of their quality, with that beautiful combination of colours, the dark-green rind, the

rosy pulp, and shining jet-black seeds; and then the mountains of downy peaches, of every conceivable tint, from a sort of purple pink, to a warm gold colour;. these interspersed with huge fan-like nosegays of dahlias, bunches of jasmine, and heavy-leaved magnolia, and fragrant tuberoses, have often caused me mentally to exclaim: —"Thou openest Thine hand, and fillest all things living with plenteousness!" It is very pleasant to live in a country where there is great abundance, and little poverty, though the one does not by any means make the other, and that this fertile land of Italy testifies, where in the midst of their olive and vineyards, and golden harvests, and smiling orchards, the people go ragged, and squalid, and miserable-looking—working, and begging too—a most degraded race, whose lovely country seems accursed because of men; to those who have lived where humanity is nobler, though nature is less rich—an admirable sample of the fact that prosperity is a moral and not a physical growth. A less agreeable, but

very necessary article of consumption attracted my attention this morning. The butchers' shops were full of people, and the price of lamb, which they were selling at four bajocchi (2*d.*) a pound, made me think of our people's food in London, and of some of those agreeable details of ways and means suggested by the ingenuity of charity (?) such as one sees in poor-house reports, and the accounts of committees for the relief of the starving, and finds occasionally in the speeches of gentlemen and noblemen anxious to exert themselves, and devise help for that awful innumerable host of unhelpables—the poor of the wealthiest nation in the world. In the course of my walk this morning I met the procession of the Host twice. I was at a loss to account for its being each time preceded by men dressed in servants' liveries of the richest description. I thought there must be a noble epidemic afoot; but upon inquiring, found that these men whom I had supposed servants of great houses, were merely hired and dressed in that manner

for the occasion—I had begun to fear there was a mortality among the Cardinals. The extreme devotion of the people in the street struck me very much, all kneeling down in the mud upon the passage of the Holy Sacrament, and those at a considerable distance up other streets, merely because it was in sight, remaining uncovered and bowed in an attitude of reverence and devotion. I ended my morning's expedition by going into the church of the Trinità dei Monti—the only church in Rome where female voices are to be heard chanting the religious services. It belongs, together with the adjoining convent, to the French nuns of the Sacré Cœur; it is charming to hear the fresh, shrill, sweet tones of the young girls who are being educated here, rising to the church roof—the songstress invisible the while,—imagination left to match the voice of the young worshipper with such a form and face as may best seem to belong to it. I was very much struck with the serene and winning countenance of one of the nuns, from whom I

obtained a chair; it was a living argument in favour of a nunnery life, that is to say, if it had anything to do with any peculiar form of life, and not rather with that which is the only wholesome spirit of all life. They have a fine picture of the Descent from the Cross in this church, and while looking round, I found my feet were on the funeral tablet of Claude Lorraine.

I went this morning before breakfast to the pavilion of the Rospigliosi Palace, to see Guido's Aurora. It is a picture for which, from dear and pleasant association with a fine engraving of it that hangs in a room of a house that I love, I have an especial affection, and the consequence was, that it took me some time to recover from the dislocation of neck occasioned by the long devotion of my regards to it. The whole collection of pictures is contained in three rooms, and among many performances ascribed to great names, I was particularly struck with the heads of the twelve Apostles by Rubens, and a picture which, though said to be by Giorgione, seemed

more like a production of the Flemish School, by the want of grace and dignity in the figures and faces; in spite of which it seized upon my attention, and rivetted me and delighted me extremely. The colouring was very rich and fine, and there was an intense expression in the attitude and look of the two people, a man and woman sitting beside each other, with their hands joined, that made a very strong impression upon me. To me it was a very good picture; but I know nothing whatever of art. After leaving the gallery I loitered in the garden while the gardener collected a nosegay for me; and certainly if Heaven could come to one through one's eyes and nose, I might have imagined myself there during that half hour. The fine mass of the Rospigliosi Palace rose up against the brilliant blue sky; the little terrace-garden, lifted high up, as though to meet the sun, basked in the vivid light and potent warmth of its rays; fountains, some springing up like jets of moonlight, under cool,

black, sheltering arches; others pouring out a whole gush of diamonds into a large basin glittering in the sunshine, made delicious conversation to each other; and while I walked to and fro, screened from the intense heat by the broad, dark, polished leaves of a covered walk of lemon-trees, whose fruit and flowers hung above my head and perfumed the air, whiffs of warm fragrance were wafted to me from low beds of mignionette and bushes literally bending under their freight of delicate pink and and straw-coloured tea-roses. Such exquisite sensual enjoyment can neither be described nor imagined, nor, I think, out of Italy, enjoyed; for, joined to all this, the vision of the beautiful works of art I had just seen, filled my fancy, and I really admired at the combination of pleasure comprised in one short hour in this pre-eminent home of all beautiful things. This was the morning. In the afternoon we drove to the Farnesina to see the room where Raphael's friend and patron feasted the Pope when

the great painter had finished adorning it with his immortal frescoes. I was already of course familiar with those through engravings, and also some copies of them. I remember delighting in at Bowood. They are not susceptible of description further than as the guide-books describe them. I believe upon the whole they gave me more pleasure than any work of Raphael I have seen,—always excepting the Suonatore. From the empty and deserted banquetting-hall, from whose walls this glorious work still seems to shed down splendour and gaiety, we went to see the Galatea, in a room still more bare, forlorn, and desolate-looking; surrounded with dusty artist's scaffoldings, and what was far worse, with glaring impudent copies, we contrived to see the beautiful creation, whose elegant forms and light lovely composition, preserved in Morghen's engravings, is also one of the earliest impressions of art, of my youth. It is really piteous to see these exquisite things so surrounded with deso-

lation and apparent neglect. The palace belongs to the Neapolitan government; it really seems as though some decent care of repairs and preservation was due to the shrine containing these treasures; but the whole place, inside and out, with its dilapidated, empty, dusty, resounding chambers, and its rough orchard of fruit trees and artichokes, is the very pattern of a noble forsaken house. What a pity that these divinities must needs stay here!

My friend —— has given me a charming little Sicilian song, of which the following is a free translation. The pathetic and graceful idea is, however, a thousand times more appropriately clothed in the soft dialect from which I have transferred it:—

I planted in my heart one seed of love,
Water'd with tears, and watch'd with sleepless care;
It grew—and when I look'd that it should prove
A gracious tree, and blessed harvests bear,

Blossom nor fruit was there to crown my pain,
Tears, cares, and labour, all had been in vain;
And yet I dare not pluck it from my heart,
Lest with the deep-struck root my life depart.

April 30th.—To-day was holden the annual celebration of the artists' *fête* at Cervara, about ten miles from Rome. Not feeling ourselves equal to the fatigue of the whole day, we determined to go out early in the morning, and see their muster at Torre de Schiavi; and then returning to Rome during the heat of the day, drive out again towards evening to their final place of assembly at Cervara. We started, therefore at seven, and found the roads already alive with early masqueraders, proceeding to the place of rendezvous, some on foot and some on asses, and some on sorry hacks, and some on showy horses, caparisoned according to the costume of their riders, and apparently to the full as pleased with their finery. The trees were all in blossom and in fragrance, and as we drove along between

the envious stone walls of the suburban villas, blooming bushes of white and crimson stocks, and delicate China roses, peeped over the terrace walls, like boarding-school beauties, at us; green pendent tresses of the golden willow drooped over the enclosures, and every now and then a noble iron gate, set in massive stone pillars, gave us glimpses into the paradise of dark evergreens and long walks, between walls of roses, which they defended; along the road-side the acacia swung a thousand silver censers in the morning air, and the whole aspect of Nature was that of a brilliant spring holiday in the garden of the world. Group after group passed us of grotesque and ludicrous figures, singing, laughing, jesting, and all hurrying forward to the meeting ground. Not one was so sober or so poor but his hat had its flower or its bunch of feathers, his waist its bright-coloured scarf, and his arm its gay ribbon badge; some were accoutred *point de vice* in brilliant middle-age or eastern costume; and in a narrow lane we came upon a Sicilian noble of

the sixteenth century, whose crimson velvet tunic and cap, with their border of ermine and snow-white plume, presented really a most elegant and tasteful picture, especially as the wearer was handsome and young; a little further on the triumphal chariot of the great ruler of the feast (Mr. ———) passed us, slowly wending its way to the Tor de Schiavi; the gilt and garlanded wheels and sides sufficiently disguised the rather rude form of the vehicle, which was drawn by two splendid silver-grey oxen, from whose vast fore-heads and wide-spread horns, great bunches and wreaths of roses hung heavily, as they solemnly proceeded along the road. Arrived at the open space at the Tor de Schiavi, the spectacle was really a most singular one. Hundreds of artists, all in various eccentric and picturesque dresses, scoured about the campagna or mustered gradually in bands, whose badges and banners belonged to their several nations. Carriages, in crowds, were drawn up round the picturesque ruin. A long line of dust, through which flashed

every now and then the harness and wheels of other vehicles, or the brilliant colours of some belated masquerader, marked the way back to Rome. Donkeys brayed, horses neighed, human beings laughed loud and merrily; Cossacks, Turks, Albanians, Knights of the Middle Ages, Generals in powder and pig-tails, and gens d'armes, with paper helmets and wooden swords, pranced here and there between the carriages; the golden morning light touched the whole world with glory; the grand and melancholy campagna spread itself all around, and the purple line of the Alban and Sabine hills framed in the splendid view and singular daylight masquerade. The concourse of artists had hardly ranged themselves, each about their national banner, and a species of disorderly order, such as is most common among volunteers, been obtained, when the great chief of the celebration and master of the revels, Mr. ———, the head of the German school of artists at Rome, appeared in full costume of Henri

Quatre mounted on his triumphal car. His arrival was hailed with universal applause; and a speech which he made, and of which we were too far off to hear anything but the sound, appeared by the bursts of laughter and the acclamations which interrupted it, to give very universal satisfaction. The next move was an adjournment of a certain number of the artists to the Tor de Schiavi. Climbing the ruined wall, they congregated beneath the remaining vault of the building, and here sang a very vehement and apparently satisfactory concert, in the burden of which an accompaniment *ad libitum* of sticks, and drums, and innumerable human voices, utterly incapable of a tune, joined with most exemplary zeal. Something of the freedom of the Carnival appeared to prevail during this singular celebration; for we were bowed to more than once by persons whom we did not know; and while making my way through the rather tremendous crowd of carriages and horses to the scene of the

chorus singing, a German, whose horse we had been admiring very much as it stood beside our carriage, very good-naturedly made way for me, and led me to a good place for seeing and hearing. The words were composed for the occasion by Mr. ———, and were quite as good as the occasion required; the music was a popular theme from some modern Italian opera. I regretted this, and asked my companion why they did not sing some of the beautiful Volkslied of his own country. He said, because in these the French and Italian artists could not join, and what they wanted to obtain was unanimity rather than beauty in the performance. When it was concluded the whole motley army defiled out of the ruin and off the ground, and taking the road, escorted by most of the carriages and infinite amateurs on horseback, proceeded to Cervara, while we wended our way back to Rome. On our way to town ———, who is extremely lively and entertaining, told us the following anecdote of Madame ———, which

very nearly killed me with laughing. It seems that she has enjoyed a prolonged youth, unknown to all but goddesses and ambassadresses ; dressing herself with juvenile simplicity and airiness, being made love to with juvenile ardour, and dancing with juvenile industry and application, till hard upon the age of seventy. After a ball, at which it is to be supposed she had been unwontedly artless, amorous, and active, she had a very severe indisposition, and the great Roman physician ——— was sent for. In the room adjoining the lady's bed-chamber, he was met by the young M. de ———, her devoted and afflicted lover, who, with eyes suffused with tears, and a frame agitated with the most anxious apprehension, led him to the bed-side of the interesting invalid. Summoning at once her remaining strength and charms, she raised herself languidly :—"Ah, M. le Docteur, je suis bien mal, mais ce ne sera rien, n'est-ce-pas? Le fait est, que j'ai trop dansé au bal hier soir; mais cela se passera." "Madame!" interrogated

the worthy doctor, at a loss to reconcile the testimony of his eyes and his ears:—"Eh oui, mon Dieu, c'est cela, j'ai trop dansé à ce bal hier au soir—voilà tout." "Ah, mon Dieu!" cried the doctor, turning to the lover; "Prenez bien garde à Madame votre mère, M. ——, car elle perd la tête; elle déraisonne; elle aura de la fièvre, sans doute du délire." The indignant beauty's pillow at his head interrupted the unfortunate doctor, who was thenceforth ignominiously dismissed, as utterly ignorant of the manners of decent society, the relations of polite life, or the long juvenility of ambassadresses.

In the afternoon, we returned again to the fête, and this time proceeded the whole way to Cervara, where the artists, having dined in the large curious tufo caves that there open themselves in the middle of the campagna, like great holes in its volcanic crust, were finishing the afternoon in a variety of games, rather riotous than classical. The whole scene reminded me excessively of a race-ground in England; the carriages laden

with spectators, chiefly ladies, the horses taken out, and picketted on the outskirts of the crowd. The most beautiful part of that species of show, however, was wanting—the noble horses and capital riding of the gentlemen spectators. The Cervara worthies had had mystical celebrations in the caverns, apparitions of the ancient Sybil, and prognostications of future destinies; honours and badges, too, had been delivered to various members of the fraternity, and when we arrived, foot races, donkey races, and horse races, were toward. There was more merriment than merit of any sort in these performances; the assembly was not the most orderly in the world, and the demeanour of some of the parties very clearly indicated that it was after dinner with them. Among the other pastimes, a large caricature was brought forward, intended to represent the spirit of hostile criticism in general, but which, to the initiated, bore, moreover, considerable resemblance to a certain well-known German essayist, whose strictures upon the art and

artists of the present day have not, it seems, made him popular among the latter. This very odious portrait, with its owl's nose and eyes, and hand like a claw, clutching the critic's dagger—the goose quill—was set up at one end of the ground, and the artists exercised themselves in throwing small light pointed reeds, with little rose-coloured flags attached to them, at it; every blow that hit the nose, eyes, or much offending hand, was hailed with rapture; and when the obnoxious image resembled nothing but a very much abused colander, a general rush was made at it, and it was battered to pieces and trampled under foot with yells of detestation and vengeance, such as could only become savages, or artists who had been severely criticised.

Our drive back to Rome was extremely disagreeable; many were returning to the city, like ourselves; still more were on their way out to Cervara; a double file of vehicles of every description encumbered the road; we were compelled to go at a foot pace; the heat of the

sun was fearful; the clouds of dust all but intolerable; and, having turned our back upon the whole masquerade, nothing broke the very unpleasant monotony of this slow, hot, suffocating progress, except when every now and then a Saracen would scour by us over the plain, or a Knight of the Middle Ages halt above the dusty defile we were engaged in—recalling the festivity of Cervara, and suggesting the romantic recollections of the times they represented. I was a little surprised at the appearance of young ——— and Mr. de —— on the ground, the one in the dress of a Hungarian peasant, the other in a correct and beautiful French costume of the thirteenth century—black velvet and crimson, with trappings and housings for his horse to match. That the artists, joining all together to keep up this annual celebration, which, doubtless, has many pleasant and wholesome uses in the sympathies and spirit of artistical brotherhood it engenders and preserves, should go out in these quaint dresses, and divert themselves

and others by so doing, seems not at all amiss; but that young gentlemen, having no pretensions to the distinction of being artists, should, simply for the sake of exhibiting themselves and their dresses, do the same, seems to me singular. My heart really bled for the beautiful ball-room costume of Mr. de ———, dragging about under the heat, and through the dust of such an expedition.

This morning I walked before breakfast to Trajan's Forum, and ascended the pillar. The view of Rome itself, and the surrounding country, is not finer than that obtained from many other heights; but the whole of the Coliseum is seen from this particular point to very grand advantage. I then went into the church of Santa Maria de Loreto, where I remarked what had already struck me so extremely in several of the churches, a notice put up to the effect, that whoever was buried in that church, might, through the agency of certain masses, deliver their souls from so many years of purgatory. There is

something in these particular exhibitions of Catholicism that invariably suggests to me the idea of the necessary and inevitable knavery of those who are at the head of such a spiritual machinery; to be sure Gregory the Great invented purgatory, and perhaps, that being the case, his heirs have a right to dispose of it. Such propositions, however, do not cease to amaze me. How much that is excellent must there have been and still be! how much of the immortal vitality of true Christianity, in the religion which survives this overlaying mass of absurdity, superstition, and disbelief! I feel in Rome like nothing but Boccaccio's Jew. Returning home, I called at the shoemaker's about some boots I had ordered, and which were not finished at the appointed time—now, considerably after the time, they were finished, and produced; a pair of black, double-soled, thick, heavy, half-leather, stuff boots. I had myself given the order for a pair of light-coloured holland ones, with mere toes of patent leather, and the thinnest soles that

could be made. The shopman shrugged his shoulders, smiled, said it was a mistake, and would I take the ones I did not want, and wait till such as I did want could be made. I walked out of the shop, and did neither. English people are the only honest tradespeople that I am acquainted with, and I say it advisedly; for Americans are unpunctual, and an appointment is a contract with time for its object, and they are as regardless, for the most part, of that species of contract as of some others of a different kind. I have now been six months in Rome, and have had leisure and opportunity to see something of the morals of retail trade; at any rate in matters of female traffic, among the shopkeepers here. In the first place, the most flagrant dishonesty exists with regard to the value of the merchandise, and the prices they ask for it of all strangers, but more particularly of the English, whose wealth, ignorance, and insolence are taxed by these worthy industriels without conscience or compassion. Every article pur-

chased in a Roman shop by an English person is rated at very nearly double its value; and the universal custom here, even among the people themselves, is to carry on a haggling market of aggression on the part of the purchaser and defence on that of the vendor, which is often as comical as it is disgusting. In Nataletti's shop in Rome, the other day, I saw a scene between the salesman and a lady-purchaser, an Italian, that would have amazed as well as amused the parties behind and before the counters of Howell and James, Harding's, &c. The lady, after choosing her stuff and the quantity she required, began a regular attack upon the shopman; it was *mezza voce*, indeed, but continuous, eager, vehement, pressing, overpowering, to a degree indescribable; and the luckless man having come for a moment from behind the shelter of his long table, the lady eagerly seized him by the arm, and holding him fast, argued her point with increasing warmth. She next caught hold of the breast of his coat, her face

within a few inches of his, her husband meanwhile standing by and smiling approvingly at the thrift and eloquence of his wife; I think, however, she did not succeed. The shopman looked disgusted, which I am afraid is a consequence of their having adopted the English mode of dealing in that house, as they themselves informed me, to signify that they did not cheat, lie, or steal, but dealt like honest people. I felt proud of his manner of speech: "Madame, nous avons adopté la manière anglaise; nous vendons au prix juste, nous ne surfaisons pas, et nous ne changeons pas nos prix," so that to deal in the English fashion is synonymous to dealing justly. It pleases me greatly, and it is true, for in France too they have abandoned the abominable system of prices for the English; and it delights me to think that integrity, justice, truth, cleanliness, and comfort follow in the footsteps of my own people wherever their wandering spirit leads them through the world. It is very fit and just that they should bring such compensations to

the foreign people, among whom they so often introduce, also, habits of luxury, of ostentation, and that basest habit of bartering for money the common courtesies and amenities of life, the civilities and the serviceableness which are priceless, which the continental people have, and our own have not, and which we should have learnt to imitate rather than taught them to sell. I may as well mention here, that I have found Nataletti's shop the best in Rome in every respect. In one morning's shopping, the other day, we had two or three curious instances of the shopkeeping morality here: going into Gagiati's, in the Corso, the great omnium gatherum, or, as the Americans would call it, variety store, they first attempted to cheat my sister upon the change due to her for some gold she gave them; I was looking at some fans which were being shown to an Italian purchaser, at the same time; I had taken up one which the shopman told me was worth eighteen scudi; the Roman buyer took up another which had been

shown me at the same price, and with sundry "nods and becks and wreathed smiles" at the shopkeeper, said in an under tone, "Dunque quindici?" the latter nodded, returning the significant pantomime, and adding "Eh! capite." I capited too, and, perceiving that I was attentively observing what was going on, the salesman took the fan I had in my hand, and without my uttering a syllable said, "Ebbene, Signora, seidici scudi;" "but," said I, "a moment ago you told me the price was eighteen. "Oh!" exclaimed he, with the most dauntless impudence, "se piace a lei di pagar dieci otto va bene è padrona." I was so utterly disgusted that I laid the commodity down without another word. Further on we bought some tin pails and water buckets for our bed-rooms in the country. At one shop I was made to pay nearly three scudi for that which my sister purchased immediately after for a scudo and a half a little distance further on, and she no doubt paid, as an Englishwoman, much more than the goods were worth.

We then proceeded to a perfumer's for some hair pomatum—we had already purchased the same thing repeatedly at the same place. On this occasion, however, we were charged an additional paul upon each small article, and upon remonstrating, and stating that we had repeatedly bought the same thing at the same place, and always paid such a sum for it, the shopman replied, "Yes, that was true, but now they had altered the price"—a sort of *ad-libitum* mode of dealing which may be pleasant and mournful to the souls of the vendors, but is mournful alone to those who buy. Of truth and its inviolable sacredness the Italians generally seem to have as little perception as the French, and dishonesty and falsehood are so little matters of shame, that detection in either of them only excites a shrug and a grin on the part of the offender. The watering-place sort of character of Rome—which in the winter swarms with foreigners, and in summer is utterly deserted by them—makes of course the trade of certain shopkeepers a mere

matter of temporary speculation. During the Roman season they therefore make all the money they can, because when that is over they make little or none. This is always unfavourable to steady and honest dealing, and the innate indolence of the people, and little competition, compelling foreigners to put up with inferior goods and superior prices, or go altogether without what they want, leave but a remote hope of improvement in these respects. Nor have we found what Lafontaine calls "l'innocence des champs" one whit behind the craft of the city in these matters—let the object of treaty be what it will, purchase or employment, the same desperate and universal want of honesty prevails in the country as in town; the same audacious and incessant endeavour to cheat and defraud; and the same facetious admission of the fact whenever it is charged home to them. It matters not how explicit you have been in making the terms of your agreement or bargain; how distinctly the conditions have been laid down;

how absolutely embraced, how just, or how generous they may have been,—whenever the moment of payment arrives, more is invariably claimed than is due by the stipulations. Misunderstandings are pleaded, misrepresentations made, misstatements given; no effort of ingenuity is left unattempted to depart from and evade the bargain they have themselves made. If all this fails, and that lying, cheating, cajolery, and endless floods of furious words avail nothing, they then instantly assume the deportment of the most abject beggary, and hold out their hands for more in the shape of a gift, a charity, an alms, without shame or hesitation. I do not know anything that fills one with a more painful sense of human degradation than the utter and deplorable want of self-respect these people exhibit. The beggary in Rome is incessant, and sometimes most insolent; and the swarm of importunate objects, from the mere torso, who, armless and legless, nevertheless pursue you like Briareus or a centipede, to the authorised vagabonds, who

come and show you their medal,—the permit given by the police authorities, and licensing their preying on the public,—embitter one's daily walks there till one becomes callous to them. Still, beggary is a usual inhabitant of cities, and the mendicant life in Rome is for the most part chosen deliberately, like any other trade or profession, and exercised rather as a luxury than otherwise, it being well understood that those who beg do not work; but in the country, those who work, and work hard, beg too. No labourer passes you on the road with his scythe and water-barrel, without entreating your charity; and from the light-hearted groups, who sing at the vine-dressing, one universal whine of "Dammi qualche cosa" rises as one goes by. Their wages are very small; the men earn twenty bajocchi—ten-pence—a day; the women not more than half that sum. Perhaps a man can hardly be expected to value himself very highly whom others rate so low; but it is a

comfort to think that food is abundant and cheap, and that cover and shelter, whether of roof or of clothes, may be in a great measure dispensed with under this benignant sky. I cannot say that I have been very favourably impressed with the honesty of the Italians, in any capacity whatever; indolence and recklessness, if not absolute dishonesty, appear to pervade all walks of business, as well public as private. Our letters from Frascati, if paid, and they must be so to go at all, are pretty sure not to go at all; and my sister, having lately sent her watch to have a glass put into it, the watchmaker departed with it to Rome, and there kept it, refusing to give it up, and either pawning it or otherwise making it subservient to his own uses; the Governor or Mayor of Frascati being applied to upon the subject by the servant who had himself given my sister's watch into this man's charge, said he would attend to the business, and even professed to write immediately to the Chief of Police at

Rome about it; but it was not until a fortnight had elapsed, and Mr. ——— himself waited upon him, that he really did do any thing about the matter. A different species of honesty, but one that, nevertheless, is most deeply influential upon national morality and prosperity, is involved in the answer made to an observation of mine, by a lady who has now lived here for several years, and had abundant opportunities of observation. I complained, that in the apartment we had taken for the summer at Frascati, our rooms were in one respect very uncomfortable, for that our ladies' maids were all shut up within our rooms, and were constrained to pass through them to get to the offices or out of doors. "Oh," said Miss ———, "that would just suit the Italians, and they would consider it quite a recommendation, for they always lock up their women servants at night, and all the windows of their rooms are barred and barricaded." The Italian theory about women is, that they are not to be trusted

on any one occasion. A friend of mine, walking in the streets of Milan, followed by her two young nieces, was known, by the fact of her not making the young ladies walk before her, so that she could see them, not to be an Italian. And a Roman, speaking of English wives, said: "Well, let them do what they will, and have what faults they will, and plague their husbands as they will, at least they are faithful." The commendation, however less generally deserved than the worthy man may have supposed, was still, doubtless, by comparison, tolerably just. Another instance of petty dishonesty has just occurred to me, which I will mention in conclusion of this disagreeable part of my observations: a man, bringing me this morning change for a gold piece of ten scudi, kept back two pauls, taking it for granted, perhaps, that I should not count my returns. On finding the deficit, I spoke to him about it, and proceeded to demonstrate it by counting the money before him. This time, however, it appeared that he had

brought me, instead of too little, too much; and a good deal perplexed at finding that, instead of two pauls minus, I had more than a scudo over the right change. I was proceeding to put this surplus into the man's hands, who had stood watching me, and acquiesced entirely in this new view of the transaction, when suddenly I became aware, that in reckoning it over again, he had permitted me to count three paul pieces for five paul pieces, and was very quietly proceeding to pocket this result of my ignorance of the smaller silver coins. Aware of my mistake, I asked him how he could stand by and permit me to defraud myself so; he laughed, and shrugged, and said, "You counted it yourself." Of such experiences one day in Italy is full, and not all the glory of the past can atone to me for the present shame of the people, nor all the loveliness of external things make up for the ugliness of human souls without truth or honour; women without chastity, and men without integrity, and a whole country without religion, make

a poor residence, in my humble judgment, unless one could be turned into eyes, and all one's perceptions be limited to the faculty of seeing the divine beauty which all this baseness mars.

I walked out this morning,—passed that beautiful fountain of Trevi, which I contrive to take in or out of my way every day for the love I bear it, it is so wonderfully beautiful; the images of the Virgin at the corners of the streets please me, not that they are by any means lovely in themselves, but there is something in the constant repetition of this type of the purest earthly love that touches those who are unhardened by use to it; sometimes these medallion pictures or bas-reliefs have rather ambitious addresses inscribed beneath them, such as the one at the Palazzo Muti; sometimes a short and touching ejaculation, like the "Maria rifugio dei tribulati, ora pro nobis!" under the quaint little effigy of the Holy Mother which hangs upon the ruined wall of the picturesque bridge over the Anio, on the Via Nomentana; sometimes nothing but a poor

little bunch of flowers, such as the nosegay of sweet-williams I stopped to look at this morning, piously stuck beneath the gracious image,—a poor offering, that may nevertheless have brought rich blessings to the donor. Walking early in the morning through Rome, I find the streets encumbered by numerous flocks of goats, directed the way they should go by a peculiarly shrill whistle of their driver, and stopping before almost every house to leave a supply of milk, which seems infinitely more generally used than that of cows, at least among the Italians themselves. I passed this morning through the forum, that place for meditation where, having once arrived, it almost seems impossible to go beyond it; I did, however, having but a shallow and easily exhausted fund of reflections. I walked along the Campo Vaccino, under nature's triumphal arch of flowering acacia trees, to the great Jewish heart-burn, the arch of Titus, and thence down the Via Sacra, to the Coliseum, where I sat down at the foot of the cross to rest

and ruminate. The sun searched with a delicious warmth the recesses of the great ruin—the blue sky roofed it in with tender glory, and looked with limpid clearness through the beautiful arches, as they rose tier above tier into the morning air, and from every rift and crevice, and stony receptacle, where an inch of soil could lodge, curtains of exquisite wild spring flowers fell over the brown rich masses of masonry—delicate garlands wound themselves round the bases of huge fallen columns—full tufted bushes of dark green verdure rocked and swayed in the spring breath along the ranges where the heroic Roman people had thronged the seats of their great slaughter-house,—and high up against the transparent sky, light feathery wands of blossom sprang from the huge wall, crowning the grim battlement with their most fragile beauty. There are no words and no colour for all this; poetry or painting shall not copy it; the noble eye—the mirror of God's universe alone—shall be capable of reflecting it; but let all

who may, come hither and see, for none that have not, shall ever know how these things look. The ruins of Rome, at least so says an intelligent observer, have each their peculiar Flora, and are adorned with wild plants especially belonging to them;—this, if true, is very curious, and it might be matter of amusing speculation to trace the affinity between these lovely creatures and the special places where they incline to grow. After a while I went on my way to St. John Lateran's, and after worshipping the mountains from its threshold, turned into the church, and thence to the Baptistery, with which I was amazingly delighted. Coming home, I passed through the Santa Maria Maggiore, for which, in spite of my late experience in churches, I retain the predilection it first inspired me with. An unusual ceremony was going on,—a high catafalque was raised in the middle of the church; it was like a very enormous bed, covered all over with a splendid gold cloth, with a deep border of black

velvet embroidered with skeletons. Upon this funeral couch, as upon a soldier's coffin, lay the hat and badges of the office and dignity of the dead prelate. Upwards of thirty lamps upon immensely high stands were burning all round it, and the chapter was all assembled in the choir chanting the service for the dead. Presently they all marshalled themselves in procession, and marched towards the catafalque; on leaving the tribune, however, they had to perform a series of genuflexions the most embarrassing and awkward conceivable—first to the high altar, and then to the chapel on the right, and then to the chapel on left, and finally, to the catafalque itself. As they succeeded each other pretty rapidly in their procession, I really was afraid they would push each other down in their complicated performance. Tapers were placed in all their hands, and a sort of ballet master having arranged them in order, they surrounded the dead bed in the middle of the church. Two high dignitaries in magnificent robes of

state then came forward, the one apparently merely supporting the other, and holding up the heavy folds of his gold-embroidered mantle while he performed the office of sprinkling the catafalque with holy water, and swinging a censer round it. During these ceremonies the choir began a very fine chant, which they performed, musically speaking, admirably, though their deportment and demeanour was by no means edifying; they all had an air of as perfect indifference as the provoking disinterestedness of the chorus in a pathetic opera; some were taking snuff with each other, while some were rapidly and mechanically crossing themselves; they talked, laughed, pushed, and jostled each other during the whole chant; and the beautiful church, fine music, and careless mummery of the ceremony formed a most curious jumble as I sat at the base of a pillar, receiving the combined impressions of the whole.

LINES.

Upon the altar of my life there lies
A costly offering: its great price I know;
Its power, its wealth, its splendour, and its beauty;
Yet it lies there, and darkness covers it.
It has not burn'd towards Heaven in holy flames,
Worshipping God, warming and lighting man:
No fire has quicken'd it.—Love, like a torch
Quench'd in foul mist, pass'd over it in vain:
A flickering ray of pale uncertain happiness
Play'd round it once, too weak to kindle it.
Strike, strike then now, ye lightning fires of sorrow!
Devouring flames! ye that have all consumed
Love, Hope, and Happiness, do your whole work!
Light up the gifts that lie on my life's altar,
Kindle the precious sacrifice my soul
Has heap'd in vain: so shall it burn towards Heaven,
And glorify the Giver of all gifts,
The Sender of all earthly destinies.

We had a very interesting visit from ——— to-day, who gravely asserted the truth of the story, that the lizards, in the campagna, fly to meet men when pursued by the vipers that abound there; and, moreover, that the sleeping shepherds are apprised of the approach of serpents by lizards, who come and walk over their faces to awaken them, and warn them of the danger. It is not wise to be in haste to disbelieve; and ignorance, which is said to be the parent of credulity, in my humble judgment, seems to me to be the mother of twins, abject faith and presumptuous denial. This may be true; she is very acute and observing, and, moreover, cites the universal belief of the Italian country-people in these facts. They are very strange, if they are true. These statements were corroborated by the assertions of the country-people round Frascati. She diverted us excessively during a conversation, which

turned on the national peculiarities of the English, by an account of a conversation she once had with a large and respectable silk-manufacturer at Turin, who informed her, that for French and Italian purchasers he had one and the same price (a fair and reasonable one), while from English and Russian ladies he invariably demanded more, because, he said, the Russians, if he asked as moderate a price as possible, would still beat him down at least a third of what he asked; therefore, allowing for this peculiarity, he always asked them a third more than the value of the article; while the English would not purchase anything whatever, unless the price demanded for it was exorbitant, and full a third more than any one else would choose to give. His mode of accommodating the various tastes of his customers was quite sensible, I thought. ——— went on to tell of a certain glove-manufacturer in Cologne, who, being required by an English lady to show her some gloves, found that she would not purchase

them because they were cheaper than she imagined them to be: he told her they were identically the same gloves as those she had bought of him some time before at a higher price, and that their value, from some cause or another, had diminished. She refused to buy them, and the poor manufacturer was much puzzled what to do, when his wife, less conscientious than himself, brought from an inner store-room some that she said were at the old price; and the English lady, delighted, purchased an article identical with the one she had rejected, for a third more money. The glove-maker, whom ——— knew personally to be an extremely honest man, was so annoyed at what he considered the injustice of his profit, that he sent the money to a poor's-box.

We went, in the afternoon, to a fête, given by ———, at the Villa Albani; everything was very pretty, and the whole was a failure, which will happen sometimes: some said it was the weather, which was gusty and uncertain; some, that it

was the cold dinner, which should have been hot; some, that it was the division of men and women at the dinner, who should have been together; but the greater number of reasonable people attributed the want of *entrain* and dullness of the whole thing to the presence of Monsignore ———. I was shown, in the refreshment room, a little antique female fawn, a great curiosity, as it is supposed to be the only specimen of the kind extant; it is quite enough, of course, however, to establish the existence of the two sexes in the race, and therefore to make the habitual deportment of the satyrs towards the nymphs inexcusable. I walked to the Santa Maria Maggiore this morning, and found the streets lined with little extemporaneous altars to the Virgin Mary: they consisted, for the most part, of an old rush-bottomed chair, covered with a cloth or handkerchief; a coarse picture or engraving of the Virgin was leaned against the back of the chair, and before it a bunch of flowers, and a little lamp. Ragged boys and

girls were the officiating clergy of these strange little shrines, and pursued us down the street, shrilly shouting their "Dàmi un bajoc" in the name of the Holy Virgin. It reminded me of the "Please remember the grotto" of our street urchins, but has a more classical and ancient origin, for it is a special celebration in honour of the first Sunday in May, and the Beata Vergine receives the worship of the heathen Flora. I returned home through the Villa Negroni. Most fit and natural it is, that either with or without intermediation, men should praise and worship God at this most holy season, and that the most exquisite eloquence of the material creation should find its crowning utterance in the soul and tongue of man :—

"Hail, bounteous May," &c.

The vegetable gardens that cover the sunny slopes all round Rome, are a source of infinite pleasure to me ; they are extremely well tended and kept, and the bright green files of lettuce

upon the rich soft brown mould have a special beauty of their own, combined of positive elements of symmetry, regularity, and the association of ideas of peaceful industry, plenty and physical well-being: these modest patches of lowly labour look especially well below the ruined arches of the aqueducts, and the crumbling masses of the palace of the Cæsars. It is peculiar, I think, to this wonderful place, that nothing most common and common-place, but becomes, from juxta-position with its heroic and graceful elements, a new charm of contrast, making of the whole something unmatched in harmony and in variety. As I walked through the lovely vineyard, with its green arches and little stacks of cane, all wreathed with the downy vine leaves and fragrant blossoms, the path I followed was like a flowery belt—a broad, undulating, many-coloured ribbon, —thrown across the estate; poppies, with the sun-light shining through them, rocked and nodded to each other; blue and white and purple blos-soms, gold and silver grasses, formed the most

exquisite combinations of form and colour to carpet the vine-dresser's way—up to that hill with its dark diadem of cypresses, between whose shafts the campagna and the mountains, and Rome, are seen framed in separate pictures: then I descended through the lowly demure-looking salad beds, to the old tower of the baths of Diocletian, and a broad avenue, lined with rich dark orange trees, in full blossom,—a wonderful mass of fragrance,—to the gate of the Palazzo, and this was shut. I did not want to turn back; the path through the vineyard had been lovely, but my soul abhors turning back, and so I startled the lonely echoes of the lonely garden and villa with every species of invocation that I thought might bring human help and a key. I never so completely realised and execrated the nature of the national Italian employment, the *Dolce far niente*, as on seeing through this inexorable and heaven-high iron gate, a cat and dog lying in the sun, within a yard of each other, both with their eyes and heads turned to

me, but quite too lazy either to mew or bark, which I vainly tried, by my outcries and exclamations, to induce them to do, and by that means arouse the dwellers of the house, into whom the spirit of the Seven Sleepers seemed to have passed. "There is a blessing for those who wait," says the proverb, to which proverb the wise man or woman will always add "long enough." My blessing came in the shape of a pretty young girl, who opened the gate, and ushered me into the desolate garden of the villa, where I sat in a wilderness of blossoms, in the midst of which sprung up a silver-fringed fountain, and rested while she robbed the orange trees of their bridal garland for me.

May 4th.—This morning I went to the Santa Maria degli Angioli—a splendid church—part of the baths of Diocletian converted to Christianity by Michael Angelo. Unfortunately most of the altars in it are like little cabinets at a French restaurant, with vile painted marble pillars; but the proportions of the church are most splendid.

From thence I went to the Santa Maria della Vittoria, a gaudy rich little church, like some wealthy private chapel, full of costly marbles, gilding, and paintings, and the most extraordinary sculpture; consisting of what one might call marble pictures, by Bernini, of sundry Cardinals and ecclesiastical dignitaries, and a statue of St. Theresa, which represents her in a sort of ecstatical trance, while an angel, astonishingly like a Cupid, both in appearance and occupation, is about to pierce her heart with the arrow of (divine) love. This is a very curious performance and conception; the mechanical merit of it is very great, I believe; I thought it was a pity it was not done in wax; the "moral suitability" of such a work in marble is none. After this, crossing over by the Acqua Felice, I walked by mistake into the cloisters of the Benedictine monks, whence I was recalled in horror by some one passing by, who indicated to me the proper entrance of their small church, which I was in search of.

We have just made an expedition to Tivoli, which was highly prosperous till its very close. Directed by ——— to one inn in preference to the rival establishment, we repaired to the Queen of England, and found her most gracious majesty dark, dingy, dirty,—in short indescribably dreadful; but, however, thanks to some omnipotent charm, which we alas had not! ——— had found sweet smells and savory food, and sunny sights, while our experience was—of dirt to eat, dirt to drink, and dirt to sleep in. Travellers sent to that inn by our friend should at least be furnished too with his talisman (a good conscience and a contented spirit, I presume), which made him careless of all the usual necessities of life. Soon after our arrival, donkeys were procured, and we started on the usual giro of the valley, beginning our pilgrimage at the Villa D'Este, where we sat by fountains falling in this lovely solitude, and gathered branches thick with orange blossoms, and looked from crumbling princely terraces over the glorious campagna, and heard,—in a sort of

dark chamber of cypress trees with the red buds of delicate China roses blooming at their feet,—the loud sweet singing of a fearless nightingale. Thence we proceeded to what is called, by those who know, Mæcenas' villa; and by those who know better, the temple of Hercules. I, who neither know, nor know better, saw a fine collection of extensive iron forges, a species of place that I have the greatest delight in, because of their picturesque black chambers, and fiery furnaces, and sooty population, all which we had in great perfection here; for after walking out on the huge noble roof that juts like a promontory over the glen, its sides all garlanded with young verdure, amidst which the milk white cascatelle went rolling in round fleecy ropes down the steep cliff, we descended to visit the valley, passing through the iron works—through dark passages, where the sound of rushing waters rolled above our heads—and where some sudden furnace gleam betrayed them hurrying fast beneath the planks under our feet. Huge bellows and hammers, wielded by the sub-

ject elements, resounded with deafening clangour through the black vaults. Presently we passed deep glowing furnaces, from one of which a long bar of iron that had writhed itself crooked in the intense heat, was drawn out, and thrown like a red snake upon the ground; close to those toiling fires sprang up white sheets of toiling water, wrestling with powerful wheels that they lashed till they turned the appointed way; and sweating, begrimed, sooty,—smaller than the smallest part of this vast machinery, and weaker than its weakest,—stood in the midst of these, his bright powerful slaves, the mighty task-master —man. Leaving these vulcanic regions, we descended a steep path, through vineyards, where the vines, instead of being cut short and fastened in little stacks to reeds a few feet high, are spread all over trellises—a mode of training them, disadvantageous, it is said, to the grapes, but which produces a very pleasant appearance, and looked down upon from above has the effect of a sort of false-bottom to the

whole country—that which seems the verdant ground being nothing but the vine-covered trellis that hides it. The whole valley, as we wound round it, was exquisitely beautiful, and we paused by some golden tufts of broom opposite the cascatelle to enjoy the view. Our *montures* were not of the choicest description, and their gear was judiciously on a par with their personal virtues. I rode on a man's saddle, to which a pair of horns, copied certainly from those of some "curst cow," were affixed by means of a sort of swivel, so that for my greater convenience they incessantly turned round, and I on my "jack-*us*" might have performed a series of sedentary *rond de jambes*. Presently, however, I was called upon to execute no less peculiar a feat, for the whole saddle turning at the moment the quadruped received a sudden and rather violent encouragement from the guide, I found myself with one leg stuck over the pummel, hopping with great alacrity on the other by the side of the donkey,

who was then performing a lively piece of trot. In spite of all this, the whole expedition was lovely—the great fall disappointed me from the extremely artificial appearance given to it by the tunnel through which it now passes previous to pouring itself into the glen. It is true that to sacrifice half a town and its inhabitants every spring or autumn to the picturesque beauty of a waterfall is making rather a grim goddess of the nymph of these bright waters; but certainly she has lost some of her charms, as well as her terrors, since she has been led through these artificial channels instead of tearing her way through the grotto of Neptune and the houses that surrounded it. Arrived at the entrance of the tunnel through which the river is led in two channels for a space of (as nearly as I can guess) a quarter of a mile, I turned under the vault, wishing to go through the passage; a footpath by the side of the canal is provided for this purpose, and the rushing of the waters in the contrary direction

from that in which I was running, together with the imperfect light, which towards the middle of the tunnel was a good deal obscured, produced rather a nervous sensation in me, which was suddenly and most disagreeably increased by a diabolical noise of shouting and howling, which the hollow vault rendered supernaturally sonorous, and which proceeded from a man who was rapidly following me. My first impression was that he might be drunk, and the issue of a contested passage seemed doubtful; while this pleasant contingency rapidly passed through my mind, the howling individual joined me, and proved to be our guide, who in anxious solicitude lest I should fall into the water, had pursued me with this terrific noise, which very nearly caused me to do so. He apprised me that a young English girl had fallen into the water under this tunnel, and showed me a tablet in the wall testifying the same; she was fortunately not drowned, and indeed I should not think there was much danger of

such a catastrophe; for though the current is extremely rapid and the channel perfectly smooth, it is by no means deep. On emerging from this passage one comes upon a very pretty peaceful landscape, where the remaining waters of the river flow winding beneath willow trees through some garden grounds to the town. To return to my party I had to retrace my steps, and took the second tunnel, parallel to the one I had before come through—for the passage consists of two. This channel is deeper than the other, and less agreeable to pass through, inasmuch as the footpath is made slippery and uncomfortable by water dropping from the roof. At the end of the passage, a great number of tablets inserted in the wall testify to the fact of various royal and illustrious personages having made the same expedition. As I shall surely not be tabletted, I think it fit here to record the interesting fact of my having passed through the tunnel of the Anio. I regret very much for the sake of my readers, who, I am sure,

would be interested by the circumstance, that I did not look at my watch to ascertain the precise hour of the day. Various marks on the side of the arch show how high its majesty the river rises during the period of sudden and violent rains; and some testify that the waters must very nearly at one time have filled up the whole channel, and that the smooth back of the swollen current must have all but grazed itself against the high roof of the arch above it. When it thus comes brimming up to the very top of the portals made for it, and pouring over the rocky battlements of the glen, it must be a fine sight to see; to-day it was a well-bred waterfall, and as we threw light branches and boughs down on the glassy sheet that ran so smoothly to the foaming leap below, I thought of the white wreath of immortelles that I had watched churning round and round in the wild waters of the Nixie's glen in the deep mountain chambers of Taconach. From this point we descended to the empty hollow of Neptune's

Grotto, where the waters formerly poured themselves, but where now only a small portion of them find a vent; the basin in the rocks is splendid and beautiful, and the cavern below, called the Syren's Cave, into which the waters disappear with a frightful leap, is vastly the most picturesque thing of the whole. When the whole river came thundering down into this abyss, it must have been a magnificent spectacle. As it is, the dark depth below one, the rocky well through which one looks up to the sky, with its sides all garlanded with exquisite verdure, and high against the distant blue, on the very rim of this grim bowl, the graceful, perfect form of the Temple of Vesta, constitute a most striking and beautiful scene.

LINES ON THE ANIO AT TIVOLI.

One river from the mountain springs was born,
Into three several streams its course was torn.
One had a royal pathway made, and ran,
Sheltered and screened, through channels paved
by man:
A noble flood, a bounteous, beauteous river,
In light and glory rolling forth for ever.
One, to the children of the earth became
A slave unwilling, bound, but never tame.
Round lashing wheels its silver foam was spread,
Thro' murky chambers its bright waves were led,
Dread clangour of huge engines drown'd its voice,
At its dark work forbidden to rejoice;
Close by its fiery foe its white waves boil,
Fierce ruddy flames beside it glow and toil,
Striving and labouring, panting, rushing past,
All stained and sullied it leaps free at last,

And down the huge cliffs with one shouting bound
Joins its fair sister on the level ground
Of a green valley. One sad stream was led
By God, not man, thro' chasms dark, drear, and dread:
Horrible depths ne'er visited by light,
Caves of despair, dismay, and thickest night;
There in an agony the lonely river
Leapt down, and turned, and writhed, and plunged for ever;
Seeking escape from out the hideous deep,
Where its wild waters were condemned to weep;
But this tormented stream too found its way,
At length, to the sweet air of upper day;
And altogether they flow down to rest
One with the other in the Ocean's breast.
So ends all life that is but mortal breath,—
All fates are equal in the lap of Death.

We returned to the inn for rest and refreshment; of the latter we got little, except what we derived from laughing at our food, the only alternative, as we did not wish to cry, and our spirits at least being refreshed by the process, we set out with sundry guides, bundles of tapers, and trusses of hay and straw, to scare the syren in her lair by torch-light. It had rained, for as we returned home in the morning we were overtaken by a sharp shower, and the evening was wild and gusty. It was very dark, and as we passed through the steep streets of the little town, the sudden flares of wind blew the cloaks of the gentlemen, and the petticoats of the women, and the red streams of torch-light, in wild confusion before them. As we wound down the steep paths to the cavern, the trees through which we passed glittered all in the rain that still rested on them, and added much to the beautiful effect of the shadowy procession moving

in torch-light through the surrounding gloom, and descending, apparently, into the very bowels of the earth. Arrived at the bottom of Neptune's Cave, which is the top of the Syren's Grotto, all sorts of illuminations took place. Bundles of hay were piled beneath the rocky arch, below which the waters disappeared, and being set fire to, the sudden light sent a blood-red flare deep down into the gulph and upon the foaming waters. Wreaths of burning straw were floated down into the abyss, whose darkness swallowed them instantly; the rocky roof and eager forms and faces of the assistants, and terrified leaping wild waters, all being suddenly illuminated by the strong light only for a few seconds. Then fires were lighted half way up the glen in a sort of rocky gallery, with open arches looking down into the deep. Here, as we stood below and opposite, we saw the men who were employed in lighting these fires run to and fro through the ruddy rock passage: the effect was perfectly infernal; and nothing but demons, or some religious rites,

such as men have devised for themselves, and which are fit only for devils, were suggested by this strange spectacle. Then the red flaring fires were extinguished, and a pale white chemical light was made to pour its radiance into the rocky cup, at the bottom of which we stood. The mild, but powerful light, like brightest moonlight intensified, searched every nook of the cavern, and falling full on the white robe of the waterfall, made it appear like some gigantic ghost. In short, there was no end to the tricks played, and the exhibitions made of those beautiful and awful scenes; and as the master of the inn, like an expert showman, made us stand first in one place and then in another, while he produced his effects of red lights, and white lights, and hay light, and straw light, and torch light, I was seized with disgust at the whole process, and heartily wished he might fall into the cataract, while he was showing it off in that familiar and theatrical style. I am sorry for this ill feeling, but I do

not like liberties taken with nature. Coming to see the scenery by torch-light, I should not have objected to; but these buffooneries displeased me, in spite of the striking effect produced by some of them. I have always a spiteful feeling at people who make vulgar exhibitions of grand and fearful natural objects, and never yet saw a menagerie, and heard the impertinent observations of the keepers upon elephants, lions, tigers, and such small gear, and saw the intolerable jokes they practise upon these very superior animals, that I did not wish the bars of the cage might break, and the two beasts be brought into a more natural confronting of each other. If we must have collections of noble savage beasts, and keep them in cages, let them be treated with proper respect; and if we may go and peep shuddering over the brink of such secrets as those of the Syren's Grotto at Tivoli, let us do it devoutly, and not in a spirit of impertinent levity, with all sorts of mountebank illustrations of our own devising. Sitting in

the night beside that fearful subterranean waterfall would, after all, have been a finer thing than all the things we did.

THE SYREN'S CAVE, AT TIVOLI.

As o'er the chasm I breathless hung,
Thus from the depths the Syren sung :

" Down, down into the womb
Of earth, the daylight's tomb,
Where the sun's eyes
Never may shine,
Nor fair moon rise
With smile divine ;
Where caverns yawn
Black as despair,
Fatally drawn
I plunge down there ;

And with the bound
The rocks resound,
And round and round
My waves are wound
Into the gaping rifts of the mid earth:
Oh, for the sunny springs where I took birth!
The gentle rills,
The tiny brimming fountain,
That, scoop'd in the warm bosom of the mountain,
Each May shower over-fills!
Whence I and my fair sister came; and she
Rolls her smooth silver flood along the way,
That princes made for her, so royally,
Piercing the rock to give her ample way.
Down the bright sunny steep
Her waters leap,
Myrtle, and bay, and laurel, and wild vine,
A garland for her flowing tresses twine!
The green moss stars the rocks whereon she leaps,
Over her breast the fragrant locust weeps;

The air resounds with her wild shouts of
laughter,
The echoes of the hills in chorus after
Repeat the sound, and in her silvery spray
Rainbows are woven by the light of day!
Down in the valley she springs
And sings,
And the sky bends over
Her, like a lover;
And glittering and sparkling her waters run,
A bright sea of snow in the summer sun!

Darkness broods over me the while;
Grim rocks that sweat
With my cold clammy spray,
As down the hopeless way
In one wild jet
My tortur'd billows lash, and leap, and boil;
So deep my bed of darkness lies,
That scarce the voice of my great agony
Reaches the skies,
And all ye see

With fearful eyes
Who question me,
Is the grey whirling mist that covers all
As with a pall.

Light! light upon the rocks! sudden and fierce
The sharp flames pierce;
Glaring upon my water
Like the blood-hue of slaughter
A red torch flashes;
As down my wild flood dashes
Wide flaring brightness streams upon my foam,
And flaming fire-wreaths come
Hissing into my waves, to find their doom
In the same blackness that devours me.
The huge rocks grin, as with a sudden glee,
At this strange visitation of the light,
And they are made not beautiful, but bright,
As all their horrid piles and masses show,
Hanging above, and heaped below,
Searched by the ruddy glow.

Oh, let me still in darkness dwell!
Not in this hell
Of lurid light,
That scares the night.
Hence with the leaping glare,
Whose fiery stare
Reveals the secrets of my dismal bed;
Hence with the voices that profane the dread
Of my dark chambers!"—thus the Syren cried,
As o'er the rocky chasm's black hideous side
I hung entranc'd with terror and dismay,—
And at that piteous cry I fled away.

The next morning we took a walk to the Temple of Vesta, and bade farewell to this enchanting place. The hills and waterfalls delight me; but the carefully cut paths, and steps, and civilised facilities for sight-seeing irk me too, when I think of the exquisite scenery hidden in the wild recesses of the mountains in America; of the long, laborious, uncertain, wandering

through the forests; of the adventurous exploring half up the bright waters of some wild mountain stream (an easier path often than may be found along its rocky precipitous banks); of the delight of finding, at last, through much difficulty and some danger, the hidden cataract, whose voice had called us on through the thick veil of interposing wood; of the noon-day plunge in the cold sparkling waters, curtained round with the dark folds of the hemlock pines, below whose screen the delicate birch-trees wave their golden tapestry; the blue sky, purer and more brilliant than even that of Italy, roofing in the paradise, encircled by the primeval forest, and secure from even thought of human proximity. There is something tame in all this tourist-haunted nature compared with the lovely wild scenery buried in the unvisited and hardly known regions of that most beautiful western continent. As we drove out of Tivoli on our return to Rome, we met three girls walking with intertwined arms and bare heads, whose beauty

was extremely remarkable; as they went singing and laughing down the street, they would have formed a splendid study for a painter, with their fine heads and full figures and free reckless bearing; they looked dirty and saucy, but most eminently picturesque. Our next adventure was less agreeable. At the very beginning of the long steep hill which leads from Tivoli to the level campagna, the horses of the carriage in which ——— and Mr. ——— were became restive, and after kicking and plunging in a most frightful manner, set off full gallop down the hill. ——— and Mr. ——— fortunately had time to get out, and the coachman and servant had also dismounted. The infuriated creatures came tearing down the hill, with the carriage tossing like a ship behind them. They struck it violently against a tree, which broke it, and set them free, and they then pursued their frantic career, followed by the despairing coachman and our very efficient and steady man, Pietro. We had hardly received the ship-

wrecked travellers into our carriage, and stowed their carpet-bags, guide-books, and all the endless lumber of a trip, and were proceeding leisurely towards the bottom of the long hill, when we met the forlorn procession returning; Pietro pale and with quivering lips; the horses with their tails all covered with blood whisking against their bleeding legs, which they had cut and mangled shockingly in kicking against the carriage: the coachman brought up the train like Niobe, all tears. No sooner did he perceive us, than he broke out into a southern tempest of lamentations, wringing his hands, beating his breast, tearing his hair, rolling his eyes up to heaven, sobbing, snivelling, and finally falling in a demi-sincope upon a bank; while, in the deep abandonment of his grief, he let go the horses' reins again, thereby giving them an opportunity of renewing their late successful scappata. How an Englishman would have scowled at the howling Roman as he reclined weeping and woe-begone by the road-

side! We comforted him all we could, and proceeded to Hadrian's Villa, where ———, who had sprained his foot in jumping from the carriage, having procured a horse, we spent some beatific time amid the grand, graceful ruins round which the spring had twined a thousand fresh garlands, making glad the wrecks of man's greatness with the never-fading greatness of God. It was a great, beautiful, and sublime scene, and for a moment I was seized with the Lotos Eater's frenzy, and felt inclined to remain there the rest of my natural life.

HADRIAN'S VILLA.

Let us stay here : nor ever more depart
From this sweet wilderness Nature and Art
Have made, not for light wandering feet to stray,
Through their fair chaos half one sunny day ;
But for th' abiding place of those whose spirit
Is worthy all this beauty to inherit.
Pervading sunlight vivifies the earth,
The fresh green thickets rock, as though in mirth,
Under its warmth, and shaken by the breeze,
That springs down into them from waving trees,
Whose dark blue branches spread themselves on high,
On granite shafts, that seem to prop the sky.
Around, a rocky screen the mountains spread,
Wood-mantled to their middle, but each head
Grey, bare, and bald, save where a passing veil,
Vaporous, and silv'ry soft, the low clouds trail

Over their craggy brows:—down their steep sides
The light procession of fleet shadow glides,
Garlands of melting gloom, that join and sever,
And climb, and then run down the hills for ever,
Like rapid outspread wings, flying away
Before the golden shafts of the bright day.
Turn from the rocky wall, and lo! a sea
Of level land, like an eternity,
Spreads its vast plain beneath the hazy light,
Till far, far, on th' horizon's edge, one bright
And blinding streak betrays the distant verge,
Where earth and ocean in each other merge.
Look from this promontory made of ruin,
Thro' whose brown broken arches the soft wooing
Of the Spring air in murmurs low is heard,
Answering the voice of that triumphant bird,
Who, hid 'mid fragrant wreaths of hawthorn bloom,
Sings loud and sweet, here, in this wondrous tomb
Of the earth's greatness:—look below, around,
Above,—survey this magic sky and ground;

These crumbling arches, that blue vault of Heaven,
These pillars, and these friezes, fall'n or riv'n
From their stone sockets; those fair cypress trees,
Those vine and ivy garlands, Nature's frieze;
These graceful fragments, over which she flings
The still fresh mantle of a thousand Springs;
Hear from it all the strange and solemn story,
Decay and Death reaping all human glory.
Ho, Adrian! Emperor, Conqueror, Priest, and Lord!
Who the great Roman world swayedst with a word!
Thou who didst cast off power without measure,
To dwell in joy, possessing only pleasure!
The wild bee hums in the wild wreaths of thyme
That carpet o'er thy halls and courts sublime;
The nightingale, sweet single chorister,
Fills the void circle of thy theatre,
And northern pilgrims, with slow lingering feet,
Stray round each vestige of thy lov'd retreat,

And spend in homage half one sunny day
Before they pass upon their wandering way,
Leaving thy royal ruin of delight
Lordly and lonely, lovely, sad, and bright.

We have made another expedition in the opposite direction, which has enchanted us extremely. Leaving Rome by the San Paolo fuor le Mura, we took the road to Ostia; and, following the windings of the Tiber, with our backs to the beautiful mountain screen that stands round Rome, we drove towards the sea. The spring was in all its beautiful southern glory: as long as we drove through the suburbs, every wall was crowned with profuse bushes of roses, and every path shaded with the silver bunches of the acacia blossom; the great long lordly sweeping meadows of the campagna were all carpeted with soft green and a thousand blossoms; and the very edges of the ditches by the road-side were gay with gorgeous colours—now

an army of scarlet poppies that "made the rash gazer wipe his eye," and then a heaven-blue cloud of delicate azure-tinted burridge, with its red-brown stalks and downy leaves; while above, wild hawthorn and honeysuckle hung fragrant draperies over every hedge. Spring is the season for Italy—Italy is the place to see the spring, and know how triumphant a thing this resurrection of the year may be. Midway to Ostia, and just beyond a bit of the ancient Via Severiana, stands the Osteria of Malafede; and here begins the vast extent of alternate marsh and forest that stretches along the coast as far as Nettuno. From a rise in the road just at this point, the view is very striking; the wide tract of dwarf forest, scrub hawthorn, and oak, stretches down over the skirts of the campagna, like a dark shadow, to the salt marshes, and desolate lonely town of Ostia. Fever and ague have scared away all human inhabitants from this wild district, which has a peculiar forlorn grandeur and picturesqueness of its own. The people

employed at the salt works are pretty much the only residents in Ostia, where there is a church and inn, and the fine old middle-age castle, in which Cæsar Borgia was confined for a time. Leaving this uninviting place, we drove about half a mile over short sea-grass, in a parallel direction with the coast, and crossing a small bridge over a widish brook that flows from the forest marshes to the sea, we entered the domain of Castel Fusano, the property of the Chigi family, and found ourselves in a sort of sylvan temple, of the noblest and grandest proportions: all round the old weather-stained mansion a semi-circle of glorious stone pines formed a natural hall, more beautiful than ever yet rose, propped on granite or marble—it was impossible not to be struck with delight and almost awe, standing in the midst of this ring of forest giants; behind them stretched the various wood of beech and oak, with their gnarled fantastic forms, and new fresh verdure, and far-winding wooing avenues, forming the most delicious con-

trast to the solemn grandeur of this fine colonnade. All round the house reigned a sunny open space, girt everywhere with exquisite woodland scenery; and towards the sea, the great pine forest stretched its dark-blue vault over the earth, fragrant with its aromatic warm coloured sheddings, on which we walked, rejoicing in all things. A broad avenue, paved with the large stones of the Roman road, and extending for nearly a mile and a half, led through this strange paradise. On either hand, the shafts of the stone pines rose shining like porphyry columns; ilex and oak, and brilliant evergreen growth, filled up, as with green curtains, the spaces between; the feathery snow-white heather darted its elegant spires up against this dark back-ground; profuse branches of rose-blossomed daphne, and fragrant pale-blue rosemary, swelled in rounded tufts below, and close upon the dark cone-strewed earth, like jewels scattered upon the pavement of these magical woods; the glowing blossoms of the sweet cyclamen shone ruby red

in the gleams of sunlight that crept beneath the boughs to make them bright. A more wonderful and beautiful woodland scene I never saw; and when, towards the end of this triumphant way, the dazzling white sand and sapphire blue waters of the Mediterranean rose up against the horizon, we all cried out with delight and amazement at the beauty of the scene. The day passed rapidly away—it is one of those filled only with beautiful things, which I remember separately in my life.

THE AUTUMN CYCLAMEN.

These beautiful little flowers, whose most appropriate title among the Italian country people is Viole pazze (mad violets), early in spring fill these southern woods with their amaranth-coloured blossoms, and exquisite

fragrance. They disappear before the increasing heat of summer, but when the autumn comes return and cover every mossy bank and sheltered copse with profuse blossoms, which, however, look like the flowery spectres of their sweet spring existence; colourless and scentless, they haunt the woods and meadows till the fall of the year; when even these floral apparitions vanish, their petals dropping off, the slight stems, generally two or three inches long, roll themselves tightly up, and either lie thus curled up under the earth's surface, or perhaps merely beneath its warm winter covering of fallen leaves, until the spring restores to them their amaranthine vests and fragrant breath.

We are the ghosts of those small flow'rs,
That in the opening of the year,
'Neath rosemary and myrtle bow'rs,
In crimson vests appear.

Far, underneath the blue pine wood,
Between its massive porphyry stems,
The mossy ground we overstrewed
With ruby-coloured gems.

The slender heath spires o'er us wav'd
Their lordly snow-white feathers fine,
And round our feet the earth was pav'd
With sheddings of the pine.

The flow'r Apollo lov'd, its bloom
In rosy bunches o'er us spread,
And heavy hanging golden broom
Deep golden shadows shed.

Above, around, and underneath,
The aromatic air was filled
With the wild sweetness of our breath,
Like honey-combs distilled.

The spring breeze flying towards the sea
Entranced, remain'd, and o'er us hung;
And in our cups the soft brown bee
Bending our blossoms swung.

The blue sea sang to us a deep,
Sonorous, solemn, melody;
The sun stoop'd 'neath the boughs to peep
At our fair company.

And you went by; in your white hand
Was many a slender, brittle stem,
That you had gather'd from our band;
We wished we were with them.

Now, here we are a ghostly train;
Who, in the closing of the year,
From the dark earth-cells rise again,
And sadly do appear.

The red hues of our coronal,
All pale and wintry white have grown;
Our leaves, in wild disorder, all,
By the rough winds are blown.

The sun-beams faint, and thin, and chill,
Look at us thro' dark walls of cloud,
And o'er the grey ridge of the hill,
The storm howls fierce and loud.

'Neath many a black green ivy wreath,
Steep'd in the cold and glittering showers,
We send a faint and scentless breath,
Thro' gloomy laurel bow'rs.

The hard pine-cones come shaken down,
Bruising us, where we clustered grow,
Brown, thorny, wild briar arms are thrown
Across our breasts of snow.

The threatening thunder heavily
Rolls thro' the darkening realms of space;
And in the lightning glares we see
Each other's wet, wan face.

We are the ghosts of those gay flow'rs,
That in your soft white hand you bore;
And soon the cheerless wintry bow'rs
Will see e'en us no more.

This morning we went to the Sistine Chapel; our last expedition to it had ended in quasi suffocation among the crowd outside the door, listening to Pacini's Miserere, which we could not hear, and supposing it was Allegri's; to-day we entered without let or hindrance, and found all silent and empty—two diligent German sight-seers, book in hand, alone wandered round with us; and we remained for a length of time admiring the grandest pictorial conceptions in the whole world. It is impossible to describe them; but I have never been impressed by any pictures as by these colossal figures of the sybils and prophets—grand and natural, simple and sublime, beyond any pictures I ever beheld. The great picture of the Last Judgment, which stands behind the altar, did nothing, however, but horrify me. Drawing, grouping, anatomy, may all triumph in this vast composition; but the conception of it is so gross, so coarse, so

earthly, and withal so childish, that it displeased me utterly. As for the Judge Supreme, the Christ, the Son of God, I was more shocked with the brutal form and expression lent to Him, than with any other representation of that Divine Humanity I ever beheld—though I involuntarily turn away my eyes from all of them. This was indeed horrible,—the subject of the whole thus treated is exceedingly displeasing, and I turned from it to gaze with still increasing wonder and delight at the miracles on the vault. A rather comical piece of consideration was shown, it seems to me, on the occasion of the death of the late Pope. While his body lay in state in the chapel, a curtain was drawn across the picture of the Last Judgment, with a view, I suppose, to avoid the suggestion of any ideas upon that subject in which the dead Pontiff might be disrespectfully implicated: in spite of which precaution shrewd guesses were not avoided; and a letter was taken from the post-office a short time ago, directed "To Gregory

the Sixteenth, *in Hell!*" and containing a copy of the amnesty promulgated immediately after his accession by his successor. As we left the Vatican, a most beautiful effect of light struck me; the staircase we descended was in a sort of mellow twilight; the long gallery, beyond where stood and sat the Swiss Guard, was perfect salmon-colour, with the sunlight pouring through the open windows towards the great court; and at the end of all, between the large pillars of the colonnade, the place of St. Peter's Fountain, people, and the long Via del Borgo were one blaze of sunlight. It was wonderful; but could hardly have been painted any more than described. We walked out at the Porta Angelica, and went home across the meadows behind St. Angelo, along a lane filled with acacias and honeysuckle; we crossed the Tiber by a most primitive rope ferry in a most filthy ferry-boat, and landing in the Via Ripetta went up to our home on the Pincio, which seems to me one of the very choice positions in all Rome.

In the afternoon we drove out to the Via Nomentana, beyond St. Agnes, intending to visit the catacombs; walking through some ground, part meadow, part vineyard, to a tumble-down cottage, a man issued from it armed with a proper proportion of tapers, who guided us to a sort of cellar door, opening into the ground. First went our guide, next Mr. ———, down the steep narrow stone steps; I was about to follow, followed myself by my sister and Mrs. ———, when, happening to look upwards, I perceived that the vault, on which the torch-light and daylight played together, was literally lined with huge hairy spiders, a perfect net-work of running legs and round black bodies. This was enough for me; I would have gone down there to have saved a person's life, perhaps; as it was, I forthwith wheeled about and fled. Mrs. ——— and my sister followed my example; the latter, indeed, for pure conformity's sake, for she does not mind spiders. Mr. ——— remained at the bottom of the stairs, adjuring,

imploring, exhorting—"Caroline! Adelaide! Mrs. Butler! There are no more spiders as soon as you're down the stairs; they're only old men —not real spiders, what d'ye call them, daddy-long-legs. Oh, come here! see!—the early Christians! Here they are!" But the latest Christians fled amain, and we saw no catacombs; in spite of which, my conception of, and admiration for, all that these saints and martyrs of our faith endured, is, I am persuaded, infinitely greater than if I had seen the catacombs, and not the spiders. To divert the time while Mr. ——— pursued his spidery way, my sister and myself went into the curious old church of St. Agnes, which is quite at a considerable depth below ground, — a most picturesque old church, sunny and lonely and still: it struck us both extremely. There was a beautiful marble head of Christ, attributed to Michael Angelo, on a small side altar; the whole church, empty of all but the still sunlight, seemed to me full of devotion. The priest who showed it

to us led us from thence to the adjoining baptistry or church of Sta. Costanza, an exquisite round building, with a double colonnade of marble pillars; a roof covered with various and most curious mosaic, and a little side door, which, standing half opened, showed a rich foreground of golden green foliage, and the sunny campagna beyond. The whole was most magnificent in its effect, and I regretted neither the spiders nor the catacombs. This was our last day in Rome; the spring beckoned us to our villeggiatura at Frascati, and the next morning we departed for the Alban hills, and the green woody slopes of Tusculum.

It is a certain fact that descriptions describe nothing; that is to say, they do not convey any distinct idea whatever of either places or people to those who are not acquainted with them; their use, I take it, is to recall vividly, if they are good, places or people, to those who are acquainted with them. Thus, while reading such descriptions, as while looking at a picture

of a loved face, or a familiar haunt, we bear testimony to the merit of the copy by forgetting it, and exclaiming, with our minds full of the original, "Ah, how lovely it was!" To that happy company of friends gathered during the bright hours of that summer (of 1846) under one roof, and from whose national and individual dissimilarities no element of discord arose, but only variety of harmony, during an uninterrupted season of delightful intercourse,—I dedicate these remembrances of that beautiful residence, and those fortunate hours, during which memories were planted that will outbloom all seasons, and spirits joined together in bonds that will survive all time. The house we resided in was one of the many Borghese palaces, and had been a favourite residence of the Borghese (not *par excellence*) Pauline, the Venere Vincitrice—no longer inhabited by its owners, it had been let in several apartments to different families, and this year we were fortunate enough to secure one of them. The large and rather dila-

pidated rooms were but scantily provided with furniture, more various than well assorted, and tending to unsatisfactory splendour rather than to solid comfort. Few of the tables or chairs stood fairly on their legs; but then in almost every room was some precious slab of beautifully veined marble. The sofas were repulsive and not inviting, but the walls and ceilings were variegated with that profusion of graceful ornament which make us wonder at the bare white-washing and monotonous one-patterned papers of our northern abodes; and if the brick floors and doors loth to shut, threatened a little to the rheumatic apprehensions of English people, what sunlight, incessant, brilliant, glorious, blessed, poured from those cloudless heavens through the open windows day after day! and how in the panting summer afternoons we looked through the cheerful vista of the long gallery, where we sat, to the pleasant vine-covered trellis, with its hanging bunches of grapes; the dark-leaved gigantic growth of the hydrangea, with its heavy

tufts of cool, pale-blue blossoms, and the sparkling fringes of the fountain that fell down beyond into the stone basin, in the midst of its smooth clipped shining screen of polished laurel! What moonlight nights lured us forth upon the broad terraces with their graceful urns and slender cypress spires, like delicate shadows piercing the violet sky! What delicious hours of mere breathing that pleasant summer residence afforded, with its infinite combinations of natural and artificial beauty! My own special apartment was most charming.

Three windows cheerfully poured in the light:
One from the east, where o'er the Sabine hills
The sun first rose on the great Roman plain,
And shining o'er the garden, with its fountains,
Vine-trellises, and heaps of rosy bloom,
Struck on the glittering laurel trees, that shone
With burnished golden leaves against my lattice.

One towards the north, close screened with a dark wall
Of bay and ilex, with tall cypress shafts,
Piercing with graceful spires the limpid air,
Like delicate shadows in transparent water.
One towards the west—above a sunny green,
Where merry black-eyed Tusculan maidens laid
The tawny woof to bleach between the rays
Of morning light and the bright morning dew.
There spread the graceful balustrade, and down
Swept the twin flights of steps, with their stone vases,
And thick leav'd aloes, like a growth of bronze,
To the broad court, where, from a twilight cell,
A Naiad, crowned with tufts of trembling green,
Sang towards the sunny palace all day long.

How charming the life was, too, with its monotony and variety, like that of beautiful nature itself. The early morning walk, through dewy

vineyards, where I forestalled my breakfast, picking from the purple and amber bunches, like a greedy bird, the finest grapes, all bathed in bloom and freshness, or breaking from the branches over my head the heavy-hanging luscious figs, while my eyes slowly wandered from the Sabine hills to the Alban mountain, and from the shining glorious campagna to the glittering Mediterranean. Then the noon-day plunge in the cool fountain, with those beautiful children, their round rosy limbs shining through the clear water, and their bead-like, glancing eyes bright with delight. Then the readings, and the music; that exquisite voice, and learned lovely art, enchanting the hours with the songs of every land; the earnest, silent, *begrimed*, absorbed, drawing hours; the quiet enthusiasm of our artist friend; the infinite anecdote, varied learning, marvellous memory, and eloquent outpourings of our traveller; the graceful universal accomplishment and most gentle chivalrous benevolence of our dear Excellency. How many, many elements of plea-

sure and of happiness were there! How perfectly all the elements were united and tempered and attuned! The evening rides, when the sun began to withdraw his potent presence; the merry meeting of the numerous cavalcade, in front of the fine mansion; the salutations from balcony and terrace from those who stayed, alas! behind, to those who, blessed with health and strength, went forth to increase them both by pleasure. The sober procession at starting up the broad ilex avenue, the unfailing exclamations of delight and admiration as we stood on the royal terrace of the Dragon's mount, and then the sweeping gallops over the wide campagna to the Lake Regillus, Gabii, Pentana, Lunghezza, or through the chestnut woods below Rocca di Papa, and at the base of Monte Cavo, or along the smooth verdant sward (smoother and greener in the spring and autumn than green Ireland ever saw) of the long Latin valley, and then the return, by rosy sunset or pearly moonlight, through the filbert woods of Tusculum, by the Camadoli, and

down the fragrant, warm, mysterious cypress avenue. It was a perfect life, and to have led it for several months is a miracle.

LIFE.

At morn—a mountain ne'er to be climbed o'er,
A horn of plenty, lengthening evermore ;
At noon—the countless hour sands pouring fast,
Waves that we scarce can see as they run past ;
At night—a pageant over ere begun,
A course not even measured and yet run,
A short mysterious tale—suddenly done.
At first—a heap of treasure, heaven-high;
At last—a failing purse, shrunk lean and beggarly.

Established at the Villa Taverna, one of our first expeditions was to the ancient Latin city, the birth-place of the Catos—the summer resort of Cicero. At the back of our house a noble avenue of ilex leads up for nearly a quarter of a mile of gradual ascent to the Villa Mondragone, the noblest of all the princely houses that cluster above Frascati—a huge block of building through whose long ranges of empty windows the bright sky looks like some sparkling blue eye through the sockets of a skeleton, covering, I should suppose, upwards of two acres of ground. The princely mansion commands the whole near and far country most royally—in front, a spacious terrace, all grass-grown and desolate, overlooks the splendid prospect ; a broken, tottering stone balustrade still ornaments it, but the visitor, gazing on the varied and lovely scene, had better beware of the treacherous support of its tottering pillars,—here

and there great gaps are broken in its graceful line, and the irregular tufts of ivy, clematis, and wild briar have climbed from the green depths below, and hung their tapestry over the ruin; four pillars, with dragons' heads for capitals, and surmounted by iron crosses, mark the corners of this terrace—land-marks seen for miles from below; and a dry fountain, full of weeds and nettles, stands in the midst of it, whence looking at sunset, the world cannot show a grander or more melancholy scene. To the right, the irregular buildings of Monte Porzio, perched on their vine-clad hills; and above and beyond, the whole line of the Sabine mountains. To the left, the waving oak and chestnut woods of Tusculum, the stone pines of the Rufinella, the cypress spires of the Falconieri;—in the middle distance, the campagna, one sea of light; with St. Peter's, like a huge shadowy buoy, floating on the sunny vapour;—along the horizon, the bright line of the Mediterranean; and immediately below our feet, leading up to the palace,

a broad grassy avenue, with two compact walls of noble cypress trees, whose black spires against the red glow of sunset, or the violet star-sown evening sky, produce one of the most solemn and beautiful effects I ever saw. We left this royal stand unwillingly, and passing through the gate, still guarded by the remains of the dragon and eagle, both crowned, pursued our road towards Tusculum, passing on our way the picturesque convent of the Camaldoli, a sort of Trappist institution, where the monks have entirely separate residences, and never associate with each other but on some special occasions, once or twice in the year. The late Pope, Gregory XVI., was one of these monks, and habitually wore their dress when not in his papal robes. They own a good deal of land in the neighbourhood, and must have been, at any rate, supposed to possess some property, for in the days of Gasperoni, his band carried off a number of them into the mountains, for the sake of a ransom of some hundred scudi, which, I believe,

the good fathers paid. At some distance from the convent gate are two iron crosses on stone pedestals. I read on one of them, that any woman passing beyond that spot was excommunicated and anathematised, in every sense of the term. We climbed, just here, a breezy knoll, covered with wild thyme, purple bell blossoms, and bushes of golden broom, whose colour looked as though one might have warmed one's hands at them; over this splendid carpet, spread upon the hills, we looked down into the campagna, which affects me always with the same sense of vast melancholy grandeur as the sea.

After resting here, we went on through steep shady walks, all vaulted over with hazel boughs, to Tusculum. On the very top of the hill rises, or, more properly speaking, sinks, the graceful stone circle of the ancient theatre; its proportions are small, but the whole structure is still entire in form: the stage and orchestra, and the perfectly defined stone seats, unbroken, rise one above another, with nodding scarlet poppies

growing between their crevices, the brown rocky mass of the ancient citadel of Tusculum rising behind like a screen; and above, the blue sky spreads its transparent canopy; and all below, the land falls in gradual various lovely slopes and breaks, to the level seat of Rome the victorious. From a ridge just beyond this gem of a ruin, we looked into the Latin valley, along the ancient Via Latina, to the blue ridges of the Algidus, and the Volscian summits; beyond, whole slopes of golden broom blossoms spread themselves along the valley, and waving tracts of beautiful dark green woodland rising above these amber fields led the eye upwards, to where the grey, harmonious heap of buildings, formed by Rocca di Papa, crowns one steep acclivity; and above, rising higher into the sky, the convent-crested summit of Monte Cavo. It was a warm, sunny, windy, delicious spring day, when we first saw Tusculum, a day whose very atmosphere I remember. Descending from the little theatre, we passed what is shown as the site of Cicero's

villa, and came down gradually along a sort of mountain ridge, by a smooth garden walk, through plantations of chestnut, oak, and flowering acacia, through whose branches, as from a heaven-high balcony, we every now and then had deep views down into the Roman campagna, between sweeping woody promontories, all fringed with flowering shrubs, sinking splendidly to the level plain, bounded far beyond again by the blue wall of the Sabine mountains. We sat down to rest close by a knot of dark stone pine trees, with a golden carpet of broom at their feet; the effect of colouring was magical. Our path home lay through the vineyards of the Villa Rufinella, and so we concluded our first day's walk on the Alban hills. Our friend ——— told me this evening the following anecdote, which I have amused myself with putting into rhyme.

THE LANDGRAFF.

Thro' Thuringia's forest green,
The Landgraff rode at close of e'en,
Huntsmen and hounds were left behind,
While following fierce a dappled hind;
And tho' the day grew thick apace,
The brave steed distanc'd in the chase,
Still by his rider urg'd amain,
While daylight served, to reach the plain,
Sped thro' the mazes of the wood;
The crimson light like drops of blood
Sprinkled upon the foliage lay;
And thro' green arches far away,
Some sudden gaps let in the light,
And made the rough old tree trunks bright.
Fast sped the steed, but still more fast
The fiery steeds of heav'n sped on;
Oak, glade, and hazel copse flew past,
But the red sunlight all was gone:

Twilight's dim shadows gather'd round,
With light departed every sound;
The sudden strain of some late bird
From the high boughs no more was heard;
And save the thundering hoofs that ring
Along the path, and fluttering wing
Of bats low flying thro' the grey,
Deep solemn silence sealed the day:
One after one, the twisted form
Of each huge chestnut tree grew dim,
And with the blackness of a storm,
The coming night look'd wild and grim.
With slower step, and head bent low,
The gallant steed went forward now;
Quoth the good Landgraff, in his mind,
"To-night we shall no shelter find,
But thou and I, old horse, shall lie
Beneath the oak tent of the wood;
Keen hunter, ev'n of lineage high,
Finds red-brown moss a pillow good."
Just then, a sudden ruddy glare,
Streamed from the forest depths of green;

The Landgraff gave a lusty cheer,
Well pleased the light to see, I ween;
And with a hopeful snort, the steed
Sprang on with fresh-awaken'd speed.
From a low smithy lined with light,
The red glow pour'd upon the night;
And that which, when beheld afar,
Shone like a friendly twinkling star,
Search'd every nook and cranny round;
Show'd each brown leaf upon the ground;
Each ivy snake's fine hairy feet,
Climbing the pine-shafts grey and stern—
Great golden oak boughs spread and meet
Above a sea of golden fern;
The foaming brook all glancing bright,
In golden waves went rolling by;
From the low roof a jet of light
Sprang upwards to the murky sky:
The fierce flames roar'd, the bellows blew,
Round a red rain of fire-sparks flew;
The sweat fell from the stout smith's brow,
And ever with each stalwart blow,

He cried, "Oh, Landgraff, grow thou hard!"—
Amaz'd, the wondering Landgraff heard;
And stepping forth out of the night
Into the smithy's ruddy light,
He and his horse together stood,
Like shadowy demons of the wood.
"Good friend," quoth he, "I've lost my way,
Here in the forest, and I pray
That thou wilt suffer me to rest,
Till by the sky I guess the east?"
The toil-worn workman wiped his brow;
He pointed to a settle low,
And to his humble pallet bed:—
"To all I have, welcome!" he said—
"Thy horse must stable in the wood;
The water of the brook is good;
Here is the black loaf that I eat,
To work and weariness 'tis sweet."
And then, without another word,
He cried, "Oh, Landgraff, grow thou hard!"—
And struck the iron bar amain—
The furious sparks flew forth again;

And thus he wrought, and thus he pray'd,
Till the stout bar of iron made;
He paused awhile, with panting breast,
And sat him down beside his guest,
Who cried, "Good friend, I prithee say,
Wherefore thus strangely thou dost pray?"
"Oh, sir," replied the brawny man,
"To pray and pray is all we can;
Our Earl is good, may God reward
His gentleness, and make him hard;
He loves the poor, he grinds us not;
He leaves us all a peaceful lot,
And were there none between his grace
And the poor vassal's down-trod race,
His people's were a blessed case:
But between us poor men and him,
A tribe of barons, hard and grim,
Harrow and drive, and strip and spoil,
The wretched tillers of the soil;
And the great God, who out of heaven
The charge of us, his poor, hath given

To princes, who our rights should guard,
Make towards these fiends our Landgraff hard;
And save us through his mighty hand
From these destroyers of the land:
Because our Earl is mild and good,
This greedy, bloody, wolfish brood
Make us a people most ill-starred,
So, great God, make our Landgraff hard!"
They both sat silent, while the brook
With rippling voice the burthen took,
And seemed to echo back the word,
"Oh, great God, make our Landgraff hard!"—
"Hast thou no wife, hast thou no child
To cheer thee in this forest wild?"—
"I had two children and a wife"
The smith replied, "to cheer my life—
I saw my boy borne past my door
Bound to a stag all streaming gore,
Followed by devilish men and hounds,
Because within the forest bounds
Of Ravenstein a fawn he found,
And lifted dying from the ground.

A forester of Ravenstein
Strove with him once, and fared the worse,
And sware that luckless boy of mine
Should live that fatal fray to curse.
I saw him hunted through the wood,
And track'd him by the streaks of blood,
To where the fern banks hide the river;
But after that I saw him—never.
I had a daughter,—God be praised!
She to a distant town is gone,
A fair, fair girl!"—His head he raised
And wiped the big tears, one by one,
From his brown face—"To let her go
I was right glad—'twas better so.
The wicked Lord of Falconsheight
Met her one morning by the brook;
She told her mother of his look
And loathsome words, as wild with fright
She fled away; that very night,
Like God's good angel, through the glade
A young companion of my trade
Came travelling by—short time he staid,

And when he went, took hence the maid.
We gave our darling child to him,
And sav'd her so from shame."—The dim
Red embers on the anvil show'd
The fierce and fiery flush that glow'd
Over the swart smith's knotted brow :
" Their mother pined away—and now,
I am alone ;" he said, and rose—
Fast flew the sparks, fast fell the blows,
But neither said another word,
Save as the hammer fell with might,
From time to time, through the whole night
The prayer: " Oh, make our Landgraff hard ! "
The daylight dawn'd ; the Landgraff rode
From the smith's cottage in the wood,
And through Thuringia, far and wide,
From that day forth was check'd the pride
Of the fierce barons,—while the poor,
From wrong and cruelty secure,
Praised the good Earl, whose just command
With might and mercy ruled the land.

Among the events of this sweet summer life has been the pleasure we have enjoyed in hearing the original correspondence between Göethe, then a young man of four-and-twenty, and M. and Mme ———, the father and mother of our charming and excellent friend, and the originals of the Albert and Charlotte of his Werther. Several mornings have been enchantingly spent in listening to these interesting letters, which I sincerely hope he will ere long give to the world. They contain the germ, —the kernel of reality, which Göethe afterwards unfolded in the fiction of Werther. I had just, for the first time, read his celebrated romance, and was therefore doubly delighted at thus becoming acquainted with the real ground-work of it. In reading these letters it is most curious to observe how wonderfully the hand of genius has wrought with the elements of reality, occasionally transcribing verbatim the sensations

and experience of his own heart and mind; occasionally the minuter events, and fine unimaginable details, of his passionate and yet uneventful intimacy with Mme ———; and occasionally, again, interweaving with this web of truth such threads of fiction as the artist's taste and perception suggested; or mixing with the real personages of his drama, himself, M. and Mme ———, circumstances true in themselves, but belonging to distinct and different persons: such, for instance, as the melancholy death of poor young Jerusalem, who, partly from disappointed affection, and partly from difficulty in his affairs, and, mostly of all, from the morbid influence of a disordered imagination, committed suicide with a pistol which he borrowed for the express purpose, from M. ———. The latter, much shocked by the occurrence, and his own involuntary participation in it, wrote a detailed and most interesting account of the circumstance to Göethe, who was then winding up the thread of his romance and

seized upon this event as its conclusion, and literally transcribed verbatim, in the description of the death of Werther, M. ———'s letter to him containing the details of Jerusalem's unfortunate suicide. The charming description of his first meeting with Charlotte, and their first ball together, was taken from reality; but the publication of these letters, interesting in every possible respect, and creditable to the great genius himself and the friends so worthy of his esteem and affection, would be but an act of absolute justice towards Mme ———, whose character has certainly lost by its fusion into that of Göethe's heroine; who, for the necessary purposes of his romance, is represented as indifferently attractive, and by no means so estimable as the charming original from which some of her features were drawn. It is almost hard that through Germany, universally, Mme ——— should have been entirely confounded with her ideal namesake, round whom the author has thrown every charm, which never-

theless cannot atone for her silent encouragement of a man's love whom she could not marry; for her toleration of its incessant manifestations after marriage with another; and for that closing scene of passion which leaves us to pity more than to admire the wife of poor Albert, and to consider that, upon the whole, the wretched death of Werther probably averted consequences only more wretched, of ill-governed affections on the part of the lover and unprincipled indulgence on that of the heroine. Most different, indeed, was all this from the truth. Admitted by —— himself to the intimate intercourse of his betrothed, Göethe became most passionately enamoured of her; but with that indiscriminating loyalty of love which measures no difference, Charlotte remained perfectly true to her plighted allegiance; and, in daily communion with a man whose mind was one of the most powerful and extraordinary that has influenced humanity in modern times—one of the great exceptional intellects of all times—

retained her perfect truth and undiminished affection for the manly and excellent person to whom she was affianced, whose noble generosity and trust, both in her and his friend, was fitly rewarded by the faith of both; for *his* Charlotte, untainted by vanity or inconstancy, remained, under the strong temptation of such a passion, devoted to her worthy lover; and Göethe, after four months of uninterrupted enjoyment of her society, resolutely tore himself away, parting both from her and his friend, rather than run the risk of disturbing their peace by useless demonstrations of a hopeless passion. The style of Werther, which is its great charm and merit, appeared to me incomparable in its tenderness and truth to nature—its exquisite pathos and simplicity; indeed, the wonder is not that such writing was the result of a real passion; as the expression of a merely imaginary one, it would have been impossible. Till I read the *real correspondence*, from many of which passages are transcribed into the letters of the

romance, I thought nothing could exceed the charm of sentiment and passion in the latter: but truth here, as everywhere, is alone most beautiful; and there is one passage in one of Goëthe's letters to Mme ——— more touching than anything in Werther. Writing to her his farewell, on the night before his departure, and referring to his daily delight of seeing and being with her, he says:—"And so to-morrow I shall *not* see you! Oh, not to-morrow is never!" Among this collection of letters is one, if I mistake not, of Herder's, giving a most interesting description of Madame ———, from the time when, at an unusually early age, she became, in consequence of her mother's death, the head of her father's family, the mistress of his house, and the guide and support of her younger brothers and sisters, to the period when, herself the mother of a large family, she still retained much of the charm which had belonged to her in early years, and was the pride and blessing of her husband's, as

she had been of her father's house. Of an exquisitely gentle and cheerful temper, of admirably sound judgment, and a most winning and gracious deportment, she was then what my American fellow-citizens would call a "lovely old lady;" using the term "lovely" in a moral rather than physical sense, and yet conveying by it something more than the *loveable*, which might belong simply to a person's mind and disposition; something of manner, and the charm of personal appearance, but more still of that inward and spiritual grace, of which they are but the outward and visible sign. This letter alone, it appears to me, ought to offer a strong inducement to M. ——— to publish the collection of which it forms a part—such a picture of one's mother is a precious inheritance. By far the most remarkable and striking part of this history of a friendship is the first publication of Werther, and its effect upon the relation between Göethe and M. and Mme ———. While the constant and enthusiastic letters of the genius to

his less gifted friends were to them but a source of affectionate delight, the expression of a love and sympathy to which his wonderful gifts appeared in truth to add but little value in their heart-estimation; theirs to him—all his intercourse with Charlotte and her husband, all his own passionate delight in her society, and passionate sorrow for her loss—the enchantment of first acquaintance, the growing charm of unblamed intimate intercourse—the difficult and dark season when to him this intercourse became impossible, except as a daily torment—the separation bitterer than death—the sweet and tender memories—all this truth, this life, this deepest reality was becoming gradually the property of Göethe's mind, after being the experience of his heart; and with that marvellous spirit of appropriation, that royal claim which genius lays upon everything it comes in contact with—the innermost workings of its own nature, as well as all other things—he was about to reproduce, moulded into the form of the gracefullest and

most pathetic fiction—the love and friendship which had filled his heart and life, and been to him, for a while, the dearest of realities. Delighted himself with the utterance he had thus found for his feelings (a world-wide utterance such as not love or friendship, but only genius, needs), he worked with enthusiasm at this picture of the past, and could not even refrain from repeatedly alluding to the tribute he was about to pay his friend and Mme ———, in his letters to them, with a sort of childish delight, and impatience of his own secret, most remarkable and interesting. At length Werther appeared, Germany wept, and went into romantic ecstasies over the love-lorn hero's destiny. The author was overwhelmed with admiration, praise, and wonder; young ladies declined bearing their name of Charlotte, because his heroine's surpassing loveliness made them ashamed of their own unworthiness of being her namesake; and in the midst of this sudden flood of glory, he laid his work at the feet of his friends, and

received in reply the mournfullest complaint of wounded delicacy—of desecrated privacy—of a noble, trusting, and beloved husband, represented as a cold, and, above all, an unloved one; —of the most blameless and perfect womanly purity, distorted, for the purpose of a romance, into something resembling the character of a sentimental coquette, trifling with the most dangerous feelings in another, till she only escapes falling herself a victim to their violence by her lover's death. M. ——— rejected with indignation his representation as Albert, with fourfold indignation his wife's misrepresentation as Charlotte; and Göethe, amazed, confounded, and most bitterly grieved at the irreparable injury he had inflicted on his friends, writes, in the midst of his newly-blown honours, and the intoxicating praise and admiration that was lavished on him from all sides, the most pathetic entreaties for forgiveness—nothing more. There is one letter of his, written at this time, which literally, I think, contains nothing but the

humblest and most tender and touching entreaty for pardon for the offence he had so unwittingly given those to whom he would most have delighted to give honour, and to direct the world's honour. This, however, could not last —Genius, like Wisdom, is justified of all her children; he fell back, gradually and involuntarily, upon the beauty of the work he had produced, and its immense success and popularity; M. and Mme ——— gradually recovered from the first shock of the unwelcome halo thus thrown round their intercourse with Göethe: but in one of his letters to a third friend he says—"After all, Werther had to be written;" and in one of ———'s to another friend *he* says, that he "is on his guard for the rest of his life with genius friends." And though the affectionate intercourse of their correspondence continued for many years after this, the vitality of their love had received a wound, from this moment, from which it never recovered. Göethe in vain strove to make them compre-

hend the right of art over reality ; they in vain represented to him a reality, over which art had no claims. The unutterable difference between genius and its less gifted fellows, made itself felt most keenly to both parties ; and the bleeding and suffering of the tender human sympathies that bound them, is one of the saddest illustrations of the kind that I ever met with. Göethe promised to write another Charlotte, that should in very deed be his Charlotte, ———'s Charlotte ; but he never kept his word. His intellect needed no second production of the kind ; the world would have believed in no other Charlotte ; the truth he wanted, he had taken,—that which he did not want, he had rejected ; his work was complete, and the affectionate desire of his heart in vain solicited his invention for a second creation, which should supersede the past. Nor can anything remove from the mind of the German public the impression that Werther's Charlotte is, in every particular, Mme ———, but

the publication of these very letters, which can alone do ample justice to her and her husband, at the same time that they display Göethe himself in the most amiable and attractive light, in spite of what he considered his glorification of his friends, and they his pillorising of them.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF GENIUS.

Oh, hearts of flesh! Oh, beating hearts of love!
Oh, twining hands of human dear desire!—
How, when your glorious mate begins to move,
How shall ye follow those wide wings of fire
That bear him up? Ah! to the chariot wheels,
That wrap the child of genius to the sky,
Breathless ye cling till round the great world reels,
And ye fall fainting down despairingly!
Bleeding and blind ye fall, and still his flight,
Serene and strong, is upward to the light,

Nearer the sun and further yet from ye,
Kindred alone of his mortality.
Awhile he stood beside ye, and awhile
His tender eyes, and lovely loving smile,
Made you believe he was indeed your brother:
But deep within that being lay another
Fearful as fair, no simple son of earth,
Of all created things the wondrous birth;
Immortal, Infinite, born to inherit
Matter, and mind, and sense, and subtlest spirit.
Lo! ye have called this King of all creation
Your fellow, and forgot the Heaven-high station
Whence he must gather his great revenue:
Past, Present, Future, all things old and new,
All things in earth and heaven to him belong;
And in the pæons of his conquering song
Love is but one sweet sound, one single verse,
In the great chorus of the universe;
Which, with a voice resounding and sublime,
He utters forth unto all space and time.
Oh, piteous, precious, hapless, human love!
Thou shalt be reap'd by this bright son of Jove,

One flow'r 'mid the whole harvest of the world—
And when his mighty wings are gently furl'd,
Upon his heart thou shalt lie tenderly ;
But when the summons of his destiny
Calls to him through the ages to awake,
One heavenward spring the drooping bud shall shake
Back to the earth, where it shall withering lie
In the broad light of Immortality.

GENIUS AND LOVE.

Genius and Love together stood
At break of day beside clear fountains,
In gardens hedg'd with laurel wood,
Screen'd by a wall of purple mountains ;
As hand in hand they smiling stray'd,
Love twin'd a wreath of perfect roses
On Genius's brow, "And thus," he said,
"My soul on thy bright soul reposes."

And round and round they joyous flew,
On rapid now, now lingering pinion,
And blissful Love ne'er weary grew
Of measuring o'er his bright dominion.
Anon they rested from their flight,
And thro' the fringes of clear water,
All rainbow-touch'd Love chased a sprite,
The silver Naiad's snowy daughter,
While Genius lay with flashing eyes,
Looking into the distant skies.
Love paused and said, "What dost thou see?"
"The far-off shining of the sea—
Say, wilt thou thither fly with me?"
"Is there a home by the wild flood?
Ah, leave we not our pleasant wood!"
But suddenly, with eager wings,
Towards his desire Genius springs;
So strong his flight, the rosy crown
At Love's sad feet fell broken down,
And lay beside him where he sate,
Waiting the coming of his mate:
And he return'd all gloriously,

From the foam-caverns of the sea,
And brought strange heaps of shining treasure
To Love, who priz'd beyond all measure
His mere return :—And now his sight,
Swift as the eagle's sunward flight,
Rested upon the mountain's height—
"Look! wilt thou thither with me fly,
Dear Love?"—he cried; and rapidly
Beat with his golden wings the air.
"Is there a home for us up there?
What seek'st thou on the mountain's brow?"
"To see the wide world lie below."
So he swept thither like the wind,
And Love remained dismay'd behind:
And now a spirit of the air
Garlands of noble amaranth bare
To the Love God beside the fountain,
And spake—"Lo! Genius from the mountain
Sends thee, dear Love, eternal flowers,
To deck thy pleasant myrtle bowers."
"Ah!" answered Love, despondingly,
"Sweet roses would have done for me;

Look, they grow here upon the ground,
Close to our very home, all round,
And morn and even may be found—
When comes he back ?" "Into the sky
I saw him from the mountain fly
Higher and higher towards the sun."
Love sighed, "The day must soon be done,
And evening shall the wanderer bring,
With sated soul and weary wing."
Love knew not that bold Genius' flight
Had passed the realms of day and night,
Till, from the blue, a glorious crown
Of starry light was towards him thrown ;
He saw th' immortal circlet burn,
And knew his mate would ne'er return :
He gather'd up the rosy wreath,
With wither'd leaves, and faint sweet breath,
And turning to the dark'ning skies
The tender longing of his eyes,
He bitterly began to weep,
And wept himself at last to sleep.

THE IDEAL.

Thou shalt behold it once, and once believe
Thou may'st possess it--Love shall make the dream,
Impossible and glorious, palpable seem,
And with the bliss thy soul awhile deceive—
When from that trance thou wakest, never more
On earth hope for it, or thy life is o'er ;
That one approach of the Divinity
Is but the pledge of thy affinity.
That lovely vision shall not be renew'd,
Though thro' all forms of being close pursued;
The light must pass into the heavens above thee,
Thy polar star, to warn and lead and move thee.
If thou seek lower for it thou shalt follow
A fatal marsh-fire, fleeting, false, and hollow ;
Unto the glorious truth thou shalt not soar,
But sink in darkness down for evermore.
Not to behold it once, is not to live,
But to possess it, is not life's to give.

We have just returned from an expedition to Monte Cavo. We drove out of Frascati, and took to our donkeys about a mile out of the town. We made a slow asinine progress through some vineyards up to a splendid chestnut wood, where each tree was a perfect study, as fine, I think, in their own kind, as the huge twisted grey forest pillars at Birnham Beeches. The rich undergrowth of broom and fern, and blessed "accidents," as the painters call them, (providences, I think they are), of light and shade, made the whole a most admirable specimen of woodland scenery. Our donkey guides are a source of infinite amusement to me; my sister's pompous, conceited, jabbering cicerone, who, with a crimson rose that looked and smelled as if it had been dipped in Burgundy, the very type of the coming summer, stuck in his bonnet, swaggered beside her, discoursing in French, English, German, and Italian, by morsels, and mixing up his

local lore and guide-book advertisements with stupendous pieces of his own biography, and certain howls which made the woods resound, which he had caught from some *jodelning* French artists. My protector was a little Flibbertigibbet of about fourteen, slight, slender as a greyhound, and as graceful too, with one of those indescribable southern faces, full of brilliancy, sweetness, and melancholy—a most beautiful countenance, with beautiful features ; such a face as one never sees in England or America, or, I suppose, indeed, out of Italy—combining as it does with all this loveliness a capacity for sudden savage expressions of hatred and fierce passion, wonderful and terrible to behold. Hardly anywhere else I suppose, either, would a little ragged donkey boy utter poetical ecstasies about the features of the landscape, or the colours of the sky ; or, pointing to the sun and moon, which on a rosy summer's sunset stood at opposite sides of the heavens, say, "The sun and moon greet each other ; she says 'Good

night' to him, for he is going; and he 'Good day' to her, for she is coming!" Another time he bade me, when I returned to my own country, greet it for him:—"Che l'Italia saluta l'Inghilterra," he added. Thus poetically escorted, we wound our way up to Rocca di Papa; at every turn in the road we had splendid views of the campagna, the Sabine hills, and all the beautiful forest scenery that was gradually sinking far below us; the village, perched like an eagle's eyrie upon a rocky cone, was swarming with people in holiday attire. We made our way up the steep slippery streets through the throng of women in scarlet spencers and head-kerchiefs, and men in black or brown velvet jackets, all with some bright-coloured scarf round their waist, or brilliant flowers in their hat: the perfect picturesqueness of them all is not to be described, old and ugly quite as much as young and handsome. I was almost startled by the wonderful effect produced by a hard-featured

bronze-coloured woman, with a splendid coloured red head-gear, standing a little back from the black aperture of a window without glass, framed in a brown stone house: the whole thing was a perfect Rembrandt. We proceeded, still climbing, to a high table land called Hannibal's camp, from the tradition that the Carthaginian halted there on his way down to Rome: the hills rose abruptly round this small level plain, lifted up itself upon the steep summits of the lower range; in the middle of it was a long low building, appropriated to keeping the supplies of snow gathered during the winter for summer refreshment. Ascending again from this mid mountain plain, we found ourselves upon the broad slabs of the Via Triumphalis, the best preserved of all the ancient Roman roads: here the Roman consuls came to triumph when the Latin states became merged in the Roman commonwealth,—to the great temple of the Latian Jupiter, whose colossal statue, standing on the summit of Monte Cavo, could be descried from Rome. Truly a

triumphal way this was to-day to us, with downward revelations of forest and town, the lakes of Albano and Nemi, the great sunny plain and Rome the glorious, and the wide forest on the coast like a dark cloud shadow, and the bright shining of the sea half-way up the summer sky, the sweep of the distant shore, the yellow margin of the sand along the blue waters, the dark shape of the Circeian promontory, and a purple spot on the silver shield of the Mediterranean, which ——— said was Nisida, or Procida. Still we went up the Via Trumphalis, under chestnut boughs of freshest green, delicate branches of pale yellow laburnums, drooping over on the banks on either side, wrought like a thick carpet with wild thyme and countless blossoms of every lovely shape and colour, and under our feet the great smooth broad stones, that the Roman consuls and their trains had marched over, going to sacrifice upon assuming their office to the great temple of the Alban Mountain. In the full tide of these heroic memories, my mind

was suddenly recalled to that Christian republic to which, if it is but wise and virtuous, God seems to have appointed the greatest Empire of the earth in the coming centuries. A turn in the road shut out Rome, and Albano, and Castel Gandolfo, and the volcanic lakes; while the wood-screen through which we looked, showed a bold, lonely sweep of forest scenery, mountain side rolling down upon mountain side, all clothed with waving woods; great bare and desolate patches all scarred with stumps of noble felled trees; the black mounds of the charcoal-burners, sending their blue and silver smoke up against the hill sides in exquisite wreaths of grace and brightness; the dark purple ridges beyond, the clear brilliancy of the sky, and for once utter loneliness; no sight of human habitation, village, monastery, palace, or way-side chapel,—it was really like America; and as I gazed at it from the heart of this land of great past things, how deeply my spirit was stirred with the thought of the probable fortunes of that land of futurity,

that land without memory, that land of hope! I cannot express the solemnity and emotion with which all that I see in these countries of Europe impresses my mind with regard to America. Here, on these great hearths heaped with the ashes of many civilisations;—here, where one national existence after another has been kindled, burned brightly, and been extinguished;—here, where the fine Etruscan race was ground out beneath the iron heel of Rome;—here, where the deluge of northern barbarism swept the degenerate Roman empire down;—here, where the huge conception of spiritual dominion took body in that great church supremacy, which is vanishing like the ghost of a giant before the breath of the almighty Truth, the immortal, universal conqueror of these later days of the earth;—here, amid these stupendous memories and thoughts, how often do I muse upon that wonderful world beyond the Atlantic! Dowered with a natural wealth unparalleled; the latest born of Time; peopled by the descendants of the freest and wisest nation now on earth; not

led through doubtful twilight ages of barbarous savageness and feudal semi-civilisation, but born like Pallas from the head of Jove, inheriting the knowledge of all previous times; endowed with the experience all former nations; whose heroic age boasts but of one victory, the victory of Freedom—but of one demi-god, Washington. Oh! if wisdom and virtue should yet by times govern the counsels of that people; if the consciousness of their unexampled position, betokening a ministry of infinite importance in the world, should ever appear to them in all its most majestic significance; if the spirit of that nation should ever fit the gigantic material proportions and incalculable physical resources of their country; then, indeed, a glorious Christian commonwealth may arise, and that kingdom of God, for whose coming all Christ's followers daily pray, begin to manifest itself in the holy national existence of a people who have made Christianity a government. How much these speculations on the possible glorious future desti-

nies of that wonderful country are darkened by the mean and miserable manifestations of the present spirit of its people, I can hardly say; my perception of the one is equal to my anticipation of the other. And when I remember the God-gifted earth and sky, the huge expanse of territory, the variety of climate and soil and produce, the free and noble theory of government, the free and wholesome action of the spirits of men, the marvellous rapidity of progress, the portentous mental and physical activity at work among all these mighty elements—admiration, astonishment, disgust, dismay, and fear and hope, alternate in my mind, till all resolves itself in earnest prayer that God will save that people from becoming, by the light of their own great gifts and greater promises, the despair instead of the hope of the world.

At length we reached the summit of Monte Cavo, and the convent of Passionioti, whose foundations are the stones of the temple of the great Latian Jupiter. We went into the church; it was

the feast of the ascension; the little rustic place of worship was all decked out with flowers and misty with incense; and three priests, in festival robes, were performing mass. One of them, a huge hulk of a man, with a dark powerful complexion, bushy black eyebrows, and blue black lumps of hair, a sort of model for Samson, every now and then came forward towards the congregation, and, with eyes meekly downcast, and hands mildly folded on his breast, uttered a series of bellowings which became his physical appearance better than the spiritual office he was discharging, and very nearly threw us into convulsions of laughter. At the conclusion of the mass there were a series of embraces between the priests that marvellously resembled similar performances on the stage; the hands resting on each other's shoulders, and the head turned discreetly away so as to ensure the least possible cordiality and reality in the affectionate demonstration; moreover, there was a gradual declension in the warmth of this very formal *accolade* as it passed

through four degrees, from the chief dignitary officiating at the high altar, to the poor serving brother who brought in the various holy implements, whose kiss of peace, delivered to him by the above-mentioned burly superior officer, was quite the poorest allowance of Christian equality that I ever saw conveyed in a kiss. Outside the church, and almost dividing with the convent the small table land at the top of the mountain, was a splendid beech tree, that reminded me of the noble forest-pillars, with their twisted Saxon architecture, at Birnham. I got up into it, and sat remembering our friend Mrs. ———'s leafy arm-chair, on the edge of that beautiful wood, while a bird sang sweetly over my head, and the monks chaunted far below my feet. We rested a pleasant half hour on the mountain, my sister and myself singing, while Mr. ——— sketched the beautiful view below our forest balcony. Our way home lay through some splendid woodland scenery, that again reminded me of America. We passed close

along the lake of Albano, whose melancholy, cheerless-looking water goes deep down from the very banks—drowning, dismal-looking water, like a smooth polished floor of solid dark-green marble — it made me shudder. The water has taken the place of the fires of a volcano; and the gloomy stillness that broods over the whole resembles the repose of exhausted convulsion, and filled me with a sort of awe in spite of its smiling walls of vivid chestnut, and moonlight-looking patches of silvery olive trees, and green garlands of the vineyards on its banks. How much less beautiful I thought it, because so much less friendly and humane, than the lovely little lake between Lenox and Stockbridge, with its shallow sunny shores, where the transparent water plays over broad slabs of glittering granite —its middle depths of darkest sapphire, and the mysterious bower of pine trees whence the springs that feed it come, under which the white fragrant water-lilies, like a company of nymphs, float and rock in the shade. At mid-day we rested and

eat our lunch under a noble tree high above the lake; thence passing along the upper gallery, as it is called, a winding road with splendid single trees leaning over it, producing the most enchanting effect of light and shade. At Albano we resumed our carriage and returned home through Castel Gandolfo and along the side of the lake, where the great Roman emissary was made, when, in the twilight times of the conquest of Veii, it overflowed its banks. The whole drive was admirably beautiful: on one side of us the deep-lying, verd antique lake—the campagna, bounded by the glittering Mediterranean, on the other. There are no words for the splendour and beauty of the scene. Behind Marino we passed a beautiful glen, a fine wood, and the grey buildings of the village hemming it in on either side; while in the deep rocky ravine, a large stone fountain, a rushing brook, and an ivy-mantled ruined tower, formed a perfect and most romantic picture. Our day was faultless in its elements of pleasure, and our Russian com-

panion, and his conversation about his own country, very agreeable and interesting.

ON A SYMPHONY OF BEETHOVEN.

Terrible music, whose strange utterance
Seem'd like the spell of some dread conscious trance;
Impotent misery, helpless despair,
With far-off visions of things dear and fair;
Restless desire, sharp poignant agonies;
Soft, thrilling, melting, tender memories;
Struggle and tempest, and around it all,
The heavy muffling folds of some black pall
Stifling it slowly; a wild wail for life,
Sinking in darkness—a short passionate strife
With hideous fate, crushing the soul to earth;
Sweet snatches of some melancholy mirth;
A creeping fear, a shuddering dismay,
Like the cold dawning of some fatal day;

Dim faces growing pale in distant lands;
Departing feet, and slowly severing hands;
Voices of love, speaking the words of hate,—
The mockery of a blessing come too late;
Loveless and hopeless life, with memory,—
This curse that music seem'd to speak to me.

Our quiet villeggiatura is becoming much excited and disturbed by the news our friends bring us daily of all that is going on in Rome, and the perpetual solicitations we receive to go in and see the ceremonies attending the Pope's funeral, and the election of his successor. Hitherto, however, we have contented ourselves with the details we receive from more zealous sight-seers than ourselves, and the singular accounts we have from our friends, the ———, who still remain in Rome, in spite of the advanced season. The circumstances gradually beginning to transpire of the details of the Pope's death are really most curious, and

certainly, if true, form a most extraordinary comment upon the absolute and positive, not philosophic and abstract, vanity of earthly greatness. It is now pretty openly stated, that the Pope literally died for want of assistance, and partly, if not absolutely, for want of food. His favourite and inseparable attendant, the brother of his barber, a man whom he had raised from the condition of a servant to that of his confidential adviser, and through whom alone he was approached, having amassed an enormous fortune by every species of iniquity, began, it is conjectured, to be weary of a service of which he was more desirous of enjoying the fruits than prolonging the duties, such as they were. The feeble old Pope's illness appeared to offer an approaching term to his obligations; and it is now universally reported that he was the undoubted means of hastening the catastrophe of his sovereign's death, which might have been averted at least for some months. During the last two days of his illness, stationed in his

antechamber, he denied admittance to every one who endeavoured to approach the Pope; declaring that His Holiness had strictly enjoined him to allow ingress to no one, and adding that whoever, under those circumstances, intruded himself within the dying Pope's chamber, did so at his own peril. Thus deterred, the cardinals, his friends and counsellors, turned from the forbidden door; and the condition of the poor old Pope's body, when it was subjected to the process of embalming, proved that he must have been without nourishment for a considerable space of time, and that there is every probability that he died absolutely of exhaustion and inanition. His infamous favourite withdrew immediately upon his death from the Papal States and the universal execration with which he was regarded, and went into some part of Italy where he was less known, to enjoy the harvest of iniquity he had reaped under the late Pope. As soon as it is ascertained that the Pope is really dead, a procession, consisting of his prin-

cipal counsellors, the cardinals, and certain other eminent personages, enter the chamber where he is lying, when one of them, whose especial office this is, proceeds to strike him upon the forehead with a small golden hammer, exclaiming, "Santo Padre, rispondete." This is repeated three times, when, the Holy Father not answering, the officiating dignitary turns about and deliberately proclaims to the assembly that "Il Santo Padre è morto." The office of the Guardia Nobile, during these dreadfully hot days, has been something intolerable; in the first place, their enforced presence at the ceremony of embalment, and then their constant guard, relieving each other only every four hours round the bier, upon which the Pope's body lies in state in the Sistine Chapel, where the incessant thronging of the curious and the pious, combined with the distressing and nauseous effluvium proceeding from the corpse itself, and the horrible heat of the weather, have really made their duty most onerous. From lying in state in the Sistine Chapel, the

Pope's body was removed to one of the chapels in St. Peter's, where, with the feet passed through the grating of the gate, it remained for some time, to receive the adorations of its former subjects, who came to pay their last homage by kissing the feet thus placed to receive their salutations. From thence the corpse was again removed to a sort of hanging station above the door of the chapel used as the choir in St. Peter's; and its raising thither in a coarse deal box, by men in shirt sleeves, who performed the whole operation with the most careless and gross indifference, was described to me as one of the most disgusting and shocking spectacles imaginable. The rough coffin in which the body was hitched up to its niche above the chapel gate, not being swung straight, was drawn up with one end much below the other, when one of the carpenters deliberately jumped upon the upper end, and thus brought the coffin into a state of equilibrium. We went into Rome at the conclusion of all these ceremonies, to

see what we supposed would repay the trouble of doing so—the catafalc raised to the dead Pope in the middle of St. Peter's, and which was represented to us as remarkably beautiful and splendid. Our disappointment was extreme at finding the noble church disfigured by the erection, in the middle of the nave, of an enormous pasteboard sort of temple, in the most indifferent taste possible, within which lay the imaginary sarcophagus of the late Pope Gregory the XVIth, covered with crimson velvet draperies, lighted with funeral lamps. The edifice was surmounted by various emblematic figures; among others, a colossal pasteboard Religion, which, happening to fall from its pre-eminent station on the top of it, occasioned a great many bad jokes and impertinent prophecies. The whole thing was mean and tawdry, and reminded me of nothing so much as the operatical representations of the tomb of Ninus in the Semiramide; some theatrical exhibitions of which that I have seen, indeed, have been vastly

more impressive, and in better taste, than this funeral decoration—to use the only appropriate phrase—of St. Peter's.

The ceremonies of the assembling of the conclave, and of the proclamation of the new Pope, are too well known to require any description, especially from one who did not personally witness them. One curious custom, however, was told me, with which I was not before acquainted. The carriages of all the cardinals assembled in conclave are all daily drawn up on the open space before the Quirinal. As soon as the breaking down of the walled-up window, and the public announcement of the new Pope's election through it, takes place, his coachman breaks his whip, and, driving to his own house, takes possession of the carriage, horses, harness, &c. of his former master, who is thenceforth of course only conveyed about in the papal equipage. A comical story was told of the coachman of Cardinal Gizzi, who, it was said, entertained such a profound conviction of

the certainty of his master's election, that returning home from his first day of expectation on the Monte Cavallo, he gave himself up to such ecstasies of anticipated glory as to break and demolish almost everything he laid his hands upon in the offices—an unfortunate demonstration of fallacious delight for his eminence, Cardinal Gizzi, who, on his return from the conclave, was not Pope, and probably found his *batterie de cuisine* much injured by his too sanguine charioteer's hopeful demonstrations. Almost immediately upon the death of the Pope, innumerable political jibes and pasquinades were afloat, both with regard to his past government and the proceedings of the conclave. A curious anecdote was told of Cardinal Micala, who, going into the conclave with Lambruschini, said to him, "Now, we shall see whether the Holy Spirit or the devil presides at our deliberations: if the former, Mai or Mastai will be elected; if the latter, it will be you or me." A ridiculous caricature was circulated during the sitting of

the conclave, representing the Holy Dove hovering above the assembled cardinals, who were all zealously employed in driving it off with their pocket-handkerchiefs.

Cardinal Micala was chiefly noted for the rigorous asceticism of his religious life, his hatred of all foreigners and their influence in Rome, and the noble and striking venerableness of his appearance; wearing habitually the dress of the fraternity to which he belonged, his long white flowing beard and grave majestic countenance rendered him an object of interest and curiosity wherever he was seen. Cardinal Lambruschini enjoyed during the deliberations of the conclave, and has continued to enjoy since the election of Pius IX., the unenviable notoriety of extreme unpopularity. The representative of the Austrian policy in the Roman councils, the dread of his becoming Pope at the death of Gregory XVI. was one of the main motives that determined the votes of many members of the conclave in favour of Cardinal

Mastai. His known illiberality and devotion to the narrow and imbecile government of the late Pope had earned him unenviable distinction in popular opinion, and as soon as the election of Cardinal Mastai appeared to promise comparative impunity to the utterance of the feeling against him, it displayed itself openly,—repeatedly in the groans and hisses with which his carriage was followed in the streets, and one or two exhibitions of public feeling of even a broader nature, such as fastening a tin kettle to his carriage; a distinction generally awarded to obnoxious animals rather than Roman Catholic eminences. Cardinal Mai is best known out of Rome, as the guardian of the precious collections of the Vatican, and the learned discoverer and interpreter of the famous palimpsest Republic of Cicero.

We have just had a visit from Monsignor ———, who has been talking for about an hour incessantly of the Pope. He belonged to the household of the late Gregory XVI., and

always appeared, when we saw him, to be in a state of perfect loyalty as regarded his temporal and spiritual sovereign. Now, however, he confesses that the torment of living in a state of perpetual fear and falsehood, to which he was condemned, is not to be described; that under the late Pope it was impossible ever to be for a moment off one's guard, for that society itself was made up of spies, and a man could not speak with safety to his most intimate acquaintance upon any matter touching the government; that Roman princesses and countesses were paid spies in the papal service, and that it was dangerous in the extreme to utter any opinion upon any but the most indifferent subjects, for that ruin might have been the consequence of an unguarded word to persons whom one would have supposed least likely to betray one. This is certainly an agreeable state of things to exist in. The matter however now, it seems, is quite otherwise. Monsignor ——— says, the enthusiasm of the people for their new sove-

reign is not to be described. Immediately after the amnesty the men who had recovered their liberty flocked to the churches and received the sacrament, without exception, with extreme devotion. Moreover, he added that Heaven had certainly appointed this man to the exigency of the times, for that the whole papal government was tottering to its foundations. If anything can save it, as a government, I suppose this may; but it is far more likely to prove the preparatory process for entire change; and in this respect most fitly may the present Pope be considered God's messenger, and the appointed instrument of the appointed time. Monsignor —— told us several admirable anecdotes of his benevolence and activity. The day of the procession of St. John Lateran, a poor old beggar woman, stretched by the wayside, called out to Christ's successor upon earth for help, "Santo Padre, ajutatemi che sto quì povera vecchia abbandonata sopra la paglia e muojo di fame." The Pope sent her immediately a gold piece,

and passed on in the procession. At night, in the dress of an Abbate, having perfectly remembered the house indicated to him as that where the woman lived, he went to seek her, and found her absolutely lying upon straw, and in a state of miserable destitution. He immediately proceeded to the house of the curate of the parish; the latter, called up not without considerable demur and difficulty (not knowing from whom the summons came) from his comfortable bed, was lost in amazement and dismay at the sight of the Pope, who, reprimanding him severely for his neglect of the poor under his charge, bade him send immediately money, food, bed and bedding to the poor old beggar, whom he had just visited. His Holiness, it seems, has a box at the post-office, of which he himself keeps the key; and whereas no letter whatever was ever allowed to reach the late Gregory the Sixteenth, it is an understood thing that this box, with everything put into it, is delivered immediately into the Pope's hands. A certain

sum of money having been charitably appropriated, I do not precisely remember by whom now, in dower-money, for a certain number of poor young Roman girls in one of the parishes in Rome, one among the number, a poor deformed girl, was defrauded by the priest in whose hands the money was lodged, and who retained hers. The girl ventured herself to address a letter to the Pope, stating how her portion had been withheld from her. Without loss of time the defaulter was summoned and condemned by the Pope to pay the poor crippled girl fifty scudi out of his own pocket, besides the twenty-five which were the portion due to her. Some evenings after this, in his usual incognito dress of an Abbate, he knocked at the door of an asylum for poor children, the management of which was not supposed to be altogether conscientiously conducted. The porter refused to open the door, alleging that the children were at supper, and just going to bed, and that nobody could be let in. At last,

the magical "Aprite che sono il Papa," threw the door wide, and the porter, in an ecstasy of fright, was running to rouse the whole establishment with the news, which, however, His Holiness forbade; and, merely desiring the dismayed superior to conduct him to the children's eating-room, he proceeded to taste the bread and wine set before them for their supper. He then turned to the superior, and said:—"To-morrow, sir, let the bread and wine put before these poor children be such as it ought to be; and remember that I have my eye upon you:" with which salutary warning he departed. There is something rather Haroun Alraschid in these nocturnal expeditions of His Holiness. On fixed days in the week, for a certain number of hours, he receives indiscriminately all persons who wish to see and speak with him. They are admitted without any distinction, one by one, according to number; and the Pope, permitting them to seat themselves, hears their grievances, receives their

petitions, and, warning them that any attempt to impose upon him, or in any way alter the truth, will be detected and punished, takes their name and address, and has their business inquired into and put to rights. As for the women, said Monsignor, they perfectly adore him, for nothing can exceed his graciousness and kindness to them :—" è davero," added he with Christianly humanity ; " bisogna pensarlo che sono poverette anche lei creature di Dio !" for which allowance we heretical females were duly grateful. Since Monsignor's visit, we have seen ———, who, like the rest of the Romans, is open-mouthed in his enthusiasm for the Pope. He has been composing a popular patriotic chant, in honour of His Holiness, which he hopes to get sung in the Piazza del Popolo, on the eighth of September, on the occasion of the Pope's going to the Santa Maria del Popolo. He said that people were coming daily from Bologna and Ancona, and various of the hitherto most disaffected districts of the papal territory, with enthusiastic demonstrations

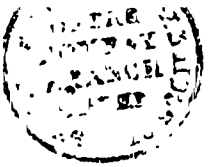
of loyalty, fidelity, patriotism, and devotion to the Pope. Perhaps the most touching and remarkable effect of the new disposition of men's minds, induced by the popularity of the new Government is, that instead of the spirit of distrust, jealousy, and suspicion which existed universally between the people of Rome and those of the provinces, a kindly feeling of free brotherhood seems now to animate them all towards each other. ——— spoke with delight and astonishment of the almost miraculous change wrought in the public mind and feeling in the space of two months; adding, that had Pope Gregory XVI. lived, the last two months would hardly have passed over without some demonstration of popular discontent against the besotted tyranny of the Government. It is a curious fact, if it be true, but I know not upon what authority the anecdote rests, that Pius IX. had been for some years past engaged in writing a book upon the political condition of the Roman states, upon the necessary and inevitable changes

in the administration, and in short all the questions of vital import that concern the national existence of the people. This work, it is said, he had intended at his death to bequeath to whoever should be the reigning Pope, little imagining that so much labour and thought were to find their result in the measures of his own government, and that God would call him who intended thus to serve his country after his death to serve it yet more effectually by his life. Among many others,——— told us two beautiful anecdotes of his humanity and wisdom. While he was archbishop of Spoleto, a list of persons suspected of political liberalism was brought to him, and he was earnestly recommended to forward it to Rome, as an exhibition of zeal that would be highly serviceable to himself; he said he would take care of it, and immediately tore it up, and threw it into the fire. Since the proclamation of his act of amnesty, a subscription was set on foot in Rome to raise a sum of money for the poor men whose long detention

in the papal prisons had, of course, not sent them back into the world with very full pockets. A list of the subscribers' names was brought to the Pope by the governor of Rome, Marini, who suggested that it would be very desirable to keep it, as a future means of ascertaining who were tainted with sympathy for liberal opinions. The Pope said he thought it was highly desirable to make that use of it, immediately wrote down his own name, with a donation of a hundred scudi, and engaged Monsignor Marini to follow his example, and record himself as a friend of those who had suffered for liberal opinions. There is a touch of humour about this anecdote that makes it perfectly enchanting.

While archbishop of Imola, he was already known to have exhibited his sympathy for those suffering in the cause of political reform, by furnishing many of the exiled patriots with money. A beautiful anecdote is related of his merciful and humane disposition while he was in this situation. Among the other duties of the arch-

bishop is that of a periodical survey of the prisons, in the course of which, visits of greater or less length may be paid by him to the cells of each or any of the criminals. An unfortunate woman, whose husband had been confined for upwards of a year, and who had in vain solicited permission to see him, at length, in despair, applied to the archbishop, whose office, however, gave him no power of furnishing her with the required permission. Much moved, however, by the poor creature's misery, the humane man remembered her petition, and on the occasion of his next official visit to the prison, sent word to her to join the train which usually attended his progress on these occasions. Arrived at the cell where her husband was incarcerated, he bade the woman enter it, and sat himself at the dungeon-door for an hour, during which space of time the unfortunate people enjoyed once more the blessing of being reunited.



SONNET.

If there were any power in human love,
Or in th' intensest longing of the heart,
Then should the oceans and the lands that part
Ye from my sight all unprevailing prove,
Then should the yearning of my bosom bring
Ye here, thro' space and distance infinite;
And life 'gainst love should be a baffled thing,
And circumstance 'gainst will lose all its might.
Shall not a childless mother's misery
Conjure the earth with such a potent spell—
A charm so desperate—as to compel
Nature to yield to her great agony?
Can I not think of ye till ye arise,
Alive, alive, before my very eyes?

Livy, Horace, Nibby, and Arnold, having excited an intense curiosity in my mind upon the

subject of Mount Algidus,—the historians, from their incessant reference to it as the favourite encampment of all the early enemies of Rome; and the poet and antiquarian, from their description of its savage and romantic wildness,—it was determined that we should make an expedition thither; and, accordingly, having ordered on the donkeys, we set forth in the carriage as far as the road was held to be carozzabile. We drove along the Latian valley, between the heights of Monte Cavo and Tusculum; the way, sandy and level, was divided into parallel strips of road by lovely islands of flowering broom, hawthorn, and sweet-briar. At the distance of about eight miles from Frascati, we reached the end of our journey on wheels, arriving at one of the most beautiful scenes I ever beheld—a wide, circular plain, surrounded with an amphitheatre of hills; in the midst, a shallow, sparkling lake—numerous herds of the noble grey oxen of the campagna grazing about, or standing knee-deep in the bright pool—a long stone

fountain, with about twenty shepherds grouped around it—and between the sunny hills, where their sloping lines intersected each other, glimpses into purple mountain distances beyond. It was a perfectly ideal landscape, such as I have only seen once before in my life, at the twin lakes of Salisbury, in Connecticut. We began our progress up the mountain under the guidance of an old herdsman, who, though between sixty and seventy years old, stumped fast and firm before us; his keen eyes glittering under white eyebrows, his ruddy cheeks glowing like winter apples, and his open shirt showing a brown brawny breast covered with curling silver hairs,—a most robust specimen of hale old age. He was armed and supported by a stout long staff, with a heavy knob at one end, such as they use to drive the cattle with, and followed by a sort of black lurcher. We presently entered a fine forest of chestnut trees; some felled trunks lay here and there, of monstrous girth; others doomed to the same fate still stood erect,

all charred and black, their vitals burnt out, and yet still wearing their fresh and vigorous coronal of green. We came frequently upon charcoal pits, the only human token in this savage place, which reminded me exceedingly of the forest scenery in America; with this difference, that there was less variety in the wood, and none of those exquisite mountain torrents, which I have always found in similar scenes among the mountains in America. The single chestnut trees, that reared themselves amid the tangled wilderness of undergrowth, were, I think, the finest I ever saw. We now began to perceive decided symptoms of fright and excessive ill-humour in our donkey guides, who seemed unwilling to adventure themselves in the savage solitudes of the Algidus. They had read, I believe, neither Horace nor Nibby, but tradition of much later date gave this mountain forest to Gasperoni and his banditti as their chief stronghold, and the intimate acquaintance our old guide professed with the former haunts, persons, and practices of

these worthies did not seem at all to re-assure our valiant protectors, who, nevertheless, impelled by our rashness, were fain to follow our guide, who, with sturdy determination, plunged into the green billows of the forest, leading the way through paths utterly invisible, for the upward-springing and downward-hanging vegetation, and where the movement he made as he waded through the thickets was all the indication we had of our way. ———, on his invaluable little campagna pony, followed close on his heels, my sister on her donkey, with Antonio next, and I brought up the rear with my little Flibberti-gibbet, whose bright eyes peering up from among the bushes, where he walked invisible, was all that I could discern of him while he led my donkey. The verdant curtains of the wood, thrust aside as we passed, closed immediately behind each of us, leaving those who followed to divine the course of those before, by the disturbed waving of the boughs, and their voices calling through the thick foliage. But for the bird-nets

here and there spread between the summits of the high trees, we might have imagined that no human creature but ourselves ever traversed this labyrinth, where, more than once, our old guide himself mistook the way, to the infinite dismay and discomfort of the others. Suddenly, in the midst of most appropriate discourses touching the bandit who formerly infested this mountain, Antonio hailed, in a voice of stupendous terror something that he saw moving among the boughs. A boy's voice responded shrill and clear through the leafy screen, and our donkey hero resumed his blustering, bullying demeanour, transferred his fright to the more becoming expression of indignant astonishment at the boy's lonely presence in that solitude, where he could not possibly have any particular business or pleasure, according to his thinking. Our guide told us, that some years ago, when Lucien Buonaparte was passing the summer at the Villa Rufinella, the bandits made a descent upon the house, and carried off a French painter who was staying

there, supposing that they had secured the prince, who, having had the alarm, escaped through a window, while his less illustrious fellow-countryman was conveyed by the brigands to the recesses of the Algidus; here they kept him until Lucien Buonaparte relieved his very unwilling proxy by paying a ransom of three hundred scudi for him. Our way was becoming, in the meantime, more and more intricate, and we were really not sorry when we reached an open space near the top of the mountain. We here left our beasts with Augusto Flibbertigibbet, and climbed, and crept, and clung our way up by ten thousand impossible turns and scramblings, to some huge blocks of ancient wall, amid which we seated ourselves; and ——— and our guides left us to explore more fully the ruinous remains. While we sat there alone, two men came by, armed, the one with a gun, and the other with a hatchet; they looked at us, naturally enough, and we were rather frightened—I think naturally enough too; but either "they were

not the men we took them for," or we did not look worth ransoming, so they went on: and presently ——— and our guides returned, and we descended, not without repeatedly missing our way, to the place where we had left the boy and the donkeys. Here, high throned above a mountain of most noble forest, we looked over the deep valleys below, and the great hill shoulders with their mantles of green; and having rested and lunched, we set forth to descend the mountain on the other side. For a while we followed a path that, though really not two feet wide, and with branches and roots intersecting it every two yards, might have been called a turnpike, in comparison with that by which we had come. Presently, however, our neatherd made demonstrations of replunging into the twilight vaults of the forest, whereat the heroic Antonio fell into another agony of apprehension. We passed through a glen, where the chestnut trees were the finest I ever saw. ——— said it was no wonder Diana loved the Algidus; and it seemed

to me as if the silver sandals of the huntress must shine presently upon the path, and the rustling of her quiver be heard in the awful solitude. Our guide now struck fairly again into the deep wood, and Antonio broke out into open rebellion, whereupon the old bandit's companion told him, that unless he intended to spend the night in the woods, which he would leave him to do if he preferred it, he must follow the path he was taking. This suggestion silenced Parolles, and we proceeded, and finally achieved our exit from the forest, our descent from the mountain, and our return to the open plain, with its sandy roads all overarched with golden canopies of broom, the broad daylight and level land comforting more or less all our spirits. Infinite discourse went forward touching Gasperoni and his band—their exploits and daring—their good dealings, at least according to our guide, with the poor peasantry, from whom they never took anything in the shape of provisions, without liberally paying for it—their

final betrayal through the means of a priest. And when it came to this clerical climax, it was really most curious to hear the men, and even the lad leading my donkey, break into one hearty and simultaneous execration of the priesthood, under whose dominion they live; their hardness and indifference to the poor; their avarice, their rapacity, their profligacy, their hypocrisy. God knows, it was enough to make one ask how long a government, thus esteemed by its subjects, could possibly endure; because, with all due allowance made for the character of the authority from which we were receiving these details, there was obvious truth enough in what they said, to make the vehement accordance with which they all bore witness to it most striking. Our guide wound up by assuring us, that, contrary to the common opinion, Gasperoni himself had never been taken alive; he rejected the imputation even, I thought, with rather a touch of indignation; spoke of his *intimate personal* acquaintance

with Gasperoni, whom he described as eminently striking looking and handsome; said he had seen him himself after he was shot, with a number of his comrades, at the time of the destruction of the band; and ended with adding, that the robber confined in the prison at Civita Vecchia (*where he himself had passed some time in his company*), and always shown to visitors as Gasperoni, was one Salvatore, the principal companion and friend of the brigand-chief. We listened with considerable interest to these very authentic details, and remembered them with still more, when we afterwards heard that our sturdy old guide to the Algidus had been himself one of Gasperoni's famous band. ——— had loitered behind, and after regaining the carriage we drove on at a brisk rate, leaving him to follow; and for some time after we reached home, as he did not appear, we were rather anxious about him; but he finally rejoined us, and related how, having found our old guide after we had parted from him at the

shepherd's fountain, and offered to pay him for his trouble in escorting us, the latter had most conscientiously informed him that he had already paid him—a worthy member of Gasperoni's band, truly!

In my early walks about the neighbourhood of our beautiful villa, I have made numerous acquaintances among the country-people, whom I meet at work in the vineyards, and have been able to form some notion of the general condition of those inhabiting Frascati and its vicinity. They are for the most part good-natured, friendly folk, who generally commence our intercourse by asking me if I am not afraid to walk alone, which gives me an indifferent opinion either of their honesty or their courage; but I believe the latter is chiefly in fault. One morning lately I met a young peasant girl, who, although in the same predicament herself, exclaimed, with much apparent astonishment, "Ma come, siete sola!" to which, or rather to my own thoughts, I answered, "Si; sola, sola;" to which, or perhaps

to her own thoughts, the girl replied, "E meglio sola che mal accompagnata."—God keep her in that mind!

The peasantry of this district find their chief occupation in tending the vines, with which the hills are principally covered, and which form the agricultural wealth of the small communities gathered in their fortress-like looking villages, on the summit of the eminences that are, as it were, a sort of intermediate step between the level plain of the campagna and the summits of the Alban and Sabine hills. In the spring, the raising the plants, and restoring them to the support of the canes that for the most part prop them, and which the snows, which sometimes lie heavy on these mountain sides, beat down, is the earliest process. Towards the end of May, the enclosures are filled with companies of peasants, chiefly girls and women, busied in removing the tendrils from the vines, by breaking off which, the surplus vigour, diverted into those twining and profuse offshoots, is restored to the

fruitbearing parts of the plant, which are now in full blossom. Towards the beginning of September, the same female troops spread themselves over the vineyards, removing almost all the graceful and beautiful foliage from the vines, so as at once to give the fruit the full benefit of its last month's genial sunning, and to render the work of stripping the branches off for the vintage quicker and easier. The end of September and the beginning of October is the season of the grape gathering and wine making, when the entire population seems poured into the vineyards: the whole country resounds with the loud monotonous nasal howl which, I am sorry to say, is the national music of this part, at any rate, of the land of song; and the warm air is tipsy with the smell of the grapes, borne in tubs on the backs of mules, in incessant procession up every steep winding village path, to the huge vats, where the process of treading them is performed.

From the glory and the grace of the fragrant

vine-bunches, hanging like precious grapes of amethyst and amber, with their exquisite bloom on them, under their fresh glittering leaves, to the half-smashed dirty amalgamation of bruised discoloured berries, and stalks jolted to a sort of ill-looking *purée aux pois*, in nasty high narrow tubs on a mule's back; and then again from even that to the hideous-looking red-brown scum, in which a hairy, sweating, brawny peasant prances, with his breeches rolled more than half-way up his thighs, and his limbs besmeared as though with blood, with the revolting-looking contents of the huge vat, in which he takes his exercise, there is a declension in beauty and poetry not to be described. The vintage over, the agricultural labours of the women of this neighbourhood end. The gathering of the olives is principally performed by the men, and is often protracted far into the winter, when the cold, even on the lower slopes of these hills, is sometimes very severe. As soon as they have done busying themselves with the

vines, the women take up a life of spinning, as incessant as the German female knitting existence. I asked several of the vine-labourers the amount of their wages, and the answer was the same throughout the neighbourhood—two pauls, or twenty bajocchi, about tenpence a-day for the men, and for the women half as much. I never can refrain from contrasting the price of labour in Europe with its value in America; and used often and often both to smile and sigh when I heard this, and remembered the dollar (four and sixpence) a-day, which is the lowest pay of the lowest day-labourer in America; and that such a thing as a woman labouring in the fields is not known from one end to another of the free States. Of course, as might be naturally expected, they are among the hardest worked of the miserable slave population of the South; the pay of a sort of *garde champêtre*, (gamekeepers they cannot be called, because there is no game), of which each of the estates adjoining ours has one

or more, is six scudi a month, and some sort of residence for himself and family—often some half-ruined portion of a dismantled farm-house, or even tumble down palazzo. The flax of which their women spin and weave themselves all the coarse linen garments that they wear, grows in the flat lands of the campagna, where they pay, for the privilege of planting it, a sort of ground-rent to the land-owner; they cut, and carry, and hackle it all themselves, and spin it without the more modern invention even of the spinning-wheel, but with nothing but that most primitive and elegant implement—the spindle. I could not discover such a thing as a fly-loom in all Frascati; but women working at exceedingly clumsy and wretched old hand-looms told me, that one paul a-day, that is about five-pence, was the most that they could earn with their utmost diligence. So antiquated a machine as a hand-loom, I suppose, could hardly be found now in Philadelphia; but a worker there at the fly-loom earns, without the slightest difficulty, a

dollar and a half, or between six and seven shillings a day; the wages of handicraftsmen and artisans, such as carpenters, bricklayers, and masons, in these small villages in the vicinity of Rome, are very fair, amounting to about a scudo a day; not, indeed, equal to the nine dollars a week of an industrious American journeyman, but still, compared with the agricultural wages, excellent.

In speaking, as I perpetually do, of the extraordinary advantage workmen in America enjoy over the same class in England, and other countries in Europe, I do not wish at all to be understood to state, that they can live more cheaply on the other side of the Atlantic; for directly the reverse is the case, as I have been repeatedly assured by members of the working classes who had emigrated from England to America, and who found living there much dearer than in the old country. The only item of expenditure that is really cheap in Philadelphia and its neighbourhood, is

food. Provisions are infinitely cheaper than in England; and if men could live by bread alone, the difference between the costliness of existence in the New and Old World would indeed be immense. But almost everything else necessary for physical existence is either as dear or dearer than in England;—all materials for and articles of clothing infinitely dearer and by no means so good; all implements of industry, whether mechanical or agricultural, infinitely dearer and not so good; fuel as dear, or dearer; and house-rent for the poorer classes much upon the same scale in both countries. With regard to the advantage that might be derived from the great abundance and cheapness of food, a law of apparently universal application in human affairs holds good, and that which is cheaply and easily procured is lavishly used and most frequently wasted. The Americans are, in almost every respect, the most extravagant people I have ever seen: among the wealthier classes an inordinate ostentation and love of display, and among

the poorer ones a reckless disregard of economy in the details of daily expenditure, are, perhaps, a very natural result of the ease with which money is earned, and the rapidity with which fortunes are made in that country of hitherto unexhausted resources and unexampled activity. But anything like the carefulness and scrupulous management in the adjustment of means and expenditure practised in England, not only by the poorer, but by the middling classes, is unknown in any class in America. The perfect proportions kept between the income and the outlay by the majority of English people of moderate means, is a thing unknown to the same class of people on the other side of the water. There is one very sad reason for this: the frightful fever for speculation; the gambling propensity prevalent to a most extraordinary extent in America; the thirst for excitement, so keen, that nothing but perpetual political contest, and incessant suspension of fortune, between sudden wealth or as sudden destitu-

tion, can sufficiently minister to it. This extraordinary national characteristic, arising, doubtless, in great part from the natural, but withal unexampled, impulse given by free institutions in a *new world* to a young and energetic society, is one of the most remarkable, and I should almost say appalling, peculiarities of the present American people. When it can be said that not stock-jobbers and brokers; bankers and men of financial speculation; and merchants, men of commercial speculation, alone, but almost every professional man in Philadelphia, at one time—lawyer, physician, and, I believe I might almost add, clergyman—was engaged in some scheme, some hazard, some speculation, for the rapid, or rather sudden increase of his fortune; a chance which of course involved its opposite chance of sudden ruin; it will easily be conceived how absolutely destructive such a state of things must be of everything like habits of economy or the regular management and careful administration of certain means. I have heard

American women repeatedly say, that their husbands never informed them of anything relating to their affairs; that they had not the remotest idea of the amount of their income; and that it was the most unusual thing among them for a woman to be at all aware of the extent of her husband's means. To English lawyers', physicians', clergymen's, or professional men's wives, whose task it is invariably to hold the proportion between their husband's income and the necessary outlay of their families, this state of things appears incredible; but it ceases to be so singular, when one reflects that a man engaged in wild speculations, which may at any moment double or treble his fortune, or sweep from him the bare means of existence, cannot very well consider himself possessed of any fixed income, or reckon his certain means at any specific sum. Nor is it very likely that any man would care to burthen the heart and mind of his wife, in the midst of her domestic duties and anxieties, with the intense nervous expectation—

the incessant tension of acute apprehension—of a condition hovering perpetually between such reverses of fortune. That uncertainty which necessarily belongs alone to the results of certain peculiar callings, and the extreme of which wisdom and foresight in those exercising them endeavour as much as possible to guard against, a whole nation by choice and deliberation (if such madness can be so called) incurs. This will sufficiently account for the absence of anything like a judicious regulation of expenditure and practice of economy among the wealthier portions of the community in America; as it accounts too, sufficiently enough, for the innumerable failures, ruins, bankruptcies, sudden uprisings of sudden large fortunes, sudden fallings in of equally large ones,—banishment of well-educated, luxuriously bred families, to the wild regions of the west, and all the extraordinary fluctuations in the social character of American cities—mutations unexampled in their number and rapidity, and which deprive society there of

all stability, consistency, and dignity, and do away with half the advantages of wealth, by its perpetual shifting from reckless and careless hand to hand. To these causes too, doubtless, may be attributed the frightful prevalence of insanity, that most awful of human liabilities, that most frequent result of turning life into a desperate game of chance, and the instances of which so far outnumber in America those known in Europe. But, to return to the poorer classes, English labourers and artisans going to America, find food amazingly cheap, and gradually and naturally relax in the strict and penurious economy they are obliged to practise with regard to it in their own country, where it is very dear. A step further, however, leads to an almost inevitable transition in human affairs, from use to abuse: the American labourers and artisans squander food; they have rather a contempt for economy in this particular, and ignorance in many places is as fruitful of extravagance as recklessness itself. For instance, I know a part

of New England, where the good housewives are in the habit of throwing away their *calves' heads* and *feet* as useless and unprofitable portions of the animal. To the English poor, therefore, the benefits of the abundant cheap provisions of the Western world are soon neutralised by this change of domestic economy; the ease with which employment is obtained, and its ample compensation, still remain as sufficient inducements for emigration; to which must never be forgotten to be added, the wide field open to every species of industry, which, by affording ample means of subsistence to all who will labour, relieves the heart of the poor man from the dire pressure of anxiety for his children, and converts into the blessing it was intended to be, that offspring, which in England becomes to the unfortunate labourer or artisan his heaviest burthen and the bitterest curse of his existence, —throwing over a present, made tolerably prosperous only by incessant efforts, the dismal shadow of an uncertain future, and the haunting

apprehension for the fate of those whose sole dependence in life is a desperate struggle, with innumerable competitors, whose poverty and industry choke up with ceaseless and unavailing efforts every channel of employment; where the most strenuous endeavour barely wards off immediate misery, and never protects from heart-sickening uncertainty.

These inducements America still holds forth to the harassed poor of Europe; these, and the privilege not only of present existence, but of progress in the social scale. A few years of industry and economy may convert the poorest emigrant into a lord of the soil in the great fertile wilderness, into whose ample bosom the crowded populations of ancient lands are daily pouring themselves, and where the unfettered action of human activity and energy resembles the healthful coursing of the blood through the veins of a child, unimpeded by ligaments and compressions, and left to move and grow as God has ordained.

The terrible malaria infesting the Roman campagna, and extending its pestilential influence considerably up the hill sides, accounts sufficiently for the absence of scattered dwellings and isolated habitations among the vineyards, that drop their green folds to the mountain's feet. Security, too, in earlier and more savage times, probably induced the labourers to huddle together in villages, under the doubtful protection of some feudal lord, as at Colonna, rather than live scattered in separate farms and cottages; and the combination of both motives caused the gathering of swarming populations into the rock-perched hamlets that are planted on every tolerably accessible eminence all round the great curtain of hills that—except towards the sea—bound the Roman horizon. These villages, many of them springing up from such pinnacles as to be most difficult of access, form one of the most picturesque features of that landscape of unequalled variety and beauty; and from a certain distance, raising their time-stained and irregular buildings

high up against the admirable purity and brilliancy of the sky—their steep rocky foundations giving them almost the appearance of fortresses, —they delight the eye and invite the approach of the beholder; but let him be satisfied with their distant aspect; it is infinitely their best, and a nearer approach will only produce, in recompense for toiling up steep, stinking, slippery streets, lined with squalid habitations, and thronged with filthy inhabitants, the commonest of all earthly experiences—disappointment. The peasants, thus perched above their land of labour, go forth at early morning and return in the evening to their pinnacles. A general attendance at mass precedes their descent to the plain, and the Ave Maria calls them home again from field and vineyard in multitudinous streams of toil-weary life, climbing the steep paths back towards their rocky abodes. It is a dreadful pity that it is utterly impossible to reverse the order of nature, so that they could go down in the evening and up in the morning before their day's work; with

the utmost exercise of ingenuity, however, I never could discover any mode of so adjusting it.

The exalted station of their homes appeared to be a double hardship to the women ; for the fountains where they wash, and where they procure all the water for their household purposes, are generally at a considerable distance below the villages,—at Monte Porzio, nearly half a mile; at the beautiful village of Rocca Priori, much further down the precipitous mountain road: and, admirable as the groups often are at these picturesque watering-places, and beautiful the antique form of the copper vessels which the women bear on their heads returning from them, it grieves my heart to meet them, as we do perpetually in our rides, toiling thus burthened up the steep ascent. Their houses and lodgings are wretchedly dirty and miserable, often half ruinous and dismantled tenements, without glazing to the windows; and yet, it seems to me, more wretched, from want of cleanliness and care, than they need be ; but, alas! for the

law "to those who have shall be given," &c. It is one of the most deplorable effects of poverty, that those afflicted with it have less of the conservative principle than those who have more to lose, and waste what their betters-off would save. The Italian peasants live literally out of doors; they eat at morning and evening in huge dingy sort of cellars, where they congregate for that purpose, in places like vaults, with earthen floors, and the coarsest wooden tables and settles. The idea of preparing or eating food in their own houses or lodgings, is, I believe, a thing undreamt of among them; and in this respect, indeed, they do but follow the demoralising practice of the best classes of Roman workmen and artisans, who invariably, and without exception, take their meals—wives, children, and all—at the trattoria or osteria *cuccinante*, where the unemployed portion of the family loiter and lounge through the greater part of the day, retiring to what in England would be called their home, but which here really

cannot be so entitled, merely to sleep. Not the total want of domesticity in their habits, or the absence of decent cleanliness and comfort in their abodes, however, can amaze the English traveller half as much, especially if he have, like myself, resided long in America, as the universal spirit of shameless pauperism which the inhabitants of this most beautiful and fertile region exhibit.

The idea of degradation attached to that of beggary never seemed to enter their heads; nor, at the end of infinite appeals and remonstrances to them upon the subject during my summer residence among them, have I ever been able to produce any impression other than expressed itself in an air of ludicrous perplexity. Once, and once alone, at the end of an eloquent discourse to a woman who accosted me in the street of Frascati, and who was sitting very comfortably at her door spinning, while her children, very well clothed and munching very substantial lumps of bread, rolled round her in

the disgusting street, an old woman, who listened to what I was addressing to her neighbour, said, that it was just enough; for that they who were healthy could work, and that those only ought to beg who could not. This was the only convert I am conscious of having made; the rest of my auditory grinned round me in unconvinced good humour. The truth is, they beg not at all from absolute want and destitution, but as an easy way of earning money. They hate trouble, how right they are! (and how wrong!) and find the half paul thrown them by the forestieri, in reply to their sometimes most indolent "Dammi qualche cosa," better pay than the whole one wrought out of their whole day's labour in the vines. Food is abundant and cheap in this land of corn, wine, and oil; and, judging from the generally comfortable clothing of even the poorest classes here, and the absence of rags and tatters among them, I should suppose clothing was not dear; but they need but little under their beneficent

heavens. Italians of all classes seem to abhor the proximity of fire; and the crazy shelters whither they retire for the night suffice for protection against the short-lived inclemency of their winter season. I think, therefore, upon the whole, that the incessant clamour for alms set up by the whole population of these districts, not being really the result of what one would at first suppose it—absolute starvation, should rather be considered in the light of industry: it is the only form of it that I ever saw any of them zealous in. There are in these villages nothing resembling public poor-houses or regular provision made for the poor by the public; in all the churches there are poor-boxes, and contributions or quêtes are levied frequently on the religious festivals and saint-days. The curates are obliged, as part of their parochial duty, to look after and assist the poor; and a surgeon and physician, of very tolerable ability, are paid by most of these small communities for the gratuitous relief of the sick, whose means

are too small to admit of their procuring such succour for themselves. Their salary, however, is extremely miserable. At Monte Porzio, which is a very populous village, about two miles from Frascati, the public Esculapius receives but fifteen scudi a month for the healing of the commonwealth. In Frascati there exists a society of charitable women calling themselves Sisters of Charity, without, however, peculiar vows or dresses—twenty-four of them being more properly sœurs visitandines,—while they admit into their ranks an unlimited number of merely subscribing members. This society, as some of its members who called upon us for money in aid of their benevolent efforts informed us, was chiefly, however, for the relief of the bed-ridden, infirm and incapable of work. As for the able-bodied, stout, and only disinclined to work, they come up, day after day, to claim our charitable assistance, and the claims put forth by some of them are really irresistibly ludicrous sometimes. Thus, my sister had a visit some days ago from a

strapping damsel, who brought a petition written for her, and setting forth, that, wishing to enter the holy estate of wedlock, and being without means, money, or friends, she implored the succour of the charitably disposed to enable her "di far decente il letto matrimoniale." My sister ventured to suggest, that marrying under circumstances, which might with propriety be called so uneasy, did not appear to her a very prudential measure; the devotee to Hymen, however, merely responded, "eh, come si ha da far?" with a grin and a shrug, and that really was so unanswerable a suggestion, that it put an end to further representations of expediency.

The schools for the poor in these villages are under the direction of the priests of course, and the course of instruction to which they are subjected bears witness thereto. I have frequently looked over the small library of school-books, which the peasant lads of the neighbourhood were carrying with them thither, and among as many as five class books have never found more

than one that was not a *religious* book, and that one was always—ponder, oh ye utilitarians!—a grammar. The rest were always catechisms, mass books, and collections of bible stories—not taken verbatim from the Scripture, but paraphrased by some better master. The chief, indeed the only, diversions of the people are their religious festivals, which occur so frequently as effectually to break up all habits of industry: no work is done on a festa, and I should say every third day in the week, on an average, was sacred to some saint, or rather to the great god of the Italians—Idleness. These religious celebrations have less of a devotional character than could be imagined by any one not assisting at them. They are enlivened by an incessant firing of guns and crackers; horse-races, donkey-races, and foot-races generally go forward during some part of the day, and the holy evening closes with some display of fire-works. At the festival of San Salvatore, a species of religious play-bill was sent all round this neighbourhood, setting forth the

various amusements to which, as well as to the saint, the day was consecrated. The dresses of the peasants, who on these occasions assemble on the town piazza, before the principal church, are extremely picturesque; and the uncommon beauty of many of the figures and faces, both of men and women, makes such gatherings still more striking. The great superiority of these southern people in physical comeliness over our northern races is wonderful. It is not only positive beauty of form and brilliancy of colouring, but a noble carriage, an ease, a grace, a dignity in all their movements, and above all the grand style of their heads, that makes them pre-eminently subjects for artistical illustration. It is only in Italy that I have seen men's faces as positively beautiful as women's, and that frequently—in England, I remember but one instance of the sort.

The inhabitants of these small villages appear to participate heartily in the Roman passion for lotteries, and these mischievous institutions take

up large portions of their slender means, encouraging amongst them the demoralising spirit of gambling, and the most unbounded superstition; not one of them who can read but has his book of lottery numbers always about him, and no event of the four-and-twenty hours occurs without (if he has the means) his referring it to its appointed figure, and immediately risking some portion of his earnings on the hazard. M. ——— gave us a most amusing account of a servant of his, at whose feet a man suddenly fell dead in the street. He instantly seized his lottery book, took the number of the accident, the number of the house, and the hour of the day, and the numbers corresponding to the word "steeple," one being in sight; and then ran off to the lottery, to embark as much as he could, or could not, afford, upon these various ventures. These abominable institutions are government speculations; and in these little villages Sunday is a favourite day for drawing the lottery, round the door and window of which an eager crowd,

many of whom are often priests, is gathered on the day of declaring the results.

I was surprised to find a great deal of inebriety, amounting in some instances that came to our personal knowledge to habitual drunkenness, among the peasantry here. I had thought that a vice confined to our colder climates and more stagnant blood; but I think the "spaccio di acqua vitae" is almost as frequent here as are our gin palaces in London; and though the same amount of habitual intoxication among the lower orders does not exist, habits of intemperance are infinitely more common, especially here in the country, than I had any idea of; boys of twelve and fourteen years old not unfrequently getting drunk upon spirits at an early hour in the day. God knows they need no such stimulants to increase the fiery temper of their blood—their sober gusts of passion are something appalling, and the fatal cottellata is the most frequent umpire of their furious controversies.

The general disposition of the people in Fras-

cati and our neighbourhood appears indolent, vivacious, intelligent, dishonest, lying, bragging, passionate, and withal good-natured, and monstrous cowardly. I say their disposition in this neighbourhood, for a very small geographical distance here (it is averred by the people themselves) makes, for some cause or another, an amazing difference in the character of whole villages. Thus, the Frascatani are considered "buona gente," "buono sangue"—the inhabitants of Tivoli, about eighteen miles off, quite the contrary—and there is a little village about five miles from here called Marino, where the people are "cattivissimo sangue," notorious for their savage and lawless disposition. This is very curious—lying in the same folds of these beautiful mountains, enriched by the same benignant vegetation, smiled upon by the same still gracious heavens, with neither difference of soil or climate to account for it, it seems hardly credible that any original difference of race can have existed, or at any rate

have perpetuated itself in communities so little distant, and whose habits and mode of life appear so similar; yet I remember ——— said that he believed that one reason why the people of Tivoli were "cattivo sangue" was, that in all the inroads of the Germans into these parts of Italy from the earliest times, dregs of their tribes had settled like bad lees here, and that he attributed to this fact the less purely Italian character of the people: this greater, or perhaps I should say different savageness of the northern savage, grafted on the southern savage, makes a most brutal and hateful admixture; and the saying among the Italians themselves is, "che un tedesco italianizato e il diavolo incarnato." By the bye, in a notch of the Sabine hills, on a peak to which the bright finger of the sun sometimes points dazzlingly amid their purple masses, stands a most curious and wild village called Saracenesco. The people here, it is averred, are really a remnant of the Saracenic invasions of Italy, part of some tribe of the eastern bar-

barians having remained and settled on this single point. The inhabitants of this poor and miserable hamlet are darker, and of a different physiognomy, from the Italian dwellers in the Sabine range, and the name of their village perpetuates the tradition of their different blood.

Riding round the convent of Grotta Ferrata the other day, ——— gave me a most curious account of the Monks there, which ——— confirmed since by a similar narration; and which, I think, fully entitles the brethren of the convent, if not the rest of the inhabitants of Grotta Ferrata, to the qualification of eminently "cattivo sangue." For some years past, it seems that the disorders of this fraternity had been an absolute scandal, calling loudly, but in vain, for reform. The idle dissoluteness of the priests surpassed even the large licence given them here for both laziness and profligacy; and among other agreeable distractions to the monotony of their monastic life had finally been the introduction of women into the convent, and getting up

of private theatricals with their assistance. While matters were thus prospering, and the holy fathers cultivating the drama, and devoting themselves to the Muses and Graces, their abbot died, and a new abbot, of a different temper, replaced him. A reform was immediately set on foot by him, which, however, the godly community vehemently resisted. A man of determined spirit, and resolute in his purpose of suppressing the scandalous abuses of the community over which he had been called to preside, he found himself engaged in absolute warfare with his refractory "sons," which warfare speedily became more than moral, inasmuch as one fine night, having purposely fired a blank cartridge at his window in order to attract him to it, some of the worthy brotherhood followed up the alarm by directing a well-aimed bullet at their abbot: on his guard, however, against this infamous attempt, the incensed superior immediately proceeded to Rome, to complain to the Pope, and demand enforcement of his rights, and the punish-

ment of the rebellious members of his community. The monastery, however, is a very rich and influential one, and contrived so well to deafen the ears to which this appeal was made, that every effort was used in Rome to dissuade the superior from pursuing his purpose of bringing his convent into subjection; higher and more advantageous positions were proffered him, which he indignantly rejected, desiring to be empowered to fulfil his duty in the station to which he had been appointed. The venal and abominable authorities to whom, however, he thus appealed, were entirely sold to the party of the monastery, and the man was allowed actually to die of mortification and sorrow under the entire failure of his incessant attempts to obtain justice from the depraved tribunal to which he appealed. What manner of superior succeeded him I did not hear, nor whether the worthy friars were still busy getting up Goldoni in the sacred precincts of the cloister. Their ignorance is such, ——— assured me, that though professing to be Greek Catho-

lics, their mass books had need to be put into Latin for them, as they had even lost the comprehension of the Greek character. Their convent, besides being most beautifully situated at the green foot of Monte Cavo, boasts of treasures of art, in the shape of some fine frescoes by Domenichino; and their library contains some precious samples of palimpsest manuscript.

SONNET.

Thy mother's name fills thy young eyes with tears,
Oh, my belov'd! they have not taught thee yet
That hapless mother's image to forget.
Ah! they may trust the cruel coming years,
Whose wings shall brush that waning form away,
While, trooping by, the pageant grand and gay
Of life shall fill the mirror of thy sight;
Its last faint lineaments effacing quite.

So must it be, while from my aching heart
Thy blessed, lovely vision day by day
All other images shall chase away,
Till one by one all other forms depart,
And I am left haunted by the dear sadness
Of that one presence into longing madness.

I have been reading with much interest a small volume, published, I think, in Paris, of very pestilent matter, as it is considered here, being a collection of forbidden treatises upon political subjects—Azeglia's Ultime Case della Romagna, a striking report upon the late trials (!!!) of the insurrectionists at Bologna, Foligno, &c., by Capponi; the whole collection closing with a most curious address to the last Pope, Gregory XVI., by an American clergyman, of the New England States, which very forcible statement of the evils of His Holiness's government will, I am afraid, never have come under his cognizance. These pamphlets, for they are none

of them, not even Azeglia's publication, anything more in bulk, are full of interest, and appeal most pathetically by their mere statement of facts to the whole heart of humanity, in behalf of this beautiful, but most oppressed country. Since I have read them, however, a marvellous sequel has transpired to the episode of Renzi, the Roman patriot, whose peculiar and pre-eminent share in the last liberal movements under Gregory the XVI. made him individually an object of so much interest to those who sympathised with it.

When such of the unfortunate men implicated in these ill-fated attempts as escaped the tremendous inquisition of the especial tribunals, immediately organised to punish the past and suppress the future efforts of the reformers, had made their way out of the Roman states, and, escaping through Tuscany, saved themselves, by an exile of utter destitution and misery, from the deadly vengeance of the papal government, Renzi mysteriously, unaccountably, indeed, re-

turned, and being demanded of the Tuscan authorities, into whose hands he fell, was delivered over to the Roman government, and thrust into prison. Many were the stories and conjectures afloat to account for his lingering, conspicuously odious as he was to the Pope and his ministers, within peril of again falling into their hands. A touching and passionate love story was wrought up with the interest inspired by his devoted patriotism, to add to the sympathy all felt, but none dared express, for his noble misfortunes; and it was said that his return to Tuscany, and consequent delivery to the Roman government, was the result of an attachment he had formed, and from the object of which he found it impossible to separate himself.

When the act of amnesty, promulgated by Pius IX. immediately on his accession, opened the political dungeons of the Roman states, and set free thousands of wretched men who were expiating in their gloomy chambers their aspirations for their country's good, it

was stated that the Pope himself had had a personal interview with Renzi, who, generally looked upon as a sort of chief and leader of the patriots, made a species of personal act of future homage and loyalty to his sovereign and liberator. It now appears, monstrous as it may seem, that this very man, the seeming patriot, the devoted reformer, the ardent and enthusiastic leader of the unfortunate Italian revolutionists, was, in fact, a spy in the pay of the late Pope's government; as such had been the means of inveigling and betraying hundreds of his countrymen, of whose political tendencies his apparent sympathy had made him aware; as such, and not led by the irresistible impulse of an invincible attachment, he had returned to Tuscany, where his being detained and delivered to the Roman government was a mere continuation of the farce, by which he was to pursue his detestable career of treachery. I think he, rather than Brutus or Cassius, ought to be in company with Judas Iscariot between the teeth of Dante's

great devil. It is remarkable, that, for so long a space of time, this wretch, whose fees from the Roman government were enormous, contrived to deceive the numerous individuals who were given up chiefly through his agency, without exciting the smallest suspicion. One man only is known to have said upon being seized, "Renzi is the only man who can have betrayed me, for he alone was aware of such and such circumstances." This single voice, however, of detection was soon interred in the depths of some political dungeon, and Renzi continued to receive and betray the confidence of hundreds of his wretched compatriots.

It is a curious thing that a rumour was in circulation just before I left Rome that there had been a disturbance in the prisons, and that a spy had been detected and nearly torn to pieces among the prisoners; moreover, it was supposed that fifty of the political offenders included in the amnesty were still detained—of course without the knowledge of the Pope—for fear they

should make disclosures as to the barbarous treatment they had been subjected to. The late report of the Legate of Spoleto upon the state of the prisons there, represents the condition of persons committed and merely awaiting their trial as something too dreadful if it were the punishment of convicted criminals, instead of persons who may be innocent of any offence: many of them have been kept for months chained to the ground, fed upon bread and water, and repeatedly flogged, at the will either of their gaoler or still higher authorities; and in spite of these detestable iniquities, a commission appointed to visit the prisons and examine the condition of the prisoners, reported most favourably of the whole administration.

Another proscribed book, which I have read with extreme interest, is Amari's History of Sicily during the eleventh and twelfth centuries, embracing the period of the national revolution against the French supremacy, of which the Sicilian vespers was the first out-

break, and which throws some very curious and new light upon the events of that period. As in Niebuhr's Roman History, the romance of the story suffers not a little from the clear and vigorous demonstration of facts with which he encounters the long prevalent traditions respecting Giovanni di Proccida's conspiracy. The style, through an affectation of terseness, is occasionally obscure, and the history itself, from the amazing number of authorities, documents, and references collected by the author to establish the positions he assumes, rather laborious reading; but it is nevertheless highly interesting, and an extremely valuable work, from the immense research and care with which it is compiled. The story of its publication is curious enough. Amari submitted it to the censure at Palermo, where he was living, and received its sanction for the publication. The work, however, was hardly through the press, and ready to be issued, than a revocation of the license to publish it was sent to the author,

with further injunctions to place the whole edition about to be issued in the hands of the police. Amari, unwilling to see the fruit of so much labour and time, and his just claim to fame and the gratitude of his countrymen, thus arbitrarily sacrificed, rapidly made all preparations for leaving Sicily, packed his precious history in one case, which he put on board a French vessel, sent a carefully-closed box of carrots and other rubbish to personate it to the office of the censorship; and himself in disguise, with the passport of a friend, embarked immediately for Marseilles. Thither his work safely followed him, and having made his way to Paris, he there issued it, bearing the stamp of Palermo upon its title-page; and has since republished a second edition in Paris, the work having excited great interest and curiosity, both from its own intrinsic merits, and the circumstances of persecution under which its author gave it to the world.

After going through these various prohibited

publications, I have been entertaining myself with a number of tracts, sent me by my friend ———, all bearing the permission of the censorship upon them, and giving, on the other hand, an excellent idea of the literature that is allowed and encouraged through the Roman States, for the edification of their population. These little pamphlets, each costing a few bajocchi, and containing from six to twenty coarsely-printed pages, are all metrical, and but for their length might perhaps be called ballads. They consist of some clumsy fable, generally opening with an invocation to the Virgin or some of the saints, and closing with a similar apostrophe. Some are legends of incredible conversions, and miraculous performances of saints, rescued from obscurity, I should think, chiefly by these illustrious records of their deeds, —some are accounts of the crimes, atrocities, adventures, and retribution of notorious criminals, bandits, and assassins—some are extraordinary rifaccimentoes of portions of ancient history, such

as the combat of the Horatii and Curiatii. The opening address of one of these, to St. Joseph, is the most ludicrous piece of blasphemy I ever read; the language and details of every one of these productions (of which I have read upwards of twenty) are low and common in the extreme. There is nothing indecent or immoral in them, though occasionally great coarseness and vulgarity—but upon the last leaf of almost every one, opposite to the pious ejaculations which close the poems, are lottery numbers, and directions for successfully putting into the lottery, and numerous details of tricks of sleight-of-hand, &c.: this is the popular literature printed and disseminated by the Roman clergy, in whose hands the censorship as well as every other branch of the government lodges, among the people, whose minds and souls are committed to their care. One only in the whole number I read was not absolutely and revoltingly stupid, and that was a rambling story of a certain Princess Olive, the tissue of whose adventures, in their variety, im-

probability, and wildness, reminded me of the subjects of some of our old play-wrights—a more improbable and less interesting web of events than the Winter's Tale, or Pericles, Prince of Tyre, but that style of recital.

DESPAIR.

Whene'er those forms arise before my sight,
E'en as from hideous visions of the night,
I cover up my eyes, I veil my head,
I shrink in terror, and dismay, and dread,
And wave them from me ; and in agony
Unto the saving feet of God I fly,
Lest I be scared to madness with the dream
Of all that I have lost—so that I seem
To loathe that which I love beyond all measure;
Like to a miser robb'd of his dear treasure,
Clutching for ever a distracting vision
Of gold and jewels, 'twixt the apparition
And his real beggary lash'd to utter madness.

If on the midnight void of my deep sadness,
The dear delusion of your presence shine,
I fear to look upon ye, treasures mine,
Lest the tormented heart and failing brain
Rest in delirium from too fierce a pain;
Change hopeless sorrow for insanity,
And mental ruin end this misery.
And it were better—better thus to dwell
In a mad Heav'n, than in a conscious Hell;
Better to lose this lurid light of reason,
Which shows me but a dark and empty prison.
Oh, come, I will not fly ye any more,
Come, come, dear fatal visions, and before
This light of truth, that shows ye are not here,
Spread sweet delusions! Come, I will not fear;
Let reason, faith, and fortitude forbear
Their ministry of torture—hail, despair!
And welcome ye, ye long-departed dreams,
In which, once more, my life a blessing seems;
Oh, gracious shapes! oh, silver ringing voices!
At whose dear sound my heart once more
rejoices;

Oh, floating, glorious braids of sunny hair!
Oh, eyes of morning light, keen, soft, and fair!
Oh, sinless brows of holy innocence!
Stay, stay with me, depart not ever hence;
Shut out all forms of dire reality.
Beloved phantoms, speak—oh, speak to me
Sweet words of love—walk ever by my side,
The hateful witness of all sense denied;
Nothing will I behold, nought feel, nought hear,
Save ye, most precious! ye alone, most dear!
Oh, ye pale ghosts of love and joy, to ye
I dedicate all that remains of me!
I can no more endure, no longer strive,
Madness from sin shall save my soul alive.

Our beautiful summer, hitherto brilliant and splendid, without shadow by day or cloud by night to dim its uninterrupted brightness, is breaking up; every day, now, the weather becomes less and less certain; to mornings of serene glory succeed afternoons of scowling

storms; our blue sky is wrapped, day after day, in livid leaden clouds, which shut out our glorious prospects, and surround as with walls of almost palpable darkness, down which the zig-zags of the lightning run like sudden cracks letting through the light; the mountains are shrouded in perpetual mist, and all round the horizon wedges or blocks of solid-looking rain are seen pouring upon the distant landscape. We have not seen my paragon of mountains, Soracte, for a whole day together, for I do not know how long—that beautiful form, that stands like the advanced guard of the Sabine range, isolated from the rest, and rising so symmetrically in the transparent atmosphere, that it looks like some island of the air, more than a mere elevation from the earth's surface; furious winds howl round our abode, and not an afternoon passes without wild gusts of tempestuous rain and heavy thunder storms; it is true, that to these succeed, sometimes, evenings all lighted with a pale golden splendour, illuminating the wide

campagna even to the Mediterranean,—gorgeous processions of resplendent clouds,—rainbow arches spanning the glittering landscape, all steeped in mingled rain and sunlight, and flushes of rosy brightness suddenly suffusing the whole heavens, and reflecting a glow of unutterable richness, softness, and beauty over the whole earth; but the stability of our sweet summer season is shaken; we look doubtfully up to the morning sky, and the promise of its brilliancy no longer satisfies our faith from hour to hour as it has hitherto done, through a succession of perfect days and weeks. Our charming and excellent friend ——— is summoned away by the duties of his station to Naples, and a sad breaking up of our serene social atmosphere is the consequence of his departure; he carries away much of the genial warmth and brightness we have lived in all together. ———'s seasons or sojourn among us are becoming necessarily less frequent. ———, after vainly conjuring the heavens to restore to him his beloved "teintes

chaudes," has departed for Paris, and our moral summer, as well as that of the earth, is gradually losing its rays, one by one.

CLOSE OF OUR SUMMER AT FRASCATI.

The end is come: in thunder and wild rain
Autumn has stormed the golden house of Summer.
She going—lingers yet—sweet glances throwing
Of kind farewell upon the land she loves
And leaves. No more the sunny landscape glows
In the intense, uninterrupted light
And splendour of transparent, cloudless skies;
No more the yellow plain its tawny hue
Of sunburnt ripeness wears; even at noon
Thick watery veils fall on the mountain ranges,
And the white sun-rays, with pale slanting brushes,
Paint rainbows on the leaden-coloured storms.

Thro' milky, opal clouds the lightning plays,
Visible presence of that hidden power—
Mysterious soul of the great universe,
Whose secret force runs in red, human veins,
And in the glaring, white veins of the tempest,
Uplifts the hollow earth, the shifting sea;
Makes stormy reformations in the sky,
Sweeping, with searching besoms of sharp winds,
The foul and stagnant chambers of the air,
Where the thick, heavy, summer vapours slumber;
And, working in the sap of all still-growth,
In moonlight nights, unfolding leaves and blossoms;
Of all created life the vital element,
Appearing still in fire—whether in the sea,
When its blue waves turn up great swathes of stars;
Or in the glittering, sparkling, winter ice world;
Or in the flickering white and crimson flames,
That leap in the northern sky; or in the sparks
Of love or hate, that flash in human eyes.
Lo, now, from day to day, and hour to hour,

Broad verdant shadows grow upon the land,
Cooling the burning landscape; while the clouds,
Disputing with the sun his heaven-dominion,
Chequer the hill-sides with fantastic shadows.
The glorious unity of light is gone,
The triumph of those bright and boundless skies;
Where, thro' all visible space, the eye met nothing
Save infinite brightness—glory infinite.
No more at evening does the sun dissolve
Into a heaving sea of molten gold;
While over it a heaven of molten gold
Panted, with light and heat intensely glowing,
While to the middle height of the pure ether,
One deepening sapphire from the amber spreads.
Now trains of melancholy, gorgeous clouds,
Like mourners at an Emperor's funeral,
Gather round the down-going of the sun;
Dark splendid curtains, with great golden fringes,
Shut up the day; masses of crimson glory,
Pale lakes of blue, studded with fiery islands,
Bright golden bars, cold peaks of slaty rock,
Mountains of fused amethyst and copper,

Fierce flaming eyes, with black o'erhanging brows,
Light floating curls of brown and golden hair,
And rosy flushes, like warm dreams of love,
Make rich and wonderful the dying day,
That, like a wounded dolphin, on the shore
Of night's black waves, dies in a thousand glories.
These are the very clouds that now put out
The serene beauty of the summer heavens.
The autumn sun hath virtue yet, to make
Right royal hangings for his sky-tent of them;
But, as the days wear on, and he grows faint,
And pale, and colourless, these are the clouds
That, like cold shrouds, shall muffle up the year,
Shut out the lovely blue, and draw round all—
Plain, hill, and sky—one still, chill, wintry grey.

The end is come; the golden links are parting,
That in one chain of happy circumstance,
And gentle, friendly, human fellowship,
Bound many hearts for many a day together.
The precious bond dissolves; one friend departs
With the departing summer, and the end,

Ominous of the loss of all, begins:
Here it begins; with these first feet, that turn
From walking in the paths of daily life,
Where hand in hand, with peace and joy, all
walked.
And now, from day to day, and hour to hour,
The brightness of our summer-life grows dim;
The voice that speaks to us from far already,
Soon in the distance shall be heard no more.
The perfect circle of this pleasant life
Hath lost its form—type of eternity—
And lies upon the earth a broken ring,
Token and type of every earthly thing.
Our sun of pleasure hastens towards the west,
But the green freshness of fair memories
Lives over these bright days for evermore;
The chequered lights, the storms of circumstance,
Shall sweep between us and their happy hours,
But not efface them. Oh, thou wealthy Past,
Thine are our treasures!—thine and ours alone
Thro' thee; the Present doth in fear rejoice;
The Future, but in fantasy: but thou

Holdest secure for ever and for ever.
The bliss that has been ours; nor present woe,
Nor future dread, can touch that heritage
Of joy gone by—the only joy we own.

Some of our nights lately have been terrific; the oppression of atmosphere absolutely indescribable, such as to wake me from my sleep with a sensation of immediate suffocation; the wind, in the meanwhile, raging round the house, and the thunder rolling without intermission from mountain ridge to mountain ridge—the whole air seemed filled with howling, and moaning, and raving fiends; and though I have witnessed frightful storms—indeed, more violent thunder and lightning a good deal in America, —I never experienced such intolerable atmospheric effects, or saw such a protracted succession of tempests of rain and wind.

It strikes me as quite peculiar to this country, or, at any rate, to this part of it, that after a

most tremendous storm, such as elsewhere would effectually clear, and refresh, and lighten the air, and render the atmosphere at once cooler and lighter, the very same oppressive closeness returns almost immediately; the atmosphere is as hot and hazy, the clouds as low, the whole air as like lead in colour and weight, and portentously close, as if there had been no *sfogo* of the elements. The physical oppression and mental dejection of this sort of never-ending thunder-storm is not to be described; there is something positively malignant both in the look and feeling of this weather. The season, however, has been unusual in the intensity of the heat, and the breaking up of the summer is, I suppose, proportionally violent. Yesterday, for a wonder (now), the day was uninterruptedly clear and bright, the morning still and glorious, as was the wont of our former mornings; and towards the afternoon no storm arose, contrary to the later practice of the weather, to sweep over the sweet and lovely

face of nature. My sister and ——— were out on horseback; I had remained at home, and was reading in my own room, occasionally raising my eyes to the spectacle of unequalled beauty which my window commanded. There was not a breath of air stirring, and the world seemed fallen into a deep trance of sunny splendour; suddenly all the windows of my room rattled, a sound like a gust of wind (though there was none) rushed round the house, the floor gave a very slight jog beneath my feet, and I turned excessively sick. Very much astonished at this peculiar process, I went to the next room, to ask if any one had let any heavy thing fall, or had run violently across the floor; the answers, however, were unsatisfactory, and, after a moment's consideration, I became convinced that I had made my first acquaintance with earthquakes. Later in the day, our other friends in the house, who have experienced these shocks before, spoke of it, and confirmed my surmise; and I suppose we have been

enjoying the benefit of some sympathetic communication between the earth's interior economy here and at Leghorn and Pisa, where the late fearful earthquakes have caused such terror and damage to the dwellers upon its surface. In these volcanic regions, ——— says, one always feels nearer to nature than in our nebulous, chilly, northern climates; but I do not know that a nearness revealed by such experiences is altogether agreeable. Some years ago Frascati and all this neighbourhood was visited by very severe shocks of an earthquake; in the grounds of the Villa Rufinella are several cottages, or huts rather, built entirely of thatch and the lightest materials, to which Louis Bonaparte and his family betook themselves during the convulsions; and at Larriccia, where great injury was sustained in consequence of them—houses thrown down and lives lost,—the inhabitants protected themselves, more devoutly perhaps, but less practically, by writing on their doors, "*Viva il sangue di Jesù!*" as a preservative against the dreaded

shocks of the terremoto. After all, this is an amazingly beautiful country, no doubt; but there is something rather "uncannie," as the Scotch say, in looking into the depths of a smooth lake, and knowing that it fills the place of a boiling fire-pit; or upon the sunny surface of a gently scooped meadow, which was once covered with the crystal waters of a lake—these transformations, and the lava soil on which you stand to admire them, are suggestive of insecurity, and the "sure and firm-set earth" ceases to be to you by any means as comfortable (however much more beautiful) as it is in some of its less picturesque regions. It seems that we are threatened with, or promised, I know not which to say, a new volcano in our immediate vicinity; the Solfatara, the little infernal lake at the foot of the Sabine hills, which one passes on the road from Rome to Tivoli, and whose suffocating sulphureous waters are said to be unsoundable, has, it seems, been sending up slight wreaths of smoke. Similar vapours have been

observed issuing from the sulphuric soil all round it; and a very lively expectation has been excited of the re-opening of one of the earth's chimneys in this spot, where such a vent for the central fires indubitably existed, although no record of its being in active operation within human memory remains. I should like very well to see the uprising of a volcano from those bituminous waters, though the distance, or rather proximity, to our abode might render the process more interesting than safe to the lookers-on at the Villa Taverna.

Meantime autumn is gradually conquering the year; our mornings are chilly, our evenings rainy. We have abandoned our beautiful long gallery, opening upon the garden, and have taken refuge in a sunny room of less magnificent dimension. The earth is drenched with incessant torrents of rain, and the day before yesterday, one of our few bright days of late, riding along our favourite and beautiful road through the chestnut woods up to Rocca Priori, we saw one

of the distant peaks of the Sabine range covered with snow. Around us all was enchantingly bright and warm; the whole land was alive with the gay and graceful labours of the vintage; the steep rocks above us, and the deep chestnut forests that rolled far below us again, basked in the rays of the unclouded heavens; but that snow mountain struck a chill to my heart, and I felt the first kiss of the northern ice-god across the sunny valley, that stretched shining and sparkling for miles between me and that ominous vision.

A SUMMONS.

THE FIRST SNOW MOUNTAIN SEEN FROM A SUNNY HILL-SIDE, NEAR ROCCA PRIORY, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1846.

Look, love, to yonder mountain's brow:
Seest thou that beckoning hand of snow?
Stern Winter dares no further come,
But waves me towards his northern home.

The sun upon this glad earth pours
His blessing, in warm golden show'rs;
Down the steep path, with busy hum,
The black-eyed sturdy peasants come;
Patches of colours bright and gay
Hang o'er their cheeks of ruddy brown,
Loud laugh and jest make light their way,
From rock-perch'd hamlets winding down.
The jogging mule goes clattering light,
His wooden tubs to seek their freight;
While others, with their vintage load,
Strain up the steep and stony road,
And, all the sunny paths along,
Snatches of loud monotonous song
Come down from hill and up from glade,
And thro' the broad-leav'd chestnut shade;
From vineyards where a merry band
Pile the ripe treasure of the land,
Amber and amethyst shining thro'
Soft purple bloom and sparkling dew.
Dark white-veined glittering ivy, wed
To wreaths of vine-leaves touch'd with red,

Hang from the brown brows of the rocks,—
A garland meet for Bacchus' locks.
The fields, the woods, the air, the ground,
Smell of the vintage all around,
And from the sunny earth and sea
Rises a shout of jubilee.

From this steep road look down, where grow
The chestnut forests deep below;
Behold how far beneath our feet
The huge wood billows spread and meet—
A waving sea of noble trees,
Rolling their green crests in the breeze;
Mark the bright vale, the mountain chain,
The distant lines of that great plain,
Where Rome eternal Empress sits
Beneath the cloudless light, that fits
The lordliest and the loveliest scene
Time ere shall see—Time yet hath seen!
Oh, land of glorious memories,
Oh, land as fair as paradise,
Oh, thou belov'd, by whom I stand,
Straining in mine thy kindred hand,

Farewell!—on yonder mountain's brow
I see a beckoning hand of snow;
Stern Winter dares no nearer come,
But waves me towards his northern home.

We have made one more expedition, the longest and most interesting we have hitherto undertaken, to the top of Monte Gennaro, the highest peak of the Sabine range. We drove to Tivoli in the afternoon; and the next day, the 9th of October, starting at about ten o'clock, proceeded to ascend the mountain. It was a fatiguing expedition of several hours; and when we arrived near the top, two only of the ladies of the party had courage and strength sufficient left to proceed to the very summit, and enjoy the reward of seeing so large (or small) a portion of the world beneath them. While they energetically accomplished their purpose, my sister and myself (who had sprained my foot by a fall from my horse, in the ascent) proceeded

leisurely towards the resting-place, where our friends ———, who had already made an expedition hither, bade us wait for them. After scaling, for so long a space of time, the stony and precipitous ribs of the bleak-looking barren mountain; after scrambling slowly, and with the utmost difficulty, up all but vertical paths, which were indeed nothing but the bare bed of winter torrents, which had torn for themselves a way down the rocky descent, and had shrunk under the scorching rays of the sun back to their springs on the mountain summits, leaving an irregular channel of loose tumbling stones—the only road for adventurous explorers to follow them up thither—the scene which burst upon us at the end of our ascent was as unexpected as it was enchanting.

Upon the very summit of the mountain, above its precipices, its huge sloping shoulders, the dwarf stunted shrubbery clinging to its skirts, and the stony rifts opening in its ample sides, lifted up close, as it seemed, to the blue sky and silver

clouds, and propped upon the everlasting foundations of the hills,—a long, soft, sunny meadow spread itself; the turf was more elastic, closer and finer grained, than that of the most carefully kept lawn—its colour fresh, tender, and vivid. On either side, rising from it with a regular symmetry, that proclaimed beyond mistake their ancient office of banks to the fair lake which once spread itself over this magical carpet of verdure, swelled the softly-rounded mountain crests, which here were covered with a lordly growth of magnificent forest trees. Over this bright and lovely wilderness, thus high uplifted above the earth's common level, herds of cattle strayed, who, with their keepers, are the only inhabitants of these beautiful solitudes, which during the summer afford them abundant pasturage; the winter drives them downwards towards the neighbourhood of man, and leaves these scenes of summer loveliness to the stern dominion of the deep snows that cover them, over whose glittering and forbidding

surface the eagle sweeping through the heavens alone throws a living shadow.

We proceeded leisurely with our guide and the faithful Vincenzo along this beautiful vast meadow, and, descending again by some rocky, broken, dry water-courses, arrived at another, if possible, more beautiful scene of the same description. Here, for the first time, I observed upon one of the ilex trees, hanging in profuse masses, the same kind of grey moss with which the evergreen oaks of Georgia are sometimes smothered alive,—it is the only instance I have seen of it in Italy, but confirms me in the belief that the live oak and ilex must be in reality the same tree, however altered in some of its conditions by the different climates and soils to whose influences it is exposed. Passing again through the second meadow, we arrived at the Fontanone, our appointed resting-place, where we sat down to wait for our more adventurous companions. At the foot of a steep eminence, clothed with beautiful trees, an

enormous stone fountain, of graceful form and proportions, receives the liquid treasures of the mountain springs. The volume of water poured from a still bright well, sheltered from all pollution by an arch of stone, into two immense stone troughs, whence its bright brimming current flowed down again into lesser stone conduits, and thence into a thousand sparkling rills down to the deep valleys that fell on all sides of us, was something wonderful. Nor, after a long and most fatiguing march under a fierce unmitigated sun, can anything be conceived more welcome and more enchanting than the sight of this exquisite fountain. A fine oak tree, whose huge roots clasped the rocky mountain side whence poured these living streams, spread its twisted boughs far out over their source, and we, throwing down our shawls, bournous, and provision baskets, lay down beneath its shelter, and looked with unutterable delight over the perfect Arcadia that surrounded us. We were so high upon the mountain tops

that their highest peaks only rose like gentle hills above us. To our right, bathed in sunshine and curtained round with beautiful woodland, lay the verdant pasturages through which we had just passed, and in front of us a tangled picturesque glen received the glittering threads that streamed across the path from the overbrimming fountains. To the left sank down the deep valleys through which lay our gradual descent from heaven, and far, far between the mountain summits all round us the purple peaks of distant ranges rose above one another, luring the imagination to fancied scenes of wilder beauty amid their distant dim recesses, while the eye perpetually reverted to, and the heart reposed again upon, the loveliness that immediately surrounded us. Over all spread the orange light of approaching sunset,—the glory and the beauty of an Italian afternoon. Claude Lorraine alone has ever painted such a sky, Poussin such an earth, — and both of them would have despaired of representing the com-

bined beauties of earth and sky, as we then saw them.

Our friends from the mountain-top soon rejoined us, and a season of less romantic, but most necessary refreshment followed. One or two herdsmen, whose flocks were grazing near, gathered round the fountains as we departed, and having secured among them a guide, (for the professional ciceroni who had attached themselves to our expedition at starting from Tivoli, proved absolutely incompetent), we began our descent from our most beautiful resting-place. As the evening came on, the wildness and loveliness of our steep downward path through the narrow winding staircases of the mountains was increased by its soft lights and softer shadows; the clear glittering stars began to look through the violet dome of the upper heavens, while just as we reached Rocca Giovane, so called, ——— surmised, from the impregnable position of its former castle,—one deep rosy flush pervaded the lower portion of the sky, reflected a maidenly blush over

the maiden fortress, and threw a warm and delicate atmosphere of tenderest light down into the valley of the Licenza. The rapidly waning daylight, and the dreadful condition of all the mountain paths, obliged us to relinquish our design of visiting Horace's Farm; and, indeed, purple twilight deepened to absolute darkness before we emerged from the long winding valley, the outline of whose mountain walls, together with the bright course of its rapid stream, were the only objects that remained distinguishable, long before we reached the convent of San Cosimato, which closes and commands the defile, and where we found our carriage waiting to receive us.

EVENING.

Now in the west is spread
A golden bed;
Great purple curtains hang around,
With fiery fringes bound,

And cushions, crimson red,
For Phœbus' lovely head;
And as he sinks thro' waves of amber light,
Down to the crystal halls of Amphitrite,
Hesper leads forth his starry legions bright
Into the violet fields of air—Good night!

The next morning we drove by brilliant sunlight along that part of the road which we traversed the previous night in darkness. I did not accomplish the object of my chief desire, to look once more by daylight along that enchanting valley whose twilight aspect had so fastened upon my imagination; but the drive along the banks of the Anio, in between the folds of the mountains, and especially the view of the rocks of St. Cosimato, raising their rose-tinted masses from the deep glen where the river foamed and roared, were almost compensations. In the afternoon we drove back to Frascati, through brooks whose bridges had been swept away by the late torrents, and over roads whose surfaces—for they

were various—compelled us to hold each other and the sides of the carriage fast; in spite of which we laughed incessantly, to the evident horror of our poor coachman, who, pale with terror, looked at us as we emerged, by dint of Heaven and him, out of each malpasso, with an expression of reprobation which increased rather than checked our levity.

This was our last mountain expedition; a few days after, laden with the spoils of our charming garden, with heavy hearts and tearful eyes we departed from the house where we had lived so happily—the beautiful home of our most beautiful summer.

PAST HOURS.

Two angels have them in eternal keeping.
He that beside the deep vaults of the past
Stands to receive the treasures, that with weeping
And lamentation into them men cast,

Forgetting that alone they hold that fast
Which to his marble store-house they commit;
And He, that spirit bright and terrible,
Who at the feet of God doth thoughtful sit,
Upon whose scroll, in lines of flame are writ
Each hour of every day of those who dwell
Upon this earth: He hath those days and hours,
Which, as they smiled on us, we counted ours;
And who, when that great history appears,
Shall make us answer, as if we were theirs.

Since my return to Rome, my principal anxiety has been to see so as to *know* some of the beautiful works of art gathered in its innumerable treasure-houses. There is nothing of which the impression has become deeper in my mind than the necessity of an absolute education for anything like a due appreciation of that which is most beautiful in art. In those alone possessed of the intuitive perceptions and exceptional organisation of genius, the process of appreciation may

be rapid; to the majority it must be like all their accomplishments—most gradual. There is something absolutely piteous in watching the procession of thronging sight-seers who visit these wonderful shrines, and knowing how little pleasure, and less profit, they bear away from their cursory and yet laborious pilgrimages. It is the work of years, to one not especially gifted, to learn to discriminate (in all art, but in painting, I should say, especially) bad from good, and good from what is best. Perfect senses, vivid sensibilities, imagination for the ideal, judgment for the real, knowledge of what is technical in the execution, critical competency to apprehend the merits and the claims of that which is purely intellectual, the conception; knowledge to furnish comparisons with what is prescriptive in art, reflection to suggest that which is paramount in nature, long habits of observation exercised on various and numerous works, and that which most hardly preserves itself through all this, and yet without which all this makes but a common-

place perceiver of faults and beauties,—freshness of mind and depth of feeling, from which alone (combined with the rest) can spring the faculties of an *appreciator*—these, it appears to me, are the absolutely indispensable qualifications for those who would not only see but comprehend art.

Arrived within a short period of my departure from Rome and all its precious collections, I have in some degree, I think, the feeling they must experience who have arrived at the term of their earthly existence:—an overwhelming sense of what is to be done for which no adequate space of time remains—an unspeakable regret for invaluable opportunities neglected—eager desire to snatch at such occasions as yet remain to be profited by—the bitter pain of parting with such scenes of delight—the clinging affection which at such a time makes the days and hours appear as though they devoured each other in our despite—all this haunts me as day by day I visit some one or other of Rome's glorious things, or gaze at its whole beautiful aspect from the

terrace of our home; that which I have seen, however, in these my last Roman days, I have seen well—my memory has taken hold of it—my soul possesses it.

TORRE NUOVO.

The water has flowed forth a year,
Since, sitting by the fountain's side,
We look'd into the basin clear,
Where sparkles still the gushing tide,
And watch'd the crystal current pour,
During one bright enchanting hour.

The sun slop'd low upon the plain—
The mellow southern winter sun—
And purple rose the mountain chain,
Which then I first did look upon;
While o'er its shadowy crests were seen
Bright, dazzling peaks of snowy sheen.

The limpid heavens o'er our head
Were clear as truth, and soft as love ;
The dark-blue tufted pine-trees spread
Their solemn shade our rest above,
And, framed between their pillars grey,
The landscape's magic pictures lay.

A year that water hath flowed forth ;
A year my golden hours have flowed ;
And toward the regions of the north
I turn, to leave this blest abode,
Where I have dwelt in constant joy,
In peace and rest, without alloy.

Pain has been far from me, and pleasure
Has kept the record of my days ;
Glory and beauty, without measure,
Have haunted my familiar ways,
And made a year's existence seem
Bright, brief, and wondrous as a dream.

Now I depart, and bear with me
The gather'd riches of these days ;
No shade the stern'st futurity
Upon their perfect brightness lays ;
Life shall possess them to the last :
The blackest fate must spare the past.

I have visited the Capitol every morning now for a week, and here note down those things in it which principally charm me :—

The Centaur ;

The Wounded Amazon ;

The Mercury (commonly called Antinous) ;

The Dying Gladiator ;

And especially the noble head of Ariadne.

For the beautiful Venus I do not entertain so great an admiration as is usually expressed ; but this is perhaps owing to the very tyro-like tendency of which I cannot divest myself, of liking or disliking works of art chiefly for their subject or sentiment. The Venus of the Capitol

exquisite in workmanship, and of most admirable preservation, is pervaded in all her beautiful person (to my judgment) with a species of voluptuous refinement, which is disagreeable to me; there is no intellect in the face, such as makes divine the countenance of the Neapolitan Psyche; and compared with the chaste, noble, and beautiful Venus of Milo, she is like a fine lady to a goddess.

I went the other day with ——— and the ——— to the Corsini Palace, to see the pictures, of which there is a very fine collection. The house itself, a noble mansion on the Lungara, opposite the beautiful Farnesina, struck me very much with its fine spacious colonnade and princely staircase. Of the pictures I cannot speak, because they were so very numerous, and our time so short, that I had really not leisure to look at one-tenth of them. My dear ——— had requested me especially to look at one, an Ecce Homo of Guido's, which she said had impressed her more than any picture she

had ever seen. In order to obey her injunction, I conquered my almost invincible repugnance to pictures of this subject, and carefully contemplated it; but there was nothing in the habitually sickly colouring and feeble expression of Guido's painting to counteract the intolerable effect of horror and disgust always produced upon me by representations of the physical agony of Christ; and it appeared to me, upon the whole, far less meritorious as a picture, than the same subject immediately below it, by Guercino, and one opposite it, by Correggio; beneath which was again another by some great master, whose name I have forgotten. The position of these four dreadful representations of mortal agony (*that* mortal agony), would, I think, effectually deter me from ever entering this gallery, at the entrance of which they hang; although towards the end of it there is a splendid portrait, by Titian, of Philip the Second—a picture, where the artist has made a prince out of one of the meanest and most ill-looking men imaginable.

In the next room to this was Guido's famous picture of Herodias' daughter, the engraving from which had been one of my earliest and most delightful impressions of art. Having now seen both, I prefer it to the painting, where, as in all Guido's pictures, I find something affected and weak. The one picture of this often-treated subject that surpasses all others that I have ever seen, is the glorious Titian in Lord Ashburton's collection.

An accident ——— met with curtailed our visit to the Corsini, from which, however, I have brought away few distinct impressions, owing to the nature of the collection and our limited leisure. I have been again to the Palazzo Sciarra, and seen the most wonderful picture I ever saw, the Suonatore, for the last time. How fortunate are they, who, looking at it, may hope to do so again!

SCRAPS.

Raise it to Heaven, when thine eye fills with tears,
For only in a watery sky appears
The bow of light; and from th' invisible skies
Hope's glory shines not, save thro' weeping eyes.

Youth with swift feet walks onward in the way,
The land of joy lies all before his eyes;
Age, stumbling, lingers slower day by day,
Still looking back, for it behind him lies.

Thursday, 19*th November*.—To me a memorable date. We went in the afternoon, my sister, ———, the ———, and myself, to the Villa Ludovisi, to see the sculpture gallery and Guercino's Aurora. It is made rather a matter of difficulty and favour to obtain admittance to this collection, yet I would advise no one to neglect visiting it who would not depart from Rome

without seeing one of its greatest wonders. The collection of statues is not by any means large, but contains several beautiful, and one surpassing work. I admired extremely two statues of exquisite grace and beauty, called Mars, and representing the God of War in different attitudes of repose. The ease and nature of the position, the lightness and beauty of the limbs and figure, and the charming expression of perfect quietude thrown over the whole countenance and person, render them certainly the most attractive representations of this divinity that I ever saw. I incline to think the likeness must have been taken during his *liaison* with Venus; there is a softness and almost tenderness about them otherwise unaccountable. A noble veiled semi-colossal head of Juno detained my sister and myself long in charmed contemplation, and for a moment I supposed I stood before that which we had come expressly to see, and which Göethe proclaimed the grandest thing that he had seen in Rome. Presently, however, we turned away,

and walking towards the other end of the gallery, the words I was speaking died away on my lips, and my feet were rivetted to the ground, as I suddenly perceived the colossal head of Juno, of which he thus spoke. I think it must have been nearly a quarter of an hour before I spoke or moved, and the first idea I was conscious of —beholding having absorbed my existence during that time—was the cataract of Niagara. I cannot conceive how or why that stupendous volume of sound and motion should have been suggested by the awful grandeur, the sublime stillness, and incomparable sweetness and majesty of this great work of art—as there were no words given to me then to express what I felt, so have I none now to describe what I saw. In the garden I met with an accident which caused me severe pain, at the price of which I was very thankful to escape seeing anything else after that divine head.

Sunday, 22nd November.—I went with ——— by appointment to visit Overbech's studio. He

received us himself most kindly and courteously, and for some time I was more interested by his demeanour and countenance, than by anything else I saw in his room. I had been much impressed by various accounts I had received of Overbech's character, from persons who know him and admire him extremely, and I regretted deeply not being able to hear some of his conversation as well as look at his works. We found here the original drawing from which his great picture at Frankfort, of the influence of religion upon art, was executed. Having seen the picture itself, the drawing of course interested me less, although I had not to encounter in it that which displeases so much in the picture, its raw and inharmonious colouring. The composition is very elaborate, and in several of its groups very beautiful and graceful; it appears to me, however, to divide itself too distinctly into separate parts, and the charming group to the right of the picture recalls, too forcibly for any one to escape the association who has seen the two com-

positions, the famous mathematical group in Raphael's School of Athens. There were no pictures in the studio, and only one drawing for one, of which I shall speak presently; the rest of what we saw consisted of very beautiful drawings for engraving, all upon subjects taken from our Saviour's life, and for the most part, therefore, painful and distressing to me. Two of the subjects, however, representing Jesus in his childhood, being merely ideal, did not affect me so unpleasantly, and my admiration of their grave simplicity and devotional character was undisturbed by the overwhelming associations which all representations of Christ, drawn from the records of his life, invariably suggest to me. One of these drawings represented the infant Saviour sleeping—his arms thrown open in an attitude of the most graceful and natural repose —representing, nevertheless, the type of his bitter death, in the form of the cross, which they describe; an idea which Overbech has reproduced with exquisite effect in another work: and there

is something in this unconscious prophecy combined with the wrapt and tender contemplation of the Holy Mother, into whose soul the iron was to enter so deeply, which makes the whole inexpressibly touching.

The next drawing we saw was one of Jesus surrounded by his Mother, St. Joseph, and St. Ann, and I am not sure whether there is not another male figure in the group: they are all attentively observing the child, who, represented at about the age of six or seven years old, is endeavouring, with the implements of his father's trade, to saw the form of a cross. There is something striking in the conception (whether borrowed or not from any of the innumerable legends of our Saviour's childhood, I do not know), and the expressions of all the countenances are remarkably beautiful and appropriate — like everything which Overbeck does, there is a deep piety in the whole composition. After this followed scenes from the Gospel; a Last Supper, where the artist has

very judiciously made an overturned seat the sole representative of the troubled soul of that unfortunate one who betrayed the Just. Another drawing, representing the "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me!" excited the utmost enthusiasm of some Russian ladies, who, like ourselves, were admitted to the privilege of seeing these beautiful things; but, for me, I ceased very soon to distinguish it through the blinding tears that filled my eyes. Oh! how can people bear to see representations of these things—ideal representations of *that* reality? If we had a friend, a benefactor, a deliverer, to whom we owed more than life; for whom, though we had never seen him, our love was greater than for any human being whom we ever had seen; and that imaginary representations were brought to us, of this our most precious friend, what should we say? Should we not turn with almost a feeling of insult, from a pretended likeness of what was to us so dear and venerable? It seems to me that just in

proportion as any real record or representation of Jesus Christ would be inestimable to us, (so inestimable, that I think in denying us any such vestige Almighty God has mercifully saved us from the danger of an almost rational idolatry), so worthless and even offensive appear to me all these invented images of Him—so inadequate, when they merely seek to represent that face and form, the like of which was never seen here on earth—so intolerable, when they repeat the closing scenes of that unparalleled life, through which the world was redeemed. For all these reasons I was most especially struck and affected by a large design Overbech showed us for a picture, which, I think, he had executed for some church, representing our Saviour's agony in the garden of Gethsemane. The subject, indeed, is one from which I always shrink, but the mode in which the artist had treated it was free at least from all the objections I have made to such pictures in general; in the foreground of the lower part of the

picture lay those whose poor exhausted humanity had taken refuge from sorrow and dismay in sleep, which even love was too weak to drive from their heavy eye-lids. Above, upon a projecting piece of rock, knelt the figure of Christ; his back is turned to the picture; there is no audacious representation of that countenance stamped with the agony of that supreme hour. Before him, confronting, therefore, those who look at the picture, kneels an angel of the Lord, who, with an incomparable expression of love and sorrow, presents to him the inevitable cross; light streams from the ignominious engine of torture over the whole picture, and seems to concentrate its reflection upon the Christ, who, with his head bowed, and his arms extended, so as almost to meet the form of the crucifix presented to him, seems uttering that watchword of our salvation, "Thy will be done." This picture affected me most deeply; the conception of it appeared to me most original, pathetic, and sublime. But I still wonder at

those whose pencil does not fall from their hands at the contemplation of such a subject, especially when they are, as in Overbech's instance, even more devout and holy Christian men than inspired artists. In the representations of these especial agonies, I have stated my various objections; I have, however, an unconquerable aversion to all representations of physical pain in works of art; the sufferings of the nobler part of our nature, our heart and mind, appear to me the only ones to be pourtrayed by those ministers, whose medium should always be positive beauty. And, however small the element of physical pain may be compared with the nobler sorrow, to which its expression is allied, I should always like to banish that portion of them from all works of art, where their presence usurps the slightest degree of that attention due to nobler considerations. I always feel affronted at having my sympathies appealed to by so obvious and irresistible a method, and give but little credit to an artist

who (as even that admirable painter, Poussin, has done) turns me sick, and sets me shivering from head to foot by a representation of a man whose bowels are being dragged from him by ropes and a windlass; a nervous band of iron seems to knot itself round my brows when I look at the blood-distilling crown of thorns on the forehead of those dreadful Ecce Homos—the beautiful and pathetic representations of St. Sebastian by Guido, Domenichino and Titian, make me quiver with those dreadful arrows sticking in him, and even the world-renowned Laocoön is to me an intolerably painful miracle of art. The Dying Gladiator, or more properly the dying Gaulish chief, and the piteous wounded Amazon of the capitol, in whose pathetic gesture it is difficult to say whether shame, sorrow, or pain predominates, are about the only works of art I am acquainted with, where the admixture of physical suffering is so admirably treated as to be endurable.

The principal defect of Overbech's works is

something at once feeble and stiff in the drawing, a consequence, it appears to me, of his very close imitation of the manner of the earlier Italian devotional paintings—Pinturiccio, the first manner of Raphael, and more especially, perhaps, Perugino, the peculiarities of whose style seem revived again in the drawings of Overbech. I was particularly struck with this one morning, when visiting the Gallery of Paintings at the Vatican. I found an artist making a drawing from Perugino's picture of the Resurrection—but for the original before me I should have thought it belonged to the charming series of drawings I had seen a few days before at Overbech's studio, so perfect was the resemblance between the quaint simplicity and stiffness of the old Italian and its imitation by the modern German painter. This is a great pity; the reproduction of the defects of great masters is certainly the easiest way of imitating their works—but to affect the meagre and formal drawing, and raw inharmonious colouring of those great early masters, in

the present day, is like returning to the language of Chaucer, or even the peculiar but more intelligible style of our early playwrights, in search of this fresh simplicity and manly vigour. Quaintness is a mere virtue of association; there is nothing charming in itself, but merely in the more simple and earnest spirit of the times to which it appears peculiar; although, being in fact a mere quality of time, we may hope to appear quaint in all our various manifestations, from petticoats to poetry, to our great great grandchildren, without throwing ourselves back to the forms of art and literature in the sixteenth century, for the sake of being prematurely so. Overbech's works, however, have not alone the defect of those which he has made his model—they have their merit also; tenderness, grace, purity, and a depth of devotional spirit, drawn from the fountain of his own soul, and most touching and beautiful is their expression in all his works.

The house to which we went to visit Overbech was no other than the old palace of the

Cenci, and over the very stairs which we ascended, poor Beatrice's feet have passed to and fro. The associations with this place are horrible —I wonder Overbech can bear to live there.

I have seen the Vatican for the last time—for a month now I have gone thither daily for nearly two hours early in the morning. The custodi, apprised by my kind friend ———, have admitted me at a time when the doors are not open to the public, and for a whole month these galleries, these halls, these splendid chambers, these vast marble staircases, and all the glorious company of divine creations assembled within them, have been *mine*. I have walked, and stood, and sat among them, in earnest, blissful, lonely contemplation. I have lived, as it were, in Olympus. I do not know how I shall ever live among mere mortals again. Daily, passing through the outer gallery of the Swiss guard, and emerging from the vaulted passage which leads to the court of San Dalmasio, have I stood to look at the beautiful building rising round me, all golden

with the sunlight against the deep-blue sky. Daily have I walked with slow feet, unwilling almost, to pass from one image of beauty to another, along the Loggie of Raphael, worshipping as I went the creations of his most graceful spirit. I have looked daily over the lonely sunny gardens, open like the palace halls to me, where the wide sweeping orange walks end in some distant view of the sad and noble campagna—where silver fountains call to each other through the silent over-arching cloisters of dark and fragrant green, and where the huge bronze pine, by which Dante measured his great giant, yet stands in the midst of graceful vases and bas reliefs, wrought in former ages, and the more graceful blossoms blown within that very hour. Daily have I wandered, as in some wonderful trance, from form to form of perfect beauty. Daily departing have I stood upon the threshold of the great gallery of inscriptions, and, leaving behind me the ancient miracles of art, looked over the whole expanse of Rome to the purple

Alban mountains, and the morning sky, full of the glory of a new day, and blest God for the ever new miracle of nature. Daily, descending from these glorious things, have I turned homewards with a spirit so raised with their contemplation, and thoughts so wrapt in their remembrance, that I have not felt the ground on which I trod, and immortality seemed for a short time to possess me rather than life: and now all this is past. I have crossed for the last time those glorious thresholds: I shall stand beneath those lordly domes no more. As I passed to-day the iron gates, which the keeper opened with his usual, "A rivederla, Signora," I answered, like one despairing, "Ah! no, non torno piu," and went weeping away, like one overtaken by some dire calamity.

Sculpture is to me more impressive than painting; it appears to me to need far less qualifications to appreciate its beauties. In the picture gallery, the Madonna di Foligno was beyond everything else—even than the glorious transfiguration itself—enchanting to me.

I spent many hours in the Camere, where the deplorably injured condition of Raphael's grandest conceptions was about as great a grief as their beauty was a delight to me. How infinitely lamentable it is that these precious things were not originally upon canvass, for thus the modern method of transferring might have saved the world from their loss, as well as that of all the beautiful decorations of the Farnesina, and that most lovely Galatea. The Sybils, too, at the Santa Maria della Pace are stained and defaced, and so miserably situated, that they can hardly be seen distinctly; and, unless some hitherto unknown method of preserving frescoes is devised, these beautiful and noble works must perish more and more; but while one figure, I had almost said one line, of them remains, it will testify to the perfection with which their great author devised and wrought.

My last visit to the Vatican was to the curious and interesting little chapel, whose walls are covered with frescoes, by Fra Angelico da

Fiesole. This small oratory, for it is really nothing more, was closed up during some repairs of the Vatican, and for a long time, although its existence was perfectly well known, the entrance to it remained blocked up and undiscovered. It is curious to a lover of art, as containing figures and paintings of an unusually large size for this painter; in which, in spite of much stiffness and quaint awkwardness, the composition is good, and the faces have that peculiar earnestness and devotional expression, remarkable in all his smaller pictures. From this small beautiful chapel we descended to the Sistine Chapel, which contains what are, to me, the finest paintings in the world—always excepting the Suonatore, —between which and Michael Angelo's giant frescoes, of course, no comparison is intended; but which I merely mention thus, because it is to me an exception in the whole world of art.

The prophets and sybils on the walls, the awful representations of the Divinity, and his first human creatures, on the roof of the Sistine

Chapel—these stupendous conceptions and perfect works of Michael Angelo were my last vision of the Vatican!

A VISION OF THE VATICAN.

In the great palace halls, where dwell the gods,
I heard a voice filling the vaulted roof;
The heart that uttered it seem'd sorrow proof,
And, clarion-like, it might have made the clods
Of the dead valley start to sudden life,
With such a vigour and a joy 'twas rife.

And, coming towards me, lo! a woman past,
Her face was shining as the morning bright,
And her feet fell in steps so strong and light,
I scarce could tell if she trode slow or fast:
She seem'd instinct with beauty and with power,
And what she sang, dwells with me to this hour.

"Transfigur'd from the gods' abode I come,
I have been tarrying in their awful home

Stand from my path, and give me passage free,
For yet I breathe of their divinity.
Jove have I knelt to, solemn and serene,
And stately Herè, heaven's transcendant queen;
Apollo's light is on my brow, and fleet
As silver-sandall'd Dian's are my feet;
Graciously smiling, heavenly Aphrodite
Hath filled my senses with a vague delight;
And Pallas, steadfastly beholding me,
Hath sent me forth in wisdom to be free."

When at the portal, smiling, she did turn,
And, looking back thro' the vast halls profound,
Re-echoing with her song's triumphant sound,
She bow'd her head, and said—"I shall return!"
Then raised her face, all radiant with delight,
And vanished, like a vision, from my sight.

The extreme interest which we, in common with all the inhabitants of Rome, whether native or foreign, have felt in the character and measures of the new Pope, has induced me to gather

together all the information, and every anecdote which I have been able to obtain relating to him. Of the latter, it may be that some have no other foundation than the general character and known disposition of the individual to whom they are attributed; but, even in this point of view, they are valuable, as indicating clearly the opinions entertained of him, the esteem in which he is held, that which is generally believed, and that which is expected of him.

The youngest of the Cardinals in the Conclave, it became his duty to collect the votes and proclaim who had obtained the suffrages of the majority; having reached the number at which his own election became the evident result, he paused, and reminding the Conclave that it was yet time to alter their proceedings, solemnly adjured them to take heed to what they were about to do. This conscientious appeal probably only affected more favourably an assembly, bent principally, at all hazards, upon defeating the election of a most unpopular member, the

Cardinal Lambruschini, to achieve whose election no effort of intrigue and intimidation had been spared; and Cardinal Mastai, proceeding in his office, proclaimed himself the object of the preponderating votes. On his first interview with one of his devoted friends, and now one of his most efficient officers, Monsignor Pentini, his first exclamation was: "Vedete, che cosa hanno fatto;" and it was some little time before he became reconciled to the exchange of his habitual cardinal's costume for the Papal habiliments, or his more private apartments for those usually inhabited by the Pope. In one respect, Pius IX., and the people he is called to govern, enjoy a great good fortune in the circumstance of his not belonging to any monkish fraternity, like the last Pope, and most indeed of his predecessors, or having even been bred to the priesthood. His training and education was liberal and general, and his first choice of a career was in favour of a military one, having applied for admission into the Guardia Nobile,

which, however, Cardinal Barberini, on whose acceptance it is alone obtained, refused. On the late occasion of the homage of the cardinals to their new sovereign, the Pope reminded his Eminence of this circumstance, when the cardinal, with a happiness that caused some surprise (as he is not generally suspected of much ready wit), replied, that he had refused the admission to the Guardia Nobile, persuaded that the applicant for it was reserved for infinitely higher things.

One of the earliest proceedings of the new Pope, which obtained currency by public report, was his reformation of his own household, and his unsparing curtailment of its most useless expenses. He immediately suppressed the confectioner's department—an enormous item of expenditure in the former Pope's establishment—and having observed in the accounts which he demanded, and of which he examined himself the details, a most exorbitant daily charge for lemonade, remarked that when he was a private

individual, he used to refresh himself at a café with lemonade at so much per glass, and requested that he might be furnished with it thenceforward upon the same terms; indeed, he added, that the increase in the value of his sustenance as Pope, compared to what it was as an abbate, appeared to him entirely disproportionate; and that, allowing that a Monsignore required a more costly dinner than an abbate, a cardinal than a Monsignore, and a Pope than a cardinal, he still could not bring the gradually ascending scale to anything like the estimate made for him, and which he therefore requested might be lowered to a more rational one. He has once or twice invited some of his cardinals to dine with him, a thing unknown during the late Pope's reign; who, according indeed to the usual pontifical etiquette, invariably ate alone. Some persons have suggested that this innovation may be merely a measure of security against poison; but it is better accounted for by the liberal and rational charac-

ter of the Pope, and the corresponding changes, both of a lesser as well as a greater nature, which may be expected from him. He has given too a splendid dinner to his Guardia Nobile, during which he presented himself in the room where they were assembled, to greet and bid them welcome.

The measures of public improvement most urgently needed, both for the city and the country, and which were in vain petitioned from the late Pope's timid and tyrannical policy, have obtained the ready sanction of his successor; and gas in the streets of Rome, and railroads in the Roman States, will soon bear witness to a more enlightened spirit; and while the one will tend to the increase of order, comfort, and security in the city, the other will awaken the dormant energies of the inhabitants of the country—affording them means of easy transport for their agricultural produce, bringing markets within reach of supplies, and quickening all the commercial energies

of the various cities, hitherto so deplorably stagnant, by opening lines of rapid communication between the inland territory and the coast, from Civita Vecchia to Ancona. On the occasion of the Pope's act of amnesty, his council consisted of six cardinals, of whom one only was in favour of it. Fortunately the Pope's prerogative could, and did, dispense with their concurrence. His mode of receiving the popular enthusiasm on the occasion of that great act of wisdom and mercy was eminently characteristic; he said that the political offenders had in no way sinned against him, that their attempts were directed against the government of Gregory XVI., who might indeed have deserved praise and thanks for pardoning them, whereas he could claim none for forgiving people who had done nothing against him. This modest and magnanimous disclaimer on his part, did not, as may well be imagined, check the enthusiasm of the people. On the occasion of his first driving out, they took the horses from his carriage, and drew him home to the

Quirinal—a demonstration, against the repetition of which he, however, entered his most solemn and positive protest. Anagrams of his name are ingeniously made to discover in it the titles of liberator and father, and the very colours on his coat of arms—the tricolor—are held significant of his political tendencies. A curious anecdote was told me the other day, exhibiting the impatient temper of the times and people, and suggesting, as indeed everything else abundantly does, the enormous difficulty of the present Pope's position, between the excited and exaggerated expectation of impossible changes entertained by his people, and the narrow and shallow scope of his power and possibilities. His arms contain two lions, and an anonymous letter was forwarded to him lately, in which his shield was painted with two tortoises substituted in their stead, a suggestion that he did not proceed rapidly enough with the expected reforms of government. The Pope, it is said, smiled at this illustration, and showing it to somebody, ob-

served, that the tortoise, though very slow, was very sure in its progress.

To supply the immediate and pressing necessities of his government, he levied, soon after his accession, a tax of three scudi upon all monasteries, and borrowed a very considerable sum of money from the Jesuits; a measure of very popular economy, which he adopted at the same time, was the entire suppression of all moneys for the purposes of paying spies, *surveillance*, &c. The rather compulsory nature of the loan thus contracted with the Jesuits is not supposed to have by any means rendered that powerful body more propitious, either to Pius IX. personally, or the policy of his government; and a ludicrous instance was given of the people's apprehension of the ill-will borne their sovereign by the whole order, when, on the occasion of his first visit to the Jesuits, the crowd in the streets ran by the side of his carriage, calling to him, "Santo Padre non prender la cioccolata." ——— told us too of a curious conversation he had overheard among

some workmen, employed in some repairs at the Hanoverian minister's house. These men were dilating upon the admirable qualities of their new Pope, and the consequent ill-will borne him by certain of the cardinals, and more especially by all the Jesuits, who are themselves objects of extreme dislike to the Roman people generally. One of the number, alluding to the malignity of the Pope's enemies, said he must take good care, or they would be giving him the "Boccone" (literally, "the mouthful"—*i.e.*, poison); to which the others responded, that if they did so, he would be the last Pope in Rome, as in the event of his so perishing, the people would rise and have no successor to him. So violent, indeed, is the feeling of the people, at present, in favour of the Pope and against all who are supposed to be inimical to him, that the latter are bound to pray day and night for his safety; for if he were to die from a fall from his carriage, or the most undeniably natural death in the world, his end would not fail to be attributed to the machina-

tions of his enemies, who, in any popular outbreak, sure to follow upon such a catastrophe, would inevitably be made the first victims of the violence of the people. The enthusiasm of all classes (except, indeed, the higher ones) is not confined to Rome; in Ancona, ——— told us he did not think there was a single house without a bust or engraving of him; in Bologna, the very hearth hitherto of disaffection and disturbance, the same spirit prevails. An unfortunate priest very narrowly escaped annihilation there, who ventured to suggest a doubt as to the wisdom of the act of amnesty. Silk cravats, of alternate stripes of yellow and white (the papal colours), with "Viva Pio Nono" embroidered in gold upon their ends, are worn by all the men, and the women fasten their waists with long sashes of the same colours similarly adorned. In Rome, the rejoicing over the act of amnesty gave rise to some touching expressions of public feeling, and more than one house, to which father, sons, or brothers returned, whose

untimely burial in political dungeons had covered them with gloom, were hailed and cheered by the assembled multitude, who shared in the joy of their restoration to their homes and families. A ludicrous anecdote was told us, for the truth of which, however, I do not vouch, that Cardinal Lambruschini, finding no other vent for his displeasure at all that was going forward, had caused prayers to be put up in some church under his especial charge, for the enlightening of the Pope by the Holy Spirit; of which rather insolent interest in his well-doing, Pius IX. being apprised, he expressed his entire approval of it, and his own extreme need of the assistance of God's directing and enlightening grace.

A rumour has been current for some time, that he intends to organise something approximating to a representative government, by permitting the various states and towns in his dominion to send up deputies to Rome, properly instructed to represent the grievances and wants

of the people. This would, indeed, be an amazing stride forward. It is, moreover, added, that, being warned that this and similar innovations would probably induce the people to demand a constitution, the Pope replied, with much tranquillity, that he did not know that it might not be a very good thing to give them one. In the meantime, the hearts of the hitherto most disaffected are all turned towards him, and in all the processions in his honour which succeeded the promulgation of his amnesty, the most prominent personages were the very young men, whom the police had especial charge to watch under the former government. He receives, as I have before stated, all petitions presented to him, and an anecdote is told of his having torn a small piece from the cover of one which particularly attracted his attention, and which, delivering over to the functionary appointed to receive them until His Holiness had leisure to examine them, was not presented among the rest; he immediately perceived its absence, and demanded

it; and it is said to have contained a revelation of malpractices affecting Cardinal Lambruschini, and various other eminent personages. The access which he permits to his presence, on certain days in the week, to all supplicants has given rise to innumerable stories of his benevolence and kindness, which are eagerly seized on by, and disseminated among, the people. Thus it is told, that he ordered one of his state horses to be given to a poor man, whose sole wealth consisted in his, which had just died. He is, moreover, said to have appointed a small room in the Quirinal as lodging to a poor old woman, who had been turned out of her own by Cardinal Patrizi, because she was unable to pay the rent. A pretty and I believe authentic anecdote is told of a young lad of about twelve years, the only son of his mother, who was a poor widow, and who had strained every nerve to procure for him a good education. The boy, remarkably intelligent and industrious, was about to forfeit a chance of advancement into some higher school

for want of means to purchase the class books required for his studies there. He presented a petition to the Pope, and in due time, to his mother's amazement, received an official summons to the presence of His Holiness, who, having heard his story, put his hand into his pocket, and gave the lad a gold piece, worth something between two and three scudi; the boy, however, returned it, saying that it was of no use to him, as it was not sufficient to purchase the books he wanted, the cost of which amounted to something more than three scudi. The Pope, much amused and pleased with the boy's intelligence, gave him the requisite sum, and sent assistance to his mother, and his commendation for the training she was bestowing on her child. In the meantime, demonstrations of loyalty and of political activity of an unwonted nature in Rome are betokening imminent change, and filling the souls of all faint-hearted worshippers of present things with dismay.

On the 8th of September, the day of the

Pope's triumphant procession to the Santa Maria del Popolo, not only were the inscriptions condemned by the police as of a dangerous and too liberal tendency, merely covered over with silver paper, so that they were distinctly legible through it; but in the evening the crowd, which had poured abroad to see the illuminations, actually compelled the carriages to turn out of the Corso, and make a giro, instead of pursuing this way through the narrow thoroughfare, choked up with a dense mass of human beings, who must have run a considerable risk of being crushed under the horses' hoofs and wheels had they persisted in their progress. This unwonted demonstration of popular will struck terror, at the time, to the hearts of all Conservatives; and the groans and hisses by which the dangerous vehicles were alone repelled in their advance, sounded to them as ominous of the downfall of order and the ruin of society, as the cheers and acclamations with which the people greeted their sovereign on the

same morning; the like of which had, it was averred, never been heard in Rome. To an Englishwoman, accustomed to hear the voice of her countrymen expressing heartily and feelingly their public discontent and joy, both sounded faint enough; the Roman people of these days know neither how to groan or cheer; but if matters do not alter, it will not be long before they learn both from Pius IX. and his faithless opposers.

Another still more portentous event has just taken place in Rome; a public political dinner in honour of the Pope. It was an unfortunate accident, if not an act of deliberate folly, that there was a great ball given the same night at the Palazzo Borghese; some said with a view of withdrawing any of the young men of the higher classes who might have felt disposed to join the liberalist festival; and others considered it merely as an expression of total indifference on the part of those classes, and especially of the noble house where they met, and which is

known to be little friendly to the present government, and completely devoted to the influence of the Jesuits. At the close of the dinner, when the utmost enthusiasm and the utmost order also prevailed, a number of those who had assisted at it repaired to the piazza in front of the Borghese Palace, and there demanded that lights should be placed in the windows, in honour of the Pope. This, however, was not only not complied with, but the blinds were immediately closed, so as to exhibit the most perfect disregard of the popular request—a proceeding which elicited no further mark of displeasure on the part of the crowd than some angry groans and hisses, after which they dispersed. My friend ———, who was among them, reported to me that their behaviour was in no respect violent or disorderly, and their demonstrations of resentment such as would have been thought nothing of in any *constitutional* country; while, to show how differently conclusions are drawn, according to people's

prejudices, Mr. de ——— went home to his wife as pale as a ghost, and assured her that Metternich would have to interfere immediately to put down the frightful revolutionary spirit of the rabid Roman patriots. Upon the whole, it seems to me a pity that the small token of sympathy demanded on this occasion was withheld; the stream of popular opinion and feeling may be resisted and withstood successfully only to a certain point; and beyond that, those who would not be overwhelmed by it must throw themselves upon its surface, and by a timely consent to its direction, in time perhaps obtain the direction of it. It is a thousand pities that those whose interests are most at stake in perceiving this, so seldom do, before it is too late. The refusal to illuminate the windows, and the closing of the blinds, at the Palazzo Borghese, are said to have been instigated by the governor of Rome, Monsignor Marini, whose unpopularity was already quite great enough, without this additional score against him in the public memory.

Without, of course, understanding the detail of the political questions which render the measures of the present Papal government so deeply interesting, in one way or other, to the whole of Europe, there is something in the unbounded expectations of Pius the IX.'s own subjects, mixing up, as they undoubtedly do, the idea of his pre-eminent religious sovereignty with that of his political power and capacity, extremely touching to one who perceives the enormous disparity between the two. Surrounded by governments hostile to all liberal reform, and watching with a jealous eye the faintest expression of that spirit in the population of their neighbour's territories, of which they so dread and detest the manifestations in their own—unsupported by the nobles, whose sympathies (as when, except in rare individual cases, were they otherwise? and the instinct is just, for their conservatism is but self-preservation) are all against progress — feared and disliked in his more liberal policy by the generality of his priesthood—mortally hated by

that powerful body, the Jesuits, and the vast multitudes who directly or indirectly are influenced by them—unsupported by the more ardent and extreme reformers, whose abhorrence of former tyrannies has led them to adopt republican theories of government, and who, therefore, fear his partial reforms as likely to satisfy the people whom they would fain see carried towards the issues they embrace, and which, of course, the Pope cannot adopt—blindly and enthusiastically worshipped by the middling and lower classes, whose eager desire for change will be as ready to accuse him in their impatience of a moderate and gradual course, as they now are to admire him for the mere promise of reform they find in his first measures—with only one minister of ability, integrity, and personal devotion to him (the liberal and enlightened Cardinal Gizzi, unfortunately a man of nearly ninety years old)—with an empty exchequer, and finances crippled by deplorable mismanagement of the last administration—such is the present position of Pius IX.,

upon whose most benevolent and refined countenance few traces are discernible of a spirit capable of engaging single-handed with such difficulties.

The anomaly, as well as the difficulty, of this position strikes me forcibly. I have seen the Roman Catholic religion in the United States, the faith of implicit obedience and absolute subserviency, encountering the political spirit of unbridled democracy—perhaps the most remarkable of all the social phenomena that wonderful country presents ; and the Roman Catholic religion thrives and spreads, and flourishes, because it is separate from the political government, and lends itself with that admirable faculty of adaptation—one of its vital merits and chief security for its duration—to the paramount spirit of the institutions, and universal direction of the public mind. The Roman Catholic religion can subsist, and greatly prosper, even in republican America, but it is because it is there a religion and not a government : as religion it is the most pliant,

malleable, insinuating, pervading, and powerful that has yet existed ; as government, it is rigid, uncompromising, despotic, and incapable of either receiving or accepting the impulse towards universal freedom, which the world in these latter times seems to obey. The Bishop of Rome may yet be the powerful head of the most powerful sect of Christendom ; I doubt if he can ever be the enlightened sovereign of a people with free institutions ; therefore it is that the acclamations which precede and follow the present Pope's footsteps seem sad to me, for they seem to me to demand impossibilities, and to foretel disappointments. It may be that his apparent sympathy with the people may grow cold, for Gregory XVI. began his reign too with an amnesty ; it may be that, appointed by God to the especial ministry of these times, he may only have opened the flood-gates whence the torrent issuing shall bear him to the ground ; if, however, no subsequent acts of his own belie the promise of his present measures, even if the spirit

that he evokes is too powerful for him, and he should fall a sacrifice to the results of his own actions, he has earned the love of his people and the sympathy and admiration of the world already, and built himself, with one great act of wisdom and of mercy, a monument of noble memories, round which the blessings of the Roman people will never cease to rise.

TO PIUS IX.

It may be that the stone which thou art heaving
From off thy people's neck shall fall and crush thee;
It may be that the sudden flood shall push thee
From off the rock, whence, prophet-like, believing
In God's great future, thou dost set it free;
Yet heave it, heave it Heaven high, nor fear
To be o'erwhelm'd in the first wild career
Of those long-prison'd tides of liberty.

That stone which thou hast lifted from the heart
Of a whole nation, shall become to thee
A glorious monument, such as no art
E'er piled above a mortal memory:
Falling beneath it, thou shalt have a tomb
That shall make low the loftiest dome in Rome.

We went on Sunday to see the Pope take possession of the Lateran,—a ceremony of particular interest, from all the peculiar circumstances connected with the new reign. The church of the Lateran is held in even higher veneration than that of St. Peter's, being built upon the site of the first Christian church founded by Constantine the Great. From the windows of the Palazetto Torlonia, the lodgings of the ———, who most kindly invited us to them, we saw to perfection the procession debouch from the Via San Romualdo, on its descent from the Quirinal into the Piazza del Gesu. The Pope alone being in his carriage,

and everybody else on horseback, the reverend body (or bodies) of cardinals were exempted from this part of the day's duty, which would have been, to many of them, all but impossible. The thronged and tapestried streets, the crowded windows and balconies, the wreaths and branches of flowers and evergreens, the universal enthusiasm and "allegria," recalled the days of the Carnival. A very different procession, however, presently filled the many-coloured avenue, and suggested memories of a far more serious nature; the Crucifero, in his splendid purple robes, bare-headed, his black hair falling on his shoulders, and his grave and handsome countenance, admirably becoming the solemnity of his costume and office, riding on a snow-white mule, and bearing a huge golden crucifix; then the Guardia Nobile, surrounding the Pope; the captain of the Swiss Guard, clad in complete sheath armour; the secretaries in middle-age costumes, of the richest and most picturesque black velvet and gold;

and then the numerous train of Prelati, some in scarlet and point lace,—others attired in purple robes, with short over-skirts of fine lawn and lace, with a hood or wimple of the same surmounted by a round black hat, precisely the costume with which all Petrarch's representations have rendered us so familiar; all of them mounted, their horses led at a foot-pace by serving men on foot. It is impossible to conceive anything more beautiful in point of colour, or more picturesque in every respect, than this fine procession passing along by the Doria and Altieri palaces, and all that noble range of buildings which fronts the Piazza di Venezia and the Piazza del Gesu. At one moment particularly the *coup d'œuil* was splendid; a few drops of rain fell, and all the prelates in scarlet dresses drew over their heads the scarlet silk hoods, which were hanging on their shoulders, a measure of prudence for which a painter would have offered up infinite thanks to the weather. We had had tickets of admis-

sion given us for the Coliseum, but, fearful of losing the benediction, we omitted going there, and proceeded straight to the Lateran. We might have done both very well, and I regret extremely that we did not, for I am sure, from ———'s account, nothing could have been finer than the view obtained by those (and they were thousands) who, filling once more with eager expectation the arches and galleries of the Coliseum, and looking towards the Capitol, beheld the scarlet and purple procession wind down from it, traverse the forum, and, passing underneath the arch of Titus, unroll itself along the Via Sacra. At the time in which we might have seen this and did not, we were, however, unconscious of our loss, and very happy in the excellent position where we obtained seats nearly opposite the Church of St. John Lateran. As the Papal procession approached, the vacant space before the church, and almost half way to San Pietro in Vinculii, became thronged with a dense mass of people, through which the

pageant slowly made its way. We watched the Pope's entrance into the Basilica, by the movement of the white peacock's fans, and the canopy borne over him; and after the scarlet priests and purple monsignori had all disappeared under the sacred portals, we directed our attention to the crowd rolling round us, where the variety and picturesqueness of costume, and the great beauty of the men and women of the lower classes, and the peasants who had come into Rome for the celebration, kept our attention perpetually alive and interested; from time to time we looked to the great window above the middle portal of the church, but the dark crimson balcony and alcove were filled only with choristers, and every now and then a cardinal appeared and looked down on the vast assembly which was every moment growing more numerous. At length the clerical subalterns were seen to arrange themselves in ceremonious order; huge wax tapers, carried by white-robed priests, came slanting forwards in the dark recess; pre-

sently the white peacock fans were seen, and the Pope was borne to the front of the balcony : immediately profound silence filled the whole wide expanse ; the crowd suddenly ceased to move, to speak, it almost seemed to breathe ; and the choristers began chanting a few bars, during which the stillness became absolutely perfect ; then the Pope rose up, robed all in white, under that crimson dome, and, thus lifted above all heads, looking like some colossal statue, he chanted with a loud sonorous voice, that resounded over the kneeling crowd, his invocation of the Trinity, and spreading wide his arms showered down his benediction upon the city and the world, to which the people responded with an amen of acclamations, amid which their sovereign was borne back from their sight. I am persuaded that this must be a finer thing than even the benediction from St. Peter; for St. John Lateran is a beautiful church, and standing close to the walls of Rome—looks over them, the broken arches of the aqueducts, the campagna, and the Sabine and Alban mountains.

On Monday the 7th of December, I went to the fountain of Trevi—for those who drink of its sweet waters return, it is said, to Rome. It was a dark and gloomy day, and raining fast; but I knelt, nevertheless, upon the edge of the beautiful fountain to drink to my return.

DEPARTING.

Pour we libations to the father, Jove,
And bid him watch propitious o'er our way;
Pile on the household altar fragrant wreaths,
And to th' auspicious Lares bid farewell,
Beneath whose guardianship we have abode.
Blest be the threshold over which we pass,
Turning again, with hands devout uplifted;
Blest be the roof-tree, and the hearth it shelters;
Blest be the going forth and coming home
Of those who dwell here; blest their rising up,
And blest their lying down to holy slumber;

Blest be the married love, sacred and chaste;
Blest be the children's head, the mother's heart,
The father's hope. Reach down the wanderer's
staff,—
Tie on the sandals on the traveller's feet:
The wan-eyed morn weeps in the watery east:
Gird up the loins, and let us now depart.

On Thursday, the 8th of December, I left Rome.

THE END.

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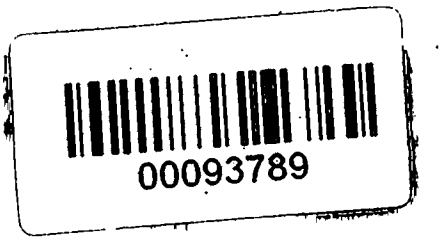
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